



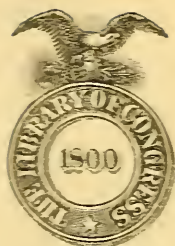
OUR · YEAR · ABROAD

ANGIE · WARREN · PERKINS

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A TANGIER BREAD SELLER

OUR YEAR ABROAD

RANDOM RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD

BY

ANGIE WARREN PERKINS

*With pen and ink sketches by the author
and many illustrations from photographs*



RICHARD G. BADGER

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1912. V

TO
THE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY
CONGENIAL AND HELPFUL COMPANIONS
IN MANY DISTANT LANDS

FOREWORD

Considerations of health and pleasure took the different members of my family,—my husband, three daughters, and son,—abroad for periods varying from several months to two years. Traveling in different groups, and in places widely separated we found many interesting sights and experiences. These were recorded at the time in the form of newspaper letters, principally by myself, but in several cases by one of my daughters. They are now rewritten and issued in this more enduring form in order to give them greater permanence, and with the hope that they may serve as a reminder of pleasant scenes to many who have made similar journeys, as well as inspire others to visit these places, not only for the genuine pleasure they afford, but especially for their great educational value.

Most of the illustrations are from photographs taken by my husband.

ANGIE WARREN PERKINS

*Knoxville, Tennessee,
January, 1912.*

THE VOYAGE

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!
Childe Harolde.

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OUR YEAR ABROAD

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK

THE revolving light of Fastnet Rock is hailed with joy as the "Cymric" comes in sight of this bit of land, after an eight days' voyage. Head winds and high seas have greatly retarded her progress during the latter half of the course. In the darkness the ship's name is signalled, and then she hastens on toward the harbor of Queenstown. About midnight we descry the red and green lights of a tender putting out from the wharf to take off the passengers who wish to land at this port. As it comes flitting over the waves we realize that our voyage is over. Soon the good-byes are said to fellow-passengers who have sat up to see us off, and we have gone down the long gang-plank.

From the hurricane deck of a great ocean liner down to the cabin of a tender is a long distance, but we do not realize it till, standing near the stern of the little bobbing boat, we look up with awe at the great steamer, as it towers so far above us. It is with a feeling akin to respect that a passenger thus views the mammoth vessel which has brought him in safety over the turbulent seas.

Farewells are waved to the friends on the deck which has been our world for a week, and now we turn our gaze toward the city which is reached in about half an hour. Four torpedo boat destroyers in the harbor make us think of England's navy, whose boats were seen by us throughout our trip on

all seas. The next morning we are reminded of the quickness at repartee of the Celt, when, as we are out viewing the town, and it begins to sprinkle, we ask some children on their way to school, if it is going to rain, and a bright eyed girl of about eight years replies: "Tis raining." The natives are ever ready with a reply to any question, no matter what it may be, as was shown when a party of tourists were passing through Dublin, and one of them asked the driver who the three figures on top of the post-office building were, and he replied: "The twelve apostles, sir."

"But," said the man, "there are only three, where are the other nine."

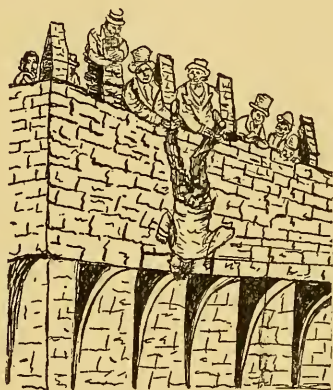
"Oh," said Pat, "the others are down below sort-in' mail."

As one enters Ireland from Queenstown he begins to see beauties of nature and luxuriant vegetation which well nigh rival that of California. Flowers of all kinds are most abundant. Hedges of fuchsias, twelve feet high, remind one of those on the Pacific coast, except that the blossoms are much smaller. Even palms flourish in the southern part of the country where it is moist, and the air is "soft," as the people say. A few miles from Cork we seek

"The Groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams."

And find the old castle all that imagination had pictured it. We climb the well worn stone steps and have a fine view of the surrounding country from the turret. It is only the most intrepid who are brave enough to be held in an inverted position down over the edge of the wall till they can kiss "the stone that contains all the Blarney."

The region around Cork is extremely fertile and has some good farms. They told us in the butter market of that city, where hundreds of kegs, holding seventy pounds each, are sold every morning, that Cork county butter is used extensively in England and in other countries. To prove the almost world-wide fame which this brand of butter has had for so many years they say, that when the relief expedition was sent in search of Sir John Franklin, they found



The Blarney Stone

a keg of Cork county butter in the ice of the Polar seas, and when the English soldiers went to the Nile under Wellington, he insisted that they should be supplied with Cork county butter.

The prices of many things in the general market in Cork are not unlike our own, while others differ greatly. Irish beef is considered superior to American, but, perhaps it would not be, if, as one dealer said to us, half apologetically, fearing we might feel hurt, it were not kept in cold storage for three months. Native sirloin cuts are worth eleven pence per pound, while American are some two pence less.

Celery is only two to three pence a bunch, and mushrooms six pence per pound, but the celery is not so well bleached as ours is. Eggs are one shilling and three pence a dozen, (thirty cents). There seems to be no reason for the high price in eggs, because the climate is so mild that fowls can be kept out of doors the whole year. And the same can be said in reference to beef. In going from Bantry through Glengarriff to Killarney—a coaching trip of fifty-one miles—one sees thousands of acres on hill and mountain side which might be utilized for grazing purposes. Some of this pasturage is covered with furze, gorse, or heather, but in the first forty miles of this ride, I do not think that we saw a dozen sheep or twenty-five cattle. Sometimes a few pigs, hens, or a stray goat would be wandering near a cottage or cabin. These little houses are everywhere one story high and are built of stone, whitewashed, and covered with thatch which consists of wheat, or oat straw, though sometimes a kind of sedge is used for this purpose. This kind of a roof, if well put on with pins and cords, will last five years. These houses are usually placed beside a large boulder, or a clump of trees, and are picturesque in appearance, but inside they are dark, damp, and cold with their dirt or cement floors, small windows, and unhygienic arrangements. Some of those belonging to the Earl of Northumberland have recently been condemned as unfit habitations.

Southwestern Ireland is attractive with its bogs, islands, and mountains, rivalling and even surpassing in some places the scenery of England and Scotland. Rains are frequent, though our driver said it was "simply the mountains perspiring," when sheets of rain hid them from view. One never tires of the forests with the holly trees, full of great clusters of bright red berries; the arbutus trees, with the fruit

of yellow and red; the pines; the giant sycamores; the hawthorne, with the dark red berries, and many others, some of which are just putting on their autumn tints. The English ivy grows in the wildest profusion, interlacing trunks and branches, while underneath, rocks and walls are covered with bright green moss in which grow the ferns and shamrock. Grouse, partridge, pheasant, rabbit and hare delight the hunter, but much of the forest is owned by the lords, and is held as a shooting preserve where one cannot hunt without paying a license. The waters abound in trout, salmon, and other kinds of fish, but here, too, the fisherman must pay for his sport. Salmon are so common that you can see them jump in the water.

The far-famed lakes of Killarney are most beautiful, but it is their setting in the midst of purple mountains which renders them especially attractive. They are very irregular in outline, dotted with islands, and fringed with fens, but they are not as large as we had expected to see them, and, as one American lady said:—"They cannot hold a candle to our Thousand Isles." Lake George would, in our opinion, equal any one of them in beauty, were it surrounded with mountains as high. But this region is in itself far more beautiful than the English lake district, though the latter has that local association which Wordsworth with his Dove cottage, and Ruskin, and many other Englishmen have given it—writers whose names and presence have rendered that region a delightful memory. Neither has there been any Walter Scott to chronicle the deeds of heroes, and to make the "Lady of the Lake," and "Rob Roy," living characters for the traveler who sails the Scottish lakes. The country becomes less mountainous and more fertile as we near Limerick while here, and in the northern part of Ireland the farms are well kept.

Better buildings, finer hedge-rows, pastures, in which herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and geese are feeding, are seen in various places—all of which betoken greater prosperity.

We wished to see the poorest part of the country, and so went to the western coast. One person told us that we should feel as if we were on the other side of the earth when we reached Galway, and to some extent that was true. This old city presents a curious combination of dilapidation and decay, but with some signs of improvement and prosperity. On some of the houses, in the oldest parts of the town, may be seen sculptured façades and coats of arms in curious contrast with the surrounding squalor. The city is admirably situated for commercial purposes, but for some years the general trade has been diminishing. At present there are only two flour mills in the town, whereas twenty-five years ago there were twenty. And most of the wheat, ground in the present mills, is brought from Canada, Australia and Russia. In Cork are flour mills that are going to ruin because they can bring flour from Minnesota more cheaply than they can produce it at home. Even the deep sea fisheries in the vicinity of Galway are in a languishing condition, though the fishing grounds in the harbor are as good as any in the kingdom.

The fishing village of Claddagh adjoins the town, and is occupied by about 500 fishermen who may be regarded as representing the original Celtic inhabitants of this locality. In fact, this part of Ireland is the home of the very Celts themselves, as is shown by the signs over the stores which are given in both English and Irish. We ride in a jaunting car out to Menlough, about four miles from the city, and there find a hamlet where the people and their methods of living are extremely primitive. We see only two

persons in the village who can speak English—even the driver cannot understand the Irish tongue. He says it was not taught in the schools when he was a boy, but now both English and Irish are taught in many places.



Colleen Bringing Home the Peat

It is difficult to tell just what has been the cause of the lack of enterprise and prosperity in southern Ireland. No doubt many of the most energetic have gone to America, while others have become lax through indifference, or because they thought that if they improved the land, a higher rent would be charged. But the Irish people can never forget Parnell who put his hand to the plough, so that some of the tenants have been able to purchase the land on the instalment plan. They claim that the farmers and laborers in the country regions, and the dwellers in cities, which depend upon the farms for their prosperity, owe their present condition, so different from what it was thirty years ago, to this man whom they call "Ireland's Uncrowned King."

The people are greatly interested in regard to the legislation pending concerning Home Rule and Land

Holdings; but there are so many conflicting opinions in regard to the merits of the bill, which will allow the farmer to own more land, that one can hardly judge concerning it. A bright lawyer told us that it would be most injurious to both landlord and tenant, while the latter class hold that its passage will insure them a continuance of the prosperity—which has come to them since 1903 when a bill was passed whereby they were allowed to purchase land till last November. This morning we asked our driver—an intelligent man—if the bill would benefit the working people and he said:—"Me and the likes of me would prefer to have the gintlemin in the counthry for they can give us more imploymint than the farmers will." An old, sweet faced Irish gentlewoman said it was hard on her because she would have to sell her "dower home." Though she had other estates, and did not now occupy this one, given her at the time of her marriage, still we could see that she had a very tender feeling for the home into which she came as a bride.

The people regard America as a friendly country. The other day in a tram a gentleman, belonging to the national party, was introduced to us by a mutual friend, whereupon the newcomer exclaimed, much to our embarrassment, and lifting high his hat: "America, ever the friend of Ireland, I would take off my hat to the stars and stripes, the flag that has given protection to so many of my countrymen." One finds churches of various denominations in different parts of the country, but they are generally recognized as Catholic or Protestant, as was shown when we asked a man if a certain church were Presbyterian, and he replied: "No, mam. it is Protestant."

But it is a beautiful country, and nowhere have we found anything more interesting than the Giant's Causeway which no one, who comes to Ireland,



TINTERN ABBEY



THE KREMLIN

should fail to visit. There is nothing like it except Fingall's cave, and it has a character of its own, as peculiar as it is wonderful. Tradition says that it was built so that a noted giant in Scotland could come over and fight a giant in this country. After the former had come to Ireland, and had been defeated by his antagonist the latter invited him to remain, which he did. Then there was no need for the causeway and it sank into the sea. However true may be the legend there is a similar though smaller formation on the Scottish coast opposite that on this side. The 40,000 basaltic pillars, which compose the Causeway, have either five or six sides, and many of them are about twenty feet in length and twenty inches in diameter. They are all divided into shorter sections, each with a convex base fitting into a concave top below it, and all are so neatly cut that it seems impossible to believe that they were not made by hand, instead of being produced by shrinking or contracting when they were in a very hot state. The arrangement of the columns is such that they are likened in different places to various objects. There is the amphitheatre, the pulpit, the organ, the lion's head, and many other forms, all of which can be easily discerned.

Longer would we tarry in this country so full of interest and which, we believe, has a great future. Many things are there which indicate prosperity. Industrial plants are being established, and, while some of the home industries, such as weaving and lace making, are not carried on in the homes as extensively as of yore, yet lace is made in the convents, and Lady Aberdeen has established a school in Dublin where girls can go and learn the art. The weaving is mostly done in the factories. Belfast especially is a great industrial centre for this line of work. Formerly the farmers burned their own lime used on

the farms, but now it is made in the towns in large quantities. Plants for the manufacture of farm machinery are being established—all of which show the signs of the times.

As we were leaving Galway in the rain, and were looking out of the car window at the rocky, barren soil, and the general poverty of the people we were full of pity, and to divert our thoughts began to read the "Irish Times," which we had just bought. The title "Brighter Homes Exhibition" caught our eye, and we read that the Galway County Agricultural committee had offered three prizes for the "best kept cottage and holding." Then it gave the names of the winners, and the amounts of the prizes. Surely we thought this in itself is a most helpful indication, for it shows that the people are really trying to help themselves. Soon we looked out of the window again. It had stopped raining, the sun was shining brightly, and everything looked fresh and green, while, far above, spanning the heavens, with ends even touching the earth, was a most beautiful rainbow with every color of the spectrum sharply defined, and, as we gazed upon this never-to-be-forgotten scene, it seemed as if it were a veritable bow of promise for this land and people.

CHAPTER II

FROM WINDERMERE TO "BONNIE DOON"

TO visit the homes and haunts of those who have made England and Scotland famous in the world of letters redoubles one's interest in the works of these writers and gives an additional charm to their message, whether it be in prose or poetry. One cannot see the Lake region of England, with its mountains and hills, without realizing that nature has done her part toward inspiring those who appreciated its grandeur.

Lake Windermere is really the beginning of the English Lake District and, throughout its length of twelve miles, it is dotted with islands, large and small, most of which retain the ancient Saxon name of Holme, meaning island. Although the scenery around the southern part of the lake is very beautiful, yet it has none of the grandeur which characterizes the northern half where the hills or fells become promontories, and mountain peaks overlook them all. Occasionally one finds a castle which was the scene of many strifes in the days of the Tudor kings.

Mrs. Hemans lived for a time in Wray castle, situated on the western shore, and she was "so delighted with the spot that she scarcely knew how to leave it."

Furness Abbey, which stands some distance from the lake, is the most interesting ruin in the north of England. This monastery was founded in 1127, but all that is left to attest its ancient splendor are the walls, pillars and arches. There is something almost pathetic in this pile, as one thinks how,—

“Long years have darkened into time since vespers
here were rung,
And here has been no other dirge than what the
winds have sung;
And now the drooping ivy wreaths, in ancient clusters fall,
And moss o’er each crevice hath grown upon the
sculptured wall.”

Not far from Windermere is Coniston Lake, where one finds the grammar school in which Wordsworth, his brother, and several other well known men received their early education. Wordsworth’s name is cut in one of its benches and it was probably done by himself when a pupil. Nearly opposite is the cottage where he roomed for nine years when he was at school. In one of the two small bed rooms above, the boy must have slept, for to it he refers in the “Prelude,” when he says—

“That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so oft
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendor couched among the leaves
Of a tall ash that near our cottage stood.”

The embryo poet would seem not only to have lain awake at nights, but to have been an early riser, for we find him in the same poem saying: “Oft before the hour of school I traveled round our little lake, five miles of pleasant wandering.” Here, perchance, this boy imbibed that love of field and flower that made him the great poet of nature.

Near here is Brantwood where Ruskin lived for thirty years and here, in sight of the mountains and lakes he loved so well, was he interred. At the head of his grave is a beautifully carved cross, bearing the simple inscription:—John Ruskin, 1819-1900.

It is made of the hard green stone of the Coniston Fells, and the carvings symbolize his works in the order in which they appeared.

From Ambleside, at the head of Lake Windermere, one can traverse the district by coach and from its top obtain a fairly good idea of the beauty of the region. Ambleside is practically the center of the lake district and no matter which way one travels he is reminded of the noted persons who have lived in the vicinity. Here in this little town, which is half encircled by stately hills, dwelt Harriet Martineau, while just north of the village is Rydal Mount, the house in which Wordsworth spent his married life and the place where he died in 1850. It is a plain two-story house, mantled over here and there with roses, ivy and jasmine. A foot-path, "a little hoary line and faintly traced," as the poet describes it, leads from the rear of the house along the hillside to Grasmere. Across the road is Rydal Water with its several islets, while the hills, by which it is surrounded, are strikingly beautiful.

"Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on."

On the right Nab Scar rears its rocky front, and at its foot is Nab cottage, with its little porch, where Hartley Coleridge, son of the poet, lived and died in 1849.

The road leads to Grasmere and on the edge of this village is Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth and his sister lived before his marriage, and which was afterwards the residence of De Quincy for twenty-seven years. The latter gave this description of it when he visited Wordsworth in 1807:—"A white cottage with two yew trees breaking the glare of its walls. A little semi-vestibule between two

doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was oblong, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long and twelve feet broad; wainscoted from floor to ceiling with dark polished oak. One window there was, a perfect and unpretentious cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered in summer with roses and in autumn with jasmine and shrubs. We were ushered up a flight of steps, fourteen in all, to a little drawing room, or whatever you may choose to call it." Wordsworth himself has described the fire-place of this room as his "half kitchen and half parlor fire." "It was not quite seven feet six inches high," De Quincy goes on to say, "and in other respects pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess a library of perhaps 300 volumes, which seemed to consecrate the place as the poet's study and composing room, and such occasionally it was. But far oftener, he both studied, as I found, and composed on the high road."

Wordsworth himself remarks in his writings: "Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air." When Wordsworth was to receive a visit from Sir Walter Scott there was no guest chamber at Dove Cottage and a small addition was made to the study and the walls of this, the sister papered with copies of the village newspaper. Much of the furniture is the same as it was when Wordsworth occupied the house. The grates remain unchanged and his arm chair still stands near one of them where the poet used to toast bread.

In the garden, beside the back door, is growing the syringa bush which the poet planted, while near by are the stone steps, that he laid, leading up to the apple trees, that were also set out by himself. Beside the well, the large leaved primroses, set out by

him and his sister, are growing. The hidden rill still sings as of yore—

“If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.”

Small is the cottage; very small the rooms that are in it; smallest of country gardens is the little patch of green at the back; yet one of the greatest poets of the century spent eight and a half years here, and under its humble roof wrote his best poems. Truly—

“Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long.”

The village of Grasmere is situated at the head of the lake of that name, while both are in a valley that is “among steep hills and woods embosomed.” Here was the poet buried under an old yew tree in the village churchyard. It is the church of the “Excursion” and in this poem the church and the vale are most graphically pictured by Wordsworth. In his death he and the scenes he loved were not divided. Calmly he sleeps in one of the loveliest of those lovely spots which his muse has described with so much feeling, and his tombstone is in excellent harmony with that simplicity of character for which in life he was distinguished.

As we go up the valley we skirt the base of Helvellyn which rises over 3,000 feet and commands a view of the Isle of Man on the south and the Scotch hills on the north. It was from Grasmere that Wordsworth accompanied Scott to the summit of Helvellyn, and this same route was taken by the Prince of Wales in 1857.

Derwentwater, one of the most beautiful of the

English lakes, is near Keswick, and on its east bank is Friar's Crag where a monument has been erected to the memory of Ruskin. Below a medallion of the writer's head are the words: "The first that I remember was my nurse bringing me to Friar's Crag when I was three years old." At the head of the lake is the far-famed waterfall of Lodore, and Southey's well known lines: "How does the water come down at Lodore?" recur to mind. One always associates Keswick with Southey, for here the poet lived for forty years in Greta Hall which stands on an eminence in the north part of the town, and is almost hidden from view by the foliage of the trees in which it seems embowered. The scenery, visible from the library window, was, in after years exquisitely sketched by Southey himself, in the beautiful lines, beginning:—"Twas at that sober hour, when the light of the day is receding." Like Wordsworth this poet was laid to rest in his village churchyard, and the old edifice dates back to the middle of the twelfth century. The monument, erected to his memory, was placed in the interior of the church. It consists of a pedestal of Caen stone, on which reposes a full length figure in white marble. As a faithful likeness of Southey, as well as a work of art, it is said to possess great merit. The epitaph was written by Wordsworth, his successor in the laureateship.

Leaving Keswick by rail we soon reach Carlisle, an interesting walled town which saw many an encounter between the border peoples. Before we come to the town we begin to see the hawthorn hedge replaced by stone walls, and no longer do we find an abundance of flowers and beautiful green fields. The country is more hilly, and each acre does not seem to be so well cultivated as in the south of England. Soon after leaving Carlisle we cross into Scotland,

and in some places can be seen vestiges of the old wall built by the Romans.

At Dumfries we are reminded that we are in the land of Bobbie Burns by the many ways in which the name of the poet is applied to restaurants, shops, etc. In this city did he spend the last years of his life, and here is he buried in the yard of St. Michael's church.

The house in which he died is kept by his granddaughter, who is almost as anxious to show the Americans a photograph of their President, sent her by Roosevelt himself, as she is to exhibit Burns' cup and punch bowl. As a proof of the extreme poverty in which he left his wife we see the hammer used by the auctioneer when he sold his household effects. We follow a narrow street and turn into a long alley where we find the Globe Inn in which Burns spent many an evening with his boon companions, and his chair is still standing in the corner of the room. The place has not changed and, it being Saturday night, when the men are free from the week's care, they have come here for a good time, and their condition makes the place seem all the more real.

About two miles out in the country is the farm where Burns lived after the death of his father and where he wrote the "Ode to a Daisy," and here is the field in which he turned up the nest of a mouse.

If the traveler stops at Dumfries to see the place where Burns spent his last years he will not be contented till he has visited the scenes of his early life in the old town of Ayr, situated at the mouth of the river of that name. There are various reminders of the poet in this city, but the thatched roof and weather-beaten appearance of the Tam o' Shanter Inn lend credulity to the assertion that this was one of the resorts of Burns, and in it he probably wrote that well known poem. From this point did Tam start on his homeward ride and if we go with him

we, too, shall pass the Alloway Kirk, three miles from the city. The picturesque walls of the old edifice are still standing, and, if it were night, we should almost expect to see the witches through the window which is pointed out as the one where Tam got a sight of them. But we hurry on to the "Brig o' Doon" where the horse Meg lost her tail and Tam thereby escaped. Here we find a fine old bridge, apparently as good as it was 400 years ago. The ground in the immediate vicinity is laid out in a finely terraced garden, abounding in shrubs and flowers—very different, we fancy, from what it was when the poet wandered along the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Near by is a monument erected to the memory of the poet and containing some interesting articles.

The birthplace of Burns, not far from the Kirk, is modest in appearance and the living rooms are quite rude and uninviting, being adjacent to the stalls in which his father kept the cows. Various pieces of furniture belonging to the Burns family are to be seen here, while in a neighboring building is a museum containing a most interesting collection of articles pertaining to his life—first editions of his poems, pictures illustrating his books, etc.

This early home of Burns is said to be visited yearly by more Scotchmen than is Abbotsford, and it is claimed that the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is loved far more deeply than is the bard who led Rob Roy through the "darksome glens and wildest nooks of the deep Trossachs."

CHAPTER III

SCENES IN OLD LONDON

"Old London may be smoky,
Old London may be choky,
But we love old London still."

SO runs the ditty, and it touches a responsive chord in the heart of many a wanderer from the New World.

Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings may loom up gloomy through the fog, but once within their walls the interest never flags. If it rains, the time can be profitably spent in the various art galleries and in the British Museum, though England has no gallery of painting and sculpture which can compare with the Louvre, the Prado, the Zwinger at Dresden, the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, the art of Florence, or the treasures of the Vatican.

If one is seeking for places where great historical events have transpired, he will find more here that have affected the destiny of the English race than in any other city of the world. For the literary devotee the field is unsurpassed. Fleet street and its neighborhood are full of associations that make us love to tarry on its narrow walks and penetrate its dark alleys. This is the royal entrance to London proper, for the real city of London is only about three miles in circumference, and is very small compared with the so-called metropolis. Across Fleet Street stood Temple Bar which was literally the gate to London and was removed only about forty years

ago when a granite column, surmounted by a griffin, was erected in the middle of the street. And at the present time, as of yore, when the king enters London, the Lord Mayor meets him at this place and presents him with the keys of the city.

On this street, or in the vicinity, many of the literary men of Doctor Johnson's time lived, and in the Cheshire Cheese lunch room they had their rendezvous. We can almost see the old doctor himself, shambling along, as he hastens to join "Bozzy" and Goldsmith for their accustomed dinner which often had on its bill of fare a pudding composed of beef-



Old Curiosity Shop

steak, larks, kidneys, oysters and mushrooms, while for seasoning, spices were used whose ingredients were kept a secret, so the cook informs us, as she shows the immense bowls in which the pudding was cooked in Dr. Johnson's day. In one corner of the kitchen was an immense cauldron in which we saw a pudding boiling that would weigh fifty pounds, and was to be served that day at luncheon. They cook this kind of a pudding there at the present time twice a week, and it has to be boiled all night and till one o'clock the next day. But it is certain that this trio of notables often partook of this dish, and we can easily imagine that it was in this same lunch room

that the fate of the "Vicar of Wakefield" was decided, when Dr. Johnson himself kindly loaned its author a pound, and later found him a publisher. In the chamber above is the chair of this renowned lexicographer and a copy of the first edition of his dictionary. The room in which he lived is now used as a store room by a picture dealer on Fleet street. Its handsomely carved mantel was purchased some years ago for the Kensington Museum at a cost of eight thousand pounds. Goldsmith's room was in the Temple, as the group of buildings where the barristers have always had their lodgings is called. Directly under the apartment which Goldsmith occupied, Blackstone lived at one time, and in the same house Thackeray lodged in after years.

Goldsmith's grave is a simple mound beside the Temple Church in which are to be seen the graves of some of the Crusaders. But the banquet hall, where the barristers are wont to get their meals at the present time, is most replete with interest, for here, it is claimed, Shakespeare recited "Twelfth Night" before Queen Elizabeth. The long table in this room was given by this queen. It came from Windsor Forest, and is of mammoth dimensions, its top being some fifty feet long, three feet wide, and four inches thick. It was so large that they had to take it in through a window in the side of the building. It was on this table that Queen Elizabeth signed the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots. The beautifully carved open screen across the front of the gallery is probably the finest in the world.

The building in which the law courts were held is just across Fleet Street from the Temple, and the barristers don their wigs and gowns in their rooms and scurry over to their respective places in the Court of the King's Bench.

We attended part of a session in one of the chan-

cery courts and found it most interesting. The case being tried was one where two young men, somewhat ignorant of the ways of the world, had been induced to put their money into sort of a bogus scheme. The judges wore plain gray wigs and black gowns with red cuffs and collars, while the barristers had on wigs with curls which looked as if they were fresh from the hands of the hair-dresser, and their gowns were all black. A witness was being cross-examined and occasionally one of the solicitors would suggest to the barrister some question to be asked. A solicitor never pleads, but simply gathers the material in the case, and advises the client what barrister to employ to do the pleading. A barrister obtains his parchment, signed by the king, through study and examination, while a solicitor pays for his to a certain extent. The former can never seek clients, but the latter is allowed to find them whenever it is possible. We were told that in this specific case each barrister probably received forty or fifty pounds as a retaining fee, and then two pounds per day throughout the trial.

In another court, the same day, a case was being tried which became very famous. A Dr. Bodie claimed that he had a physician's degree from an American medical school, and he was pretending to perform wonderful cures by means of his arts and skill. He had induced a young countryman to pay him a thousand pounds, for which he promised to teach him the methods employed. He failed to do so, and now the duped man was bringing suit against the doctor. When the young man's solicitor sought for the place in America where this doctor claimed he obtained his degree, he could find no town with such a name, except a small village in North Carolina, where there was a negro school. It is needless to say that justice was satisfied, and the young man

regained his thousand pounds.

We also visited the court where England's chief justice, Lord Alverstone, was presiding. He is a great favorite with the people and certainly has a most kindly face, which looks out from a plain gray wig, while his red robe, with its ermine trimmings, gives him quite an air *distingué*.

A visit to Buckingham palace should be extended to the stables, for the horses of the royal family are, in their way, as interesting as their owners. One hundred and fifty animals can be seen there in stables with tile fronts, and drugget at the sides where they are likely to rub themselves, a regal abode compared with the homes of the submerged half of London's population. The horses are all bay or black, except the five pairs of cream-colored ones which are never allowed to trot, and are used only on Lord Mayor's day, the opening of parliament and at a coronation.

One of the attendants told us that when the queen is in town they always keep a basket of carrots cut up, ready for her to feed to the horses, for she is fond of visiting the stables, and petting the animals. She does not hesitate to go into the stalls beside them, when a hostler stands near their heels. Near by are the immense buildings in which the princes and princesses learn to ride horseback, and engage in such exercise on rainy days. At one end is a window, overlooking the ring, and here Queen Victoria used to come and sit and watch her children as they rode. The beautiful gold and silver-trimmed harnesses and carriages can be seen in rooms adjoining the stables. The finest carriage, used only on state occasions, cost over \$35,000 and weighs four tons. It is gilded and painted most gorgeously. There is no place on it for a driver, but postillions guide the horses.

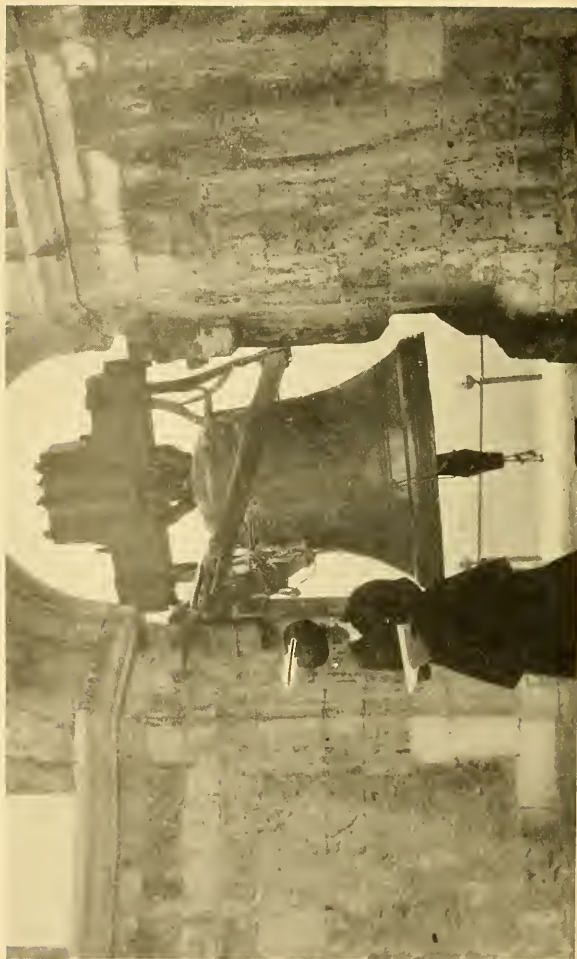
There is quite a contrast between this part of Lon-

don and the east end where the "other half" live, or exist. A ride along Mile End road and Whitechapel shows some of the degradation of the great city, but to see the worst and wickedest portion, one should walk through Brick Lane and Petticoat Lane.

It was with some hesitancy that a friend and myself started for these noted places, because we had been told by one lady that a gentleman friend of hers was stopped by a policeman late in the afternoon as he was making a short cut through these districts, and was told that he must not go there alone. At night two policemen always go together among these quarters. When we reached the neighborhood we asked a "bluecoat" if it were safe for two women to go through these lanes alone, and he said, "Think you'll find a policeman up there." My friend did not consider this reply very reassuring, so after we had started for Brick Lane, we turned back and visited Toynbee Hall, which is the mother of all social settlement work, both in Europe and America. When we came out of this institution we saw the policeman wandering up toward Brick Lane, and we imagined that possibly he was going to see what had become of those two American women who had gone in that direction when they left him. Petticoat Lane was nearer, so we decided we would not be deterred from visiting that locality, and accordingly we sallied forth among the street vendors, between the sidewalks which were lined with men, women and children. They all gazed at us, but we pursued our way in the midst of the squalor and wretchedness, till finally my companion whispered:—"Let's go back. I don't believe it is safe; did you ever see such ugly looking men as the three we just passed on the corner, and how they did stare at us." So we turned and beat a retreat, but we never saw the policeman and we wondered what he thought had become of us. We



THE KREMLIN, TOWER OF IVAN THE GREAT



BELL IN THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

were glad we had been into the very worst part of London, though we did not wish to go again.

One Sunday, as we were returning from a service at Westminster Abbey, we were interested in seeing a demonstration, attended by some 10,000 people, which was being held at Trafalgar Square, as a protest against the execution of Señor Ferrer, of Spain. The base of the Nelson monument was used as a platform for the speakers, and the red banners of the socialists and the labor reform parties were raised behind the speakers, and rested against the column. A large black flag was unfurled as a sign of mourning for the dead man. Several speeches were made; some of them by members of Parliament belonging to the labor party, and two by women. The remarks of all were of a very inflammatory character. One man, a member of Parliament, said: "If the head of every king in Europe were torn from its trunk to-morrow it would not pay half the price of Ferrer's life. Parliament ought to demand that the Spanish ambassador should leave these shores." (Loud applause). While the next speaker was talking a white banner was unfurled on the plinth of the column, which bore the inscription in black letters: "To H— with the murderer Alphonso." Resolutions, denouncing the murder and requesting the interference of the British government, were passed with a great show of hands and loud acclaim. The crowd was orderly, but many extra policemen, afoot and on horseback, were lined up on all sides, while others were scattered amongst the throng. After the speeches were finished the crowd marched in the direction of the Spanish embassy, singing, "Keep the red flag flying," and they would have reached their destination had not the way been obstructed by a body of mounted police, who drove them back, but they rallied and charged a second time and a third

time, and then the police began to seize their banners, and a sharp struggle ensued, several flags being torn in the tussle. For nearly half an hour the scene was full of din and confusion, but the guards mustered in strong force in front of the embassy, and all attempts to reach the entrance were frustrated.

It seems almost strange that the authorities would allow such violent language directed against the government, but people say that London is an asylum for anarchists and socialists, and the reason why they have so little trouble with them is because they permit them to hold meetings, and say what they please. It is a "safety valve," they claim, and it may be so, for we doubt if there is another country where the ruler goes about as unprotected as does the King of England. We saw his majesty and the queen riding one day with simply two outriders who were quite a distance ahead of the carriage.

It is remarkable what classes of people one sees here among the socialists. But the conservatives are bitter against this party. At dinner one evening, a conservative, who sat opposite us, said: "I went to Trafalgar Square this afternoon, hoping to see the mob get into a fight. I wanted to see the police cut down some of these socialists." Some of the nobility and leading clergymen in the city have espoused their cause. In a sermon one of London's most distinguished preachers referred to the unjust death of Señor Ferrer, the women's movement and the budget. This same divine, who is undoubtedly the leading minister in London to-day, wrote a letter some time ago to the prime minister in reference to the so-called "women's movement," which has assumed such unexpected proportions. Highly educated and handsomely dressed women sell their paper—"Votes for Women" in the streets in the vicinity of Parlia-

ment Square.

Some time since a party of Americans asked a well dressed woman, who was standing near the entrance to the Parliament building, waiting for the prime minister, if she would not give them the document, which she wished the premier to have, and let them try to get it to him. "Oh, no," she said, "I must stand here, for that is the way I shall arouse public sentiment." Then my friend turned to a policeman and said, "You certainly do not wish to see this woman standing out here in the cold, why cannot you give the paper to the prime minister?"

"Madame," said the stately "bluecoat" with a smile, "the prime minister went out another way, and has gone home long ago."

We were talking to a woman who was distributing leaflets entitled: "Why women should vote," and she said:—"The laws of England are unjust to our sex, and they will never be righted till women can do it." And, as she enumerated specific laws, it seemed to us that they were less just than statutes in the United States bearing on the same subjects. But the suffragist cause has made rapid strides in the last four years. In October, 1905, their office consisted of a back room in the house of one of their followers. To-day they have a building with twenty-one rooms in which their work is done. At that time they published a small leaflet; at present they have a paper with 30,000 copies each week. Then they raised \$500 in six months; in the last two weeks they have had contributions, amounting to \$10,000. As a result of their actions in the House of Commons, no lady, except a member's wife, is allowed to attend the sessions of that body.

We have talked with many people in England, Ireland and Wales in reference to the movement, and they all say, no matter how much they object to

the extreme methods employed by the suffragettes:—"They will succeed. It is bound to come." There are not the various women's organizations here, that we have in America, by which women can appeal to the authorities for municipal improvement, or petition a legislature for enactment of certain laws; therefore the women can see no way of securing reforms except by the ballot for themselves.

But English laws are becoming more and more helpful to the people. At present a woman cannot be employed in any factory on night work, except by special permission, neither can she go to work before eight o'clock in the morning, or remain after six at night, and she must have an hour at noon. Every child, under fourteen, must go to school the whole of the school year. The public schools have a vacation of five weeks in the summer, four at Christmas, and one at Easter.

A mother told us that she kept her little girl at home from school one morning, and the authorities sent for her four times before one o'clock. In Great Britain, no matter what a law may be, it is strictly enforced.

The Board of Trade, composed of members from each division of the kingdom, is really the executive power in this land, for they look after the enforcement of all laws. If there is a railway accident they see that the matter is carefully investigated. No steamship company ever gives a captain, who has lost his vessel, another ship, unless the Board of Trade allows it to be done.

It is claimed that pauperism in Great Britain is on the increase. This present year opened with a little short of 1,000,000 people in England and Wales in receipt of relief. In the last named country they told us that, from a single town, where there were slate quarries, hundreds had gone to America during

the last two years. One person in every thirty-seven in these countries is a pauper. The number of able-bodied men relieved on account of lack of work, or other temporary causes, increased last year 133 per cent. Sixteen million pounds is expended annually by the poor law authorities. In London alone some ten million pounds is used every year for charity. The outlook here for the coming winter is admittedly worse than it was a year ago. The new law in regard to old age pension, and partial payment of wages in case of accident, or temporary illness, may improve this condition of affairs. These statistics are being given by the advocates of tariff reform. "Economically speaking," it is declared, "the nation has for years been steering straight upon disaster, and a decision must be made between the death of free trade, or the progressive ruin of Great Britain."

CHAPTER IV

GLIMPSES OF WALES AND SOUTHERN ENGLAND

THE lover of nature considers the country of England more attractive than London itself. The green fields, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, the hawthorn hedges, the smooth highways, the wayside inns that are old enough to have sheltered more than one royal head, the red-tiled cottages, with their patches of flowers on window ledge, and beside garden path,—all these and many other things render the countryside most beautiful.

“Few sounds are thine, and clearly heard,—
The whimple of the brook,
The woodman’s axe that distant sounds,
Dogs’ bay, or cawing rook.

“How filled with quiet are these fields!
Far off is heard the peasant’s tread.
How clothed with peace is human life!
How tranquil seem the dead!

“Here Time and Nature are at strife,—
The only strife that here is seen;
Whate’er decay has tinged with gray,
Has Nature touched with green.”

Seldom have we found more attractive scenery than we saw in North Wales, which is the great summer resort for the people of the midland counties.

Bettws-y-Coed, (Station in the Woods), on the river Conway, is full of natural beauties. The water of Swallow Falls in this place takes a leap of many feet, and then goes tumbling down among the rocks, and rushes through the gorge below. The water is cold and clear, coming from the vicinity of snow-capped Snowdon, which rears its head some miles away—

“Cold is the snow on Snowdon’s brow,
It makes the air so chill;
For cold I trow there is no snow
Like that of Snowdon’s hill.”

About a mile in the opposite direction is Fairy Glen, whose deep tangle of ferns and trees invites quiet and rest. Near by is Waterloo Bridge, built in the year of the battle which this structure commemorates, and it is so stated in letters of iron on its side, while just above is wrought a rose, thistle, shamrock, and leek,—the latter being the national plant of Wales.

In going south we pass through the regions of the great slate quarries which seem grim and dark with their piles of refuse over a hundred feet high. We look with interest upon the ruins of a Roman bridge, built during the time of the occupation of the island by the Romans. Before reaching Llangollen we pass through fine meadows hemmed in by high mountains, whose sides are dotted with cattle and sheep. Crow Castle commands this town, and, though situated on a well nigh insurmountable eminence, was destroyed by Cromwell’s forces, as was the abbey just beyond the village. A short distance northwest is a high hill with a house near the summit called Bryn Mawr,—the place from which the noted college in the United States received its name. Poets have sung the praises of this little hamlet

which royalty have often visited, and certainly it is a most charming spot that we leave with great reluctance.

For variety in landscape on seashore and rugged highlands one ought to visit Devonshire and Cornwall. On the way to these delightful counties we must not forget to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury, which cannot fail to attract the pilgrim of to-day as it did in Chaucer's time. We feel that we are approaching this sacred fane when we see the hostelry where the pilgrims of ye olden time used to stay. This Norman pile is fraught with interest for every lover of history, for here something can be found pertaining to every century of the eight that have passed since the corner stone was laid. Our thoughts naturally revert to Thomas à Becket, whose shrine is visited by many that walk around it on the stones, well worn by the pious pilgrims who once encompassed it on their knees. The place is shown where Becket was murdered, and the cloister along which he walked just before his death. As we wander around the town we find ourselves in the park, or Donjon, as it is called, where we see the celebrated row of lime trees, 1,100 feet long, growing at the base of the old city wall which is very picturesque with its watch-towers over which the ivy climbs. A granite shaft, with the Canterbury cross on top, commemorates the death of forty-one martyrs, who were burned on that spot, between 1555 and 1558, while Mary was queen of England.

In going to Devonshire one must not miss Winchester, the largest cathedral in England, though the fact that the main tower is incomplete and the spires in front are small, detracts from the real size of the structure. But the nave gives the beholder an impression of vastness not exceeded in any English cathedral, while the reredos is most beautifully

carved out of white stone.

Salisbury, not many miles across country, as the bird flies, but quite a distance by train, boasts of having a cathedral with a spire 400 feet high, only sixty feet less than that at Strasburg, and "the most elegant in proportion and the loftiest in England." This structure is said to have as many windows as there are days in the year, as many doors as there are months, and as many pillars as there are hours in the day. Portions of the town are quaint with houses having red-tiled roofs, low eaves, and small paned windows.

"The Market cross o'ergrown with moss
All quaintly carved, still lingers on,
And dreams, even in this hoary place,
Of ages longer gone."

A ride of less than two hours brings us to Exeter, an Episcopal see, and capital of Devonshire. Its cathedral, a cruciform structure, and quite elaborate in ornamentation, was erected in 1112-1478. In one of its towers is the "Tom" of Exeter, or Peter's bell, weighing 12,500 pounds, and a large curious clock. The appearance of the exterior is extremely old and black, but the interior is lightened by the color of the pillars, and battle flags, hung over memorials of soldiers or regiments, set in the walls. This cathedral, as well as those of Salisbury and Exeter, is finely situated in the midst of trees, with plenty of lawn on all sides, and this is a feature that most of the cathedrals in the north of England lack. In a house three hundred years old, just opposite the cathedral, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake used to meet and discuss their travels and adventures.

When travelling through this part of England one cannot help noticing the fertility of the soil

which is far superior to that in the northern part of the country. The high hills and fields, separated by hawthorn hedges, are most green and beautiful.

Ilfracombe, in the upper part of Devon, commands the Atlantic coast for a long distance, and with its stupendous hills overlooking the ocean is a far-famed resort. The steep streets leading down to the sands, and the walks along the water's edge are thronged with those who have left old London for a week-end in sight of the waves. Just north of here is Lynton and Lynmouth, while the region between is celebrated as being the Lorna Doone country. In summer, coaches run to Lynton, giving the traveller a fine trip along the coast and over the hills.

Not many miles away is Biddeford, where is shown the room in the Royal hotel in which Charles Kingsley wrote a part, at least, of "Westward Ho," which name was afterward given to a village in the vicinity. We cross a bridge, built three hundred years ago, and follow the quay, and come to the entrance to the park where there is a white marble statue of Kingsley with a pen in his hand. All this region has been rendered famous through the works of this well known author. The little hamlet of Clovelly, where his father was rector, and in whose church Charles Kingsley himself sometimes preached, lies just across the bay, and is most picturesquely situated, its main street being composed of irregular steps, which one can ascend on donkey back, if he does not wish to walk.

Farther down the Atlantic coast is the quaint village of St. Ives—a great resort of artists, and many a canvas painted here, among this simple fisher folk, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy, or has found a place "on the line" in some salon. It is a quaint and picturesque old town with narrow streets and steep steps leading up between the houses. It

may have some disagreeable features on account of the quantities of fish which are cured here annually, but it is beautifully situated on the shores of the little bay, whose surface is dotted with fishing smacks and craft of various kinds.

Of course one must go to Land's End if he visits Penzance, and here we see "the first and last house," as well as the "first and last tree in England," and really it would seem as if nature had spent herself in making terra firma, and had nothing left but quartz, feldspar and shale, as the bold, rocky promontories push themselves far out into the Atlantic. There are many Gaelic monuments or crosses in this region, and their purpose is not definitely understood, but it is probable that the people gathered around the foot of them for worship before they had any church buildings.

The channel side of Cornwall is styled the Riviera of England, and it certainly rivals in beauty the Mediterranean coast of France. One could spend several days at Plymouth, for it was from this place that the Pilgrim Fathers started to seek a home in the New World. The tablet in the wall, adjoining the pier which marks the place of embarkation, reads thus:—"On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Fownes, after being kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the Mayflower, in the Providence of God to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the Foundation of the New England States. The ancient Cawsey whence they embarked was destroyed not many Years afterwards, but the Site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name of the Mayflower in the pavement of the adjacent Pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond 1891, to commemorate their Departure,

and the visit to Plymouth in July of that Year of a number of their Descendants and Representatives." Many of the houses in the neighborhood of the pier, where the memorial is placed, look as if they might have witnessed the embarkation.

The view from Hoe's Hill nearby is especially fine, and Eddystone lighthouse can be seen on a clear day. On one side of the hill is the place where Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls when the Spanish Armada hove in sight.

Farther up the coast, across the harbor from Portsmouth, lies the fair Isle of Wight, on which is situated Osborne house, the personal property and the favored abode of Queen Victoria. Here it was she spent her last days, and passed away in the midst of the scenes she loved so well. After her death, King Edward, who inherited the place, gave it to the government, and in it are kept her jubilee presents, and many of the rooms are just as she left them, while the luxuriant gardens are thrown open to the public as a park in summer.

Her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, married Prince Henry of Battenburg, and he was governor of the island when he met his death at the time of the Boer war, and afterwards the Princess herself was made governor. This princess' daughter is the queen of Spain, and she returns to the homeland from time to time, thereby allaying the anxiety which is felt for her welfare in Madrid.

Newport, Ryde and Ventnor are as attractive as Cowes and have many objects of interest. Our carriage ride from Ventnor westward along the vine-clad bluffs of the channel reminds us of the promontories on the road from Sorrento to Amalfi in Italy.

Longer would we tarry in the midst of this well-nigh tropical loveliness, but we must cross the Channel, which seems so alluring, but in reality is so

treacherous; and for that purpose we go up to Southampton, where we take the night boat for Havre—a passage of about eight hours, but often a long eight hours for the passenger looking with anxious eyes for the distant shore.

CHAPTER V

BITS OF NORMANDY AND BRITTANY

IN passing through France in years gone by, we have wished for a more intimate knowledge of its peasant life than the average traveler obtains from a car window. Therefore, in order to accomplish our object, we decide upon a trip through Normandy and Brittany, and in crossing the Channel from Southampton to Havre we have a passage of nearly eight hours, but it takes place in the night, and with a smooth sea, so no one feels the unpleasantness which is an accompaniment of this trip.

The examination of baggage on the French side is a mere form—perfumery, cigars, tobacco, liquors, and matches seem to be the only articles against which the French have any strenuous objections.

The English people go in great numbers to the summer resorts situated on the Channel coast of France, and some take trips to the interior of the provinces, where they find a wholly different life from that on the English side of the great waterway.

But the "season" is over, and we can obtain no circular tickets, so we are obliged to make out our own itinerary, and purchase our tickets from place to place.

Very few natives in this part of France can speak any language except their own, and one never sees in the shop windows the sign, "English spoken," as he does sometimes in Paris. Though in the latter place the shop-keeper must have a peculiar idea as to what English really is, if one can infer from a sign

in one Parisian shop window, which read, "American understood, and English spoken."

An English-speaking person directs us to our train and, as he does this, we little realize that it is the last time for many days that we shall hear any official, or scarcely any other person, speak in our native tongue.

There was one man, however, at Dol, a railway junction in Normandy, who, much to our surprise, did reply in English when we asked him on which track our train would leave. But his answer, "The other one," was rather indefinite, as there were several tracks in front of us. Therefore, we were compelled to get a reply in French from some one else, as the aforesaid individual hurried on, after having distinguished himself by answering an English-speaking woman in her own tongue.

We make Rouen our starting point since this old city is associated with the very early history of the country, for it was a garrison town under the Romans, and six centuries later it fell into the hands of the Scandinavian chief, Rollo, who made it the capital of his newly acquired territory, which he called Normandy, after the land of his birth. Having once gained possession of this beautiful province he ruled it wisely and well, and rendered his subjects happy and prosperous. In fact, all his descendants, down to William the Conqueror, administered affairs with remarkable prudence and vigor, so that they were greatly respected by their neighbors in France and Flanders.

After the conquest of England by William, and during the reigns of his successors, Normandy was closely associated with Great Britain. Thus many of the soldiers of this general became the ancestors of noted men in English history, and to-day there are families, even in America, who can trace back their

lineage to this great William, and are proud of their ancestry. Many a well known name in England originated in that of some Norman village whose lord followed the fortunes of the Conqueror across the Channel.

At the beginning of the twelfth century Philip Augustus invaded the country, and, being victorious, reunited the duchy to the crown of France.

But the traces of the Northmen will ever remain, and William the Conqueror made himself so felt here that his memory is indissolubly linked with the history of the country. Carefully do the people guard every stone which in any way was associated with this remarkable person. Here in Rouen did this indomitable man breathe his last, having been brought here from Mantes, where he set the town on fire to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. In riding through the embers his horse stumbled and fell, throwing him forward onto the pommel of his saddle and injuring him, so that he died from the effects.

Rouen is also full of Jeanne d'Arc memories, for it was here that she was brought, tried, and burned at the stake, without Charles VII. who owed his kingdom to her, making any effort whatever to save the girl from her dreadful fate. The funeral pyre was erected in the old market-place, and the actual spot is marked by a stone slab set in the ground, while on the adjacent wall is a tablet, bearing this inscription: "On Wednesday, 30 May, 1431, Jeanne d'Arc was burned on this place. The ashes of the glorious victim were thrown into the Seine." The various statues of the Maid of Domremy in the city evince the feeling of the people, who look upon them with almost a feeling of veneration.

As one wanders through the narrow streets he will come upon some beautiful examples of architecture.



DESCENT OF VESUVIUS: TWO HUNDRED FEET FROM THE SUMMIT.



EGYPTIAN WATER CARRIERS

For nearly one hundred years, beginning in the latter part of the fifteenth century, Rouen was the metropolis of art in France, and was one of the first towns in which the splendors of the Renaissance burst forth.

The Palais de Justice is a beautiful piece of Florid-Gothic, and was built by Louis XII. for the accommodation of the ancient supreme court of Normandy. The old clock tower was commenced, as is shown on a brass plate at the foot of the stairs, in 1389, and its bell, that still peals the hours, was cast in 1447. The cathedral, which many consider very fine, has little architectural charm for us, because it seems to be built with a total disregard for all rules of harmony and proportion, and has the appearance of being thrown together. Some of its decorations are most beautiful, and the western portal Ruskin considered the finest piece of flamboyant work in existence. A tower of the pointed style adorns the north side, while on the south there is the Tour de Beurre, 250 feet high, and built from money obtained by the sale of indulgences to eat butter during Lent. Here hung a celebrated bell, Georges d'Amboise, whose maker was so overjoyed when it was first rung, that he died, and was buried in the nave of the cathedral. This huge bell was thirty feet in circumference, ten feet high and weighed 3,600 pounds. When Louis XVI. visited Rouen in 1786, "Georges" was rung so long and so loud that "he" cracked. During the Revolution of 1793 the Republicans took it down and melted it all into cannon, except the lower part of the tongue which is preserved in the museum.

In the chapel of the cathedral was Rollo buried, over whose marble effigy is a tablet, with this inscription, "Here lies Rollo, the first duke and founder and father of Normandy, of which country he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterwards the re-

storer." Just outside of the choir railing is the recumbent stone figure of Richard Coeur de Lion, sculptured in the thirteenth century, and discovered, along with the heart of the king in 1838. The heart, which crumbled into dust on being exposed to the light, was deposited in a triple silver casket, and was inserted in the stone on which the effigy rests. The body of this noted ruler was buried in Fontevrault. From the middle of this cathedral rises a very slender spire of iron, whose only redeeming quality is the fact that it is one of the loftiest in the world, its vane being 498 feet above the ground.

The Church of St. Maclou, nearly 500 years old, has a façade of five pointed arches, connected and adorned with such delicate tracery that it seems as if it were lace work wrought in stone.

If the cathedral of Rouen is disappointing to any one, the church of St. Ouen cannot be, for it is pleasing in every respect. Nothing can exceed the beauty and symmetry of proportion in this most attractive edifice. The graceful spires, sculptured gables, and the rich façades, are all adorned with carvings, which make it seem like a romance in stone, where fancy has been most lavishly displayed. The interior, with its fine columns and arches, gives a wonderful impression of vastness and perfect harmony. No screen obstructs the view, even to the end of the choir, and there is no break in the lines of architecture, while the whole is flooded with rich, soft light, streaming through windows which were the glory of French artists, for there was no feature upon which they bestowed more pains, or in which they were more successful than in their circular windows, which may be called the *chefs d'oeuvres* of their decorative ability. In fact, the *tout ensemble* of this edifice is such that it is regarded as the most beautiful church in Europe.

From Rouen we turn our steps westward toward Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, which is reached by a ride of six hours from Rouen. Before we get into our compartment, or railway carriage, we ask an official if we shall have to change cars and he says that we will do so twice, and mentions the places, but not being sure of the names of the junctions, we ask again and he replies: "Oh, that man will tell you," pointing to an army officer, who, with his little son, was evidently to be our *compagnon de voyage*, for a distance, at least. We supposed that a guard would come and look at our tickets before the train started, as they do in England, where, after that personage has seen it he always says "thank you" to each traveler. But in France nowhere did a guard, or any one else, ever look at our *billet* till it was taken up by a man who stands at the entrance to every station, and one cannot leave the depot without going out past this individual.

Accordingly, after the guard has blown his whistle, waved a green flag, and the engine has responded to these signals with a screech, the train starts, and we interrogate this officer, who is most brightly clad in blue regimentals with red trimmings, and he gets out his time-table, a book about an inch thick, (they have no schedules in the form of folders) and, after about half an hour of close application, he gives us a paper, on which he has written the names of the junctions, as well as the time of the arrival and departure of our train. We thank him and ask if he is sure that these are the only places of change and he replies, "Oui, oui, oui," and says, furthermore, that he is to get out at the first junction, where he will show us our train. We are so grateful that we take out of our bag a large chocolate lozenge, covered with tinfoil, and one of a roll which

we have brought from the States, and give it to the small boy, who is immensely pleased with it, especially when we tell him that it came across the ocean with us from America. We believe that far-away country seems much nearer to the child than it has ever been before.

We now begin to enjoy the beauties of the country through which we are passing. For several miles we follow the banks of the Seine, and then swerve to the westward, getting into the very heart of Normandy, with its well cultivated fields, fine orchards, and picturesque villages, where the quaint houses, with their little windows, pointed gables, and low roofs of tile, or moss covered thatch, are the delight of the artist, and most attractive to the ordinary traveler. But before many years thatched roofs will be relegated to the past in France, because there is a law now which prevents the making of this kind of roof-covering that is the cause of so many fires.

The crooked streets, narrow lanes, and general irregularity in the arrangement of houses make the villages seem as if they were more the result of the work of children than of men. The houses are everywhere constructed of stone, which gives them an air of solidity that does not characterize the same class of buildings in America.

Many of the peasants are small proprietors of farms, containing from forty to fifty acres, which yield them, by hard labor and thrift, a fair living. Their crops consist chiefly of hay, oats and wheat, while of apples, pears, grapes and plums they have large quantities; in the English market, the latter, when canned, are preferred to our California varieties. Some of the pears attain great size; in fact, we scarcely recognize our old friends, the "Duchesse" and the "Duc d'Anjou," for they have reached such stately proportions on their native heath, and,

while we admire their beauty and size, yet we feel that they do not possess the same exquisite flavor that we find in these varieties grown on American soil. The apples are a large source of revenue for the peasant, and we never saw so many. They are being gathered and shipped by the car-load, or are stored, though in some places they are left lying in enormous heaps on the ground, awaiting the time when they will be made into cider, which is the provincial beverage.

In certain places the peasants have been rivals of the farmers on the Isle of Jersey in the production of potatoes, and some years they send to London fifty tons of strawberries from the vicinity of St. Malo.

One never tires of watching the peasants; the men in their peculiar waistcoats and broad hats; the women in their short skirts, capes, big aprons, and white caps, while both sexes wear the wooden shoes. In the villages the clatter of *sabots* of the very small children on the pavements, as the wearers run and play, is most amusing. When the men of the higher classes are clad in their best, they wear a small, black, shiny shoe of wood, and we saw one finely dressed man, with silk hat and brown shoes, which he was carefully protecting from the mud by means of huge wooden shoes, worn as rubbers.

The large, handsome Percheron horses are a common sight in these provinces, as they work in the fields, or draw loaded carts. The fine Holstein and Jersey cattle, as well as the flocks of sheep, bespeak the care which the peasant bestows upon his animals.

But all these interesting scenes are beginning to be lost to view in the oncoming darkness, when we suddenly realize that we have reason to put less confidence in the time-table of the officer of the morning, or rather, in his ability to decipher it, for, when we

are within about half an hour of our destination, the train stops, and a French lady, with whom we have been talking, says, "This is where you have to change cars, if you are going to Falaise." We ask, with much surprise, "Are you sure?" and she replies, "I live in that town and am going there myself." We had already looked up the route on a pocket map, and there was nothing to indicate that there was a junction here, but, of course, we believe the lady, and change cars for the third time this day.

The railway carriages, as they are called, are very comfortable and are warmed by means of flat iron boxes, about three feet long, ten inches wide, and three inches thick, which contain hot water. Two of these are placed end to end, in depressions in the bottom of the car, so that they are just flush with the floor. They are taken out and filled at the station from which the train starts, and then again in about six hours.

All the inns of these towns are virtually about the same in their arrangements. You enter a paved courtyard, which has buildings on all sides, and is attractive with its vines and plants, and an arbor, where, in summer, the guests will eat sausages and drink wine or cider. There is always a smoking room on the ground floor near the dining room, and to this the guests will repair after dinner for their coffee, and the men will smoke. But to the credit of the women in this part of France, be it said, we never looked into a room where they were using cigarettes, though in Paris, and in the larger cities of France it is no uncommon sight to see women thus indulging. On the second floor is a parlor, which has a kind of furniture that savors of antiquity, unless the proprietor is very prosperous and up-to-date, in which case he will probably have some bright plush covered chairs and a sofa to match.

The old town of Falaise is a delight to the traveler who is interested in French history, and finds old-time houses most attractive. It was here in the old castle that William the Conqueror saw the light, and from a little window in the same tower, his father, Robert le Magnifique, first beheld the fair Arlette, daughter of a tanner, washing clothes in the small stream below the castle, and he was so attracted by her that he made her his wife.

At the same place and in the same way the wives and daughters of the people in the neighborhood still wash their clothes, except that the banks of the stream are walled in at that spot, and thus form sort of a tank. In fact, this is the way in which most of the clothes of the people in these provinces are washed. In what, as the sign indicated, was the public laundry in Bayeux, we saw the women washing the clothes in a stream. They stood in the water in sort of a half-barrel, to prevent them from getting wet themselves, and would first soap the garments on a board or stone on the bank, beat them with a wooden paddle, then rinse them in the stream, and hang them on a line nearby, but in the country they always spread them on the bushes.

Having seen the town where William the Conqueror was born, and the city in which he died, of course we must visit Caen, where he was buried. The church of St. Etienne, a fine specimen of the pure Norman style, and built by this general, was his most fitting mausoleum. And the funeral of this great man must have been a noteworthy one as :

“Lowly upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war array.

“Down the long minister’s aisle
Crowds mutely gazing streamed;
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleamed.”

In front of its high altar is a marble slab, which covers all that remains of this mighty man—a thigh bone—which was saved when the tomb was broken into by the Huguenots in 1562, and again by the mob in 1793. The church of St. Trinité, an example of the early Romanesque, contains the ashes of Mathilda, the wife of William the Conqueror.

At Bayeux is carefully preserved, in a glass case, the renowned tapestry, which, it is claimed, was made by this famous queen. The colors still retain their hues, in spite of the eight centuries of daylight which have fallen upon them; they are chiefly light blue, pink, red, yellow, buff, dark, and light green. It is worked on linen; the stitches being lines of colored worsteds laid side by side, and bound down at intervals with cross fastenings. It is mostly outline work, the flesh parts being represented by the bare cloth.

No perspective or shading was attempted. It is supposed to be the history of King Edward bidding Harold go and tell William the Conqueror that he will one day be king of England, and the picture of his being crowned in Westminster Abbey. An inscription in Latin is affixed over each scene.

From the quarries near this city was procured the stone used in the construction of Westminster Abbey, old London bridge, and the cathedrals of Winchester, Carlisle, and Canterbury.

This old city impressed us greatly, but we believe we received a more lasting reminder, by an incident which occurred on our trip from this town to Coutances—a place which we wished to reach that night.

Before buying our tickets, we asked the agent at Bayeux if the waiting-room in the station at St. Lo, where we found we would have to change cars, would be warm, and he said, "Oui, oui, très chaud." With this assurance we were surprised to find, when we reached this place, that there were only a few sparks of fire in the little stove in the room where we were to remain till our train left. So we found the gate-keeper and told him we must have a fire, or we would take cold. He put on some coal, saying, "It will go." "Yes," we replied, "it will go out, for the stove is full of ashes and clinkers." But he went away, and, as he left, we handed him a half franc, saying, "Please look in soon, and see how it is." The fee had the desired effect, for in about ten minutes he opened the door of the room, and we shook our heads and said, "It is out." Then he came in and put in some lighted paper, over which he pulled the coals, remarking, "It will go now." We replied, "No, we think it will not burn this time," but out he went, and, as he did so, we repeated our first request about looking in again soon. He acceded, and this time we shook our heads very decidedly, as much as to say, "We told you so." When he gazed upon the blackness that reigned within the stove, he exclaimed, "I'll seek some wood, and with that I can make it burn." Again he disappeared, but soon returned with a few small kindlings and some paper. At this stage of the process we became more hopeful and thus expressed our opinions, but alas for human expectations, there was no breath of air to keep even the wood afire. The fourth time he returned, evidently expecting us to say, "It is all right," when, perhaps, he might receive some more centimes, but instead he was met by another shake of the head. This time he hurriedly left the room, and we doubted if we should see him again, but soon he reap-

peared with a small shovel of live coals, which he proceeded to dump on top of the ashes. Again we were pessimistic in regard to the results, but the bright coals indicated that there must be a fire somewhere, perhaps in the ticket office, so we suggested that we would go and sit in that room, if it were warm, and then he would not have the trouble of making this fire. "Oh, no, there is no fire in the office," he replied, and with a look on his face which expressed determination born of defeat, he rushed out again, while we sat querying as to what would be his next method of procedure. However, it was not long before he came back with a large, iron scoop shovel, containing about half a peck of bright coals. Of course, our curiosity was aroused at once as to the source of this mysterious supply, but we had asked so many questions that now we kept quiet, and watched him as he drew ashes and cinders out of the stove on to the floor. Then he emptied the contents of his shovel into the stove, putting some fresh pieces of coal on top, and soon we had a fire, which was most comfortable. Yet we kept wondering about the shovelful of coals, and the wonder grew,—and we are wondering still.

One of the principal objects of interest in the city of Coutances is the old Church of St. Pierre with its peculiar shaped pews. One should not miss seeing the remains of the Roman aqueduct west of the town. The pointed and buttressed arches of this structure make it most remarkable and unusual.

A place of great interest for the traveler is Mont St. Michel, situated on a bay of that name, and it is here that the real coast-line of Brittany begins. As we approach this high and lofty cliff, well nigh covered with buildings and masonry, and rising almost vertically out of the water, we wonder how man could ever have raised the stone up the steep sides

for the abbey which forms the apex of this conical mass of rock.

At the base are fishermen's houses built in nooks and on shelving rocks, while nearly all the way around runs a rampart of walls and towers. The remnants of the old fortifications, as seen in the Chatelet and Claudine towers, and the Porte du Roi prove conclusively that the place was once a fortress of great strength. A long causeway connects with the main-land so that carriages, autos, and trams unload their multitude of visitors right at the old gateway.

Once inside we go up half a hundred steps, and reach the church court where sea and land for miles around are spread out in a wonderful panorama before us.

We visit the Crypt of the Gros Piliers, and ascend the Escalion de Dentelle; we wend our way through cloisters, arcades, and refectory down to the Hall of the Chevaliers, which recall the medieval days. Not far away is the wheel of the great machine, called the "*Roue monte charges*," that was used by the prisoners in lifting up the daily supplies for the abbey.

The chapel, which is the highest building, is beautiful in its architecture and decorations; it is being restored, and looks as if it would be some time before it is fully completed.

It is with a feeling akin to homage that the artist visits the little town of Gruchy, eleven kilometres from Cherbourg, for here the painter Jean François Millet, was born in 1814 in a typical Normandy house. As one gazes upon the low rooms with their bare walls and floors, and the general rudeness of the whole he realizes what influences were brought to bear in shaping the early tendencies of this man's life.

When one crosses into Brittany he at once notices the greater peculiarity in the costumes of the peasants; the men somewhat resemble Chinamen in their blouses or coats, and the women are picturesque in their white caps, capes, and short skirts. The girls wear a cap of netting which is much smaller than that of the women. Nearly all have wooden shoes, which are sometimes held on by means of straps over the ankle, or with slippers worn inside. They vary in color, some being just that of the wood from which they are made, others are painted red, or black, and these last shine like patent leather.

The situation of the old city of Dinan on the summit of a hill overlooking the Rance, flowing 250 feet below, is very romantic. It is a walled town with four gates, through which the people are pouring in from the country, with their pigs, geese, cattle, and horses, for it is market-day. Very amusing are the scenes of the women driving pigs, harnessed with cords, and it is all too evident that these "rooters" prefer their "native heath" to the streets of Dinan. The castle, built about 1380, is conspicuous with its tower, 112 feet in height. The chapel still contains the chair used by Anne of Brittany during her devotions. No longer do these walls echo with the voices of the choir, but instead do they resound with the clanking of chains, for it is now used as a prison. The antiquary and the artist are attracted by the steep, narrow, and crooked streets whose irregular cobble stones and general roughness make carriage riding in the older district rather uncomfortable.

The fortress of St. Malo is situated at the mouth of the Rance, and is connected with the main-land by a narrow neck of land. It is the seventh port of France in importance, and presents a busy scene as it sends much of the exports of Brittany across the Channel. It is outlined with ramparts from whose

top rise several towers dating from the sixteenth century. At high tide when the harbor is crowded with vessels of various kinds the effect is most picturesque.

On an island in the vicinity is the grave of one of the greatest sons of France, the eloquent Chateaubriand, who chose this resting place within sight of his native town.

On the Bay of Mont St. Michel is the little fishing village of Concale which has given inspiration to many artists.

The white sands furnish a good bed for the propagation of oysters which the women plant here after they have been brought in by the dredgers. Once a year they have the ceremony of blessing the boats which is a most interesting spectacle, as the procession, headed by the bishop, marches from the church, and women scatter rose leaves on the ground before it, while the crowd, lining the street, fall on their knees. At the wharf, around which the boats, with flags flying, have collected, the bishop, with his attendants kneeling around him, asks divine protection upon the boatmen and their boats for the coming year.

The northern coast of Brittany has many small towns that are replete with interest, especially those near the coast where the fishermen ply their trade.

Brest is the most important naval port of France, but, aside from its fortress, has little that is really attractive about it from an aesthetic point of view.

One of the most interesting of the inland places of Brittany is Quimper with a population of 20,000. Portions of its old ramparts still remain, showing that at one time it was a well fortified town. The cathedral, begun in 1429 and finished in 1865, is the finest in this part of the country. Two very graceful twin spires on the façade rise to the height of 246 feet, while below these, in the rear are four towers,

and another spire, all pierced with trefoil openings. A handsome portal, under an arch, adorned with five rows of sculpture, admits one to the interior which is grand and vast. Half a hundred great pillars, supporting pointed arches, encompass nave and choir. The clerestory windows admit the light through some fine old fifteenth century openings around which there are lace-like traceries. The fresco paintings, the high altar of bronze, and the massive pulpit of carved oak are far superior to what one would expect to find.

In the museum near the cathedral are implements of stone and models of mounds discovered in that vicinity. A company of life-like figures, dressed in old style costumes show the interest that this people take in preserving their customs. This representation of the dress of the ancient dames of this land is no more quaint or ornate than what one can see on any fête day; on these occasions the *Bretons bretonnantes* rejoice in their peculiar caps and collars, embroidered jackets and vests, bodices most daintily worked, aprons of every hue and petticoats, so voluminous that they show that they are distended at the top by means of rounded pads.

Many are the holy days which are celebrated in honor of some saint and, at these times the Bretons are seen at their best. Their deep religious fervor makes them observe their church festivals most carefully; some of these are called pardons because at that time the participants return thanks for the blessings of the year, and seek forgiveness for the sins of the past, and indulgence for those of the future. These are really, as one traveler has called them, "feasts of the soul, for they are penetrated with deep religious feeling, and those who take part in them are in touch for a time at least with the spiritual world, no matter how material may be the object

of their veneration, or how trivial the outward expression of their devotion."

Probably there is no country, so close to modern influences, that has been affected so little by the great outside world. The Bretons are contented with their own bit of the world and resist the advances of civilization by making their customs and habits conform to those of their ancestors. Instead of adopting modern ways and inventions they persistently cling to the old, and that is what renders Brittany so charming and attractive to-day. As we read the words of Victor Hugo which he wrote when he thought that the whole of his *belle France* was deteriorating, we feel as if they might have been especially applicable to this corner of the country:—

"O débris, ruines de France,
Que notre amour en vain défend
Les jours de joies ou de souffrances
Vieux monuments d'un peuple enfant."

CHAPTER VI

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

UNDER the vaulted dome of a great railroad station in Paris, where various locomotives fill the air with clouds of steam, as if in eager haste to be off, we stand with tickets in hand, luggage in charge of the *facteur*, and minds full of dreams of ice and snow lying clear and white on vale and mountain far from the throbbing noise of hurrying humanity. Cold realism suddenly breaks our ecstasies by the matter of fact announcement from one member of our party: "I have left the camera!" Of course our journey cannot be undertaken without this necessary part of our luggage, so a messenger is quickly dispatched to our pension, where the forgotten article is soon found, and gladly do we look upon it, as the little black box has really become one of our *compagnons de voyage*.

The next morning finds us in Switzerland and

"Above us are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather round these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain
man below."

With blankets tucked securely around us, with hot stones at our feet, and our spirits in tune with the



THE NILE AT CAIRO



MARKET SCENE: KADASSEH

jingling of sleigh bells, the peace of the silent forest through which we are coursing, soon puts to flight the feverish restlessness peculiar to the turbulence of the great world.

Our destination is a small village on the mountain side, where we find a postoffice and a store, in front of which are hand sleds, standing on end in the snow, and indicating the general character of the merchandise contained within, which consists largely of skis, skates, cow bells, ski oil, sweaters, caps, mufflers, leggings, post cards, and bottles, labelled "sure cure for colds." A few chalets and two hotels complete the number of buildings in this resort for winter sports.

The air is most bracing and, because of its clearness and health-giving properties, soon tinges the cheeks of the visitors with a color that well nigh reflects the Alpine glow itself.

The winter sports which are found in these mountain nooks have come to be very popular; English, French and Germans enjoy them, and to-day we find all these nationalities represented, with a small sprinkling of Americans.

Boys and girls, men and women in white caps and sweaters, with throat scarfs fluttering in the wind, hasten toward the lake where professional skaters spin, dance, and perform various evolutions to the accompaniment of merry music. Stout German Fraus, in the most abbreviated of short skirts, and their husbands in brown puttees, and wearing hob-nailed shoes, go down the long road on flying toboggans.

Americans are reputed to be overzealous in following the freaks of fashion, and it must be an in-born desire to be in style and to have new experiences which induces some of our party to procure a sled, and attempt a descent on the toboggan track,

which winds back and forth down the sides of the mountain. Perhaps the thought of the delightful childhood hours spent in "sliding down hill" in far away America may have been an inducement to try the hand with this kind of a sled. Fortunately or unfortunately we do not know that this course is only intended for the use of expert tobogganers, and has been carefully graded, and covered with glare ice.

A shove from the top and in a second our sled has started, and is racing along faster than the wind, with no thought left in our brain, which is already paralyzed with fear, but the wild desire to save our lives by grasping the edges of the narrow board. At the time it seemed as though some fateful hand must have saved us from destruction, though afterwards we concluded that fright, rather than any real danger to life and limb, caused our hearts to palpitate so abnormally.

Our second slide takes place on the two mile length of regular road, which is accomplished with more ease and grace than characterized the wild hilarity incident to our first experience. As we go down we ignore the would be witticisms of some German pedestrians who derisively shout, "Bremsen, Bremsen," (brakes) at seeing our painful efforts to hasten our coaster over a level stretch of highway by means of a pointed Alpine cane.

A small car on an incline will convey to the top all the sporters who are averse to walking up, or do not wish to pay two marks necessary to hire a returning sleigh attached to a horse. We notice that the persons desiring to become passengers on this car greatly exceed its capacity. In accordance with the dictates of a sign, set up in the car, and which, translated into good English reads, "first come, first served," we, in turn take our seats, when a German

party, arriving on a later toboggan, demands these accommodations for themselves.

One stalwart Herr, in beseeching tones, implores one of the ladies of our number "for the sake of humanity" to give him her seat, while his bolder companion orders the remaining occupants of the car out of their places. Long residence in Prussia has taught the American woman the value of a decided "*Ich will nicht*," but more docile German ladies accede to the request of these determined individuals, and get out of the car. All manner of threats are made in German against the foreigners who will not give up their places; even the conductor, who has undoubtedly received some tip, declares that he will not permit the car to ascend till they leave, but in spite of everything they remain. If anyone imagines that the details of this incident are exaggerated, let him inquire of that raspy conductor, and he will receive assurance, (perhaps accompanied by violent language), that the American women held their places that day against the unrighteous demands of the German men.

On one occasion we almost envy the smart cutter and black steeds, decked in flaming plumes, of the Duke of Weimar, who has come to enjoy the sports of this place.

Pleasant memories of sleigh rides in a one-horse cutter over glistening roads in a certain section of the United States, induce us to ask for a similar vehicle here. The proprietor of the hotel cannot hide his amazement that ladies should desire such an ungenteel team as a horse and sleigh without a driver. In lieu of a sleigh, a stout sled, drawn by the oldest and laziest horse in town, is produced for our diversion. This steed, evidently considered by his careful owner as absolutely safe for women to manage, will not move faster than a walk, and soon

stops, from which peaceful posture all inducements of rein and whip cannot stir the animal.

On another occasion the proprietor is persuaded to give us a better horse, though the owner takes care to have the rope tugs long enough to place the animal out of range of the short whip. Again American ingenuity is undervalued, and a series of knots in the tugs renders the touch of the whip supreme. How enjoyable it is, skimming over the snowy whiteness, behind our flying steed! Past slow-plodding oxen we race, under the swaying branches of tall pines, or beside the young firs, standing like soldiers, in military array. An old peasant woman, with back bent under a heavy load of faggots gathered in the forest, pauses a moment to gaze after our flight. We do not stop to consider the unfairness of fate or fortune, (which may be the thought that fills her mind), that places us in the happy ecstasies of a smoothly gliding existence, with no heavy burdens to bear, and far removed from the drudgery of this peasant woman's life, whose "daily round of cares" may be just as honorable and worthy as our own.

With hearts free from harrowing thought we make the woodlands ring with laughter, and fill the air with snatches from our national hymn, college songs, and negro ditties. Possibly some native ear may have heard for the first time the air of "America," "Old Kentucky Home," or some stolid soul may have wondered at the musical productions of "The three Crows who sat on a Tree," or "Where was Moses when the Light went out?"

As the shades of evening fall we stop for a cup of tea at a wayside inn. The waiter expresses a kindred feeling for he has spent some time in America, and says he wishes to return and become an attendant in a restaurant on Broadway. For our edification he turns loose a phonograph, introducing a cylinder,

which he proudly claims, contains an American tune, though it may be Chinese from any word that we understand, during the course of its production. A second record, supposed to contain witticisms in the negro dialect, leaves an unpleasant impression of a conglomeration of sounds,—the only intelligible words being something about a donkey using his heels.

On the day of our arrival a lady and gentleman swing past us on skis, and their even tread and skilful ease at once proclaim them as being no novices to this sport. We judge from the costume of the woman, which is an exact counterpart of that of her husband's, and from the dinner sack and thermos bottle, thrown over their backs, that they are off for a long day's trip over the deep snows of the forest.

Probably there is no sport in Switzerland more generally enjoyed by natives, as well as visitors, than that of skiing. To the onlooker there is a fascination in watching an adept in this sport skim over the deep snow, through meadow and pasture, over hill and dale. But when the inexperienced person straps these long narrow boards, some seven feet in length, onto his feet for the first time, and tries to learn the art of skiing, he usually comes to grief. The long skis will not travel as they should, but depart from the straight path, crossing one another in most disorderly fashion. Each foot insists upon a different line of progress from its companion, with the result that the intrepid individual soon finds himself exclaiming "Where am I?" Fortunately the snow is soft and deep, and the tumble results in no broken bones.

What pleasure skiing holds for the connoisseur. One of our party can testify to this, as she essayed the art. Flying down long hills with the ease of a bird on the wing; skimming over the crusted surface,

and through the chill silence of a winter forest, where the branches of the dark pines and firs are bowed low under a weight of whiteness; not a sound breaks the silence save the soft slur-r-r of the runner on the snow, or the sharp snap of a branch from a dead tree. When the sun begins to sink behind the mountains, sending its golden glow over the hill-tops, and tinging the white expanse with rosy light, this beginner feels as if a bit of heaven had come down to earth.



Where am I?

The last rays sink beneath the horizon, a chill fills the air, and she seeks our hostelry, where she rests from the pleasures of the day. On the morrow the same young lady decides to celebrate this her birthday with more daring exploits in the art of skiing. All nature seems to be in accord with her desire, the crisp air and the sparkling snow giving her zest for new achievements. Therefore she seeks a place farther up the mountains, where the slopes are steeper. As she catches sight of the long white expanse she is possessed with an ardent desire to try her skill

in a downward flight on this beautiful stretch of snow. She notes that the field is quite void of human life save one lone man, who is too much absorbed in his own pleasures to notice the antics of an amateur, so she takes the fatal step over the brink. How swiftly she flies! So rapid the motion that she seems to be rushing through limitless space, her feet touching no solid matter, her thoughts rushing on in ethereal rapture. But the realization of the reality of substance is forced upon her by a sudden impact with cold softness, and she is buried in the snow, face downwards and skis waving in the air. Of course she is up and off on her journey in the twinkling of an eye, but various falls attend her before she arrives at the foot of the hill, where she gives a shake to see if all bones are whole, and in good working condition. She quite forgets those most important articles, the hair pins, which literally mark the pathway of her progress, and the hair, released from restraint, arranges itself in the style of dressing probably adopted by Eve in her outdoor exercise.

If the process of descending meets with such an untimely end, what about climbing back up the slope when the skis insist upon sliding backward at each step. Picture the perambulatory snow-form of a girl whose normal attire is a green skirt and white sweater, but is now encrusted with a white garment from head to foot; imagine the peregrinations she executes along oblique lines during her frantic efforts to gain the summit of the hill. But alas! A misstep and she slips, and slides backwards to the bottom of the slope. We are led to believe, from the shouts of her companions, that her descent backwards was more gracefully accomplished than the same feat performed with skis in the usual position. What a jolly mix-up of girl, snow and skis is the re-

sult of her unhappy flight in this inverted style. Surely the school teacher of other days, who endeavored to instill into her youthful mind the precept of thinking twice before acting in time of wrathful trouble, would have been delighted could she have witnessed the half minute of reflection before she was able to find a solution to her dilemma, and stand once more safely on her feet.

After such violent exercise a cup of tea obtained in the nearby station is most welcome, and two orders of biscuit hardly satisfy the cravings of hunger. Later she reaches our inn, and half dozing before the fire in a comfortable arm chair she is awakened from her reverie by her friends, who wish her to come and see the sunset.

Behind yon rocky height whose rugged sides afford no resting place for snow or clinging vine,—behind this point sinks the dying sun, while the snows of the distant mountains are tinged with a rosy glow.

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTMAS IN THE FATHERLAND

CHRISTMAS for the children in Germany begins on the eve of the sixth of December when all the boys and girls hang their stockings, and St. Nicholas fills them with sweetmeats. This patron saint is supposed to reward those little ones who have been good, and to punish those who have been naughty. Sometimes he appears in a school room and, after questioning the teacher in regard to the conduct of the children, proceeds to apply the switch to those who have not been dutiful. So that the coming of this individual, laden with goodies, is held up as a motive for obedience. However, the approach of Christmas day is observed in some families, even on the first of December, when in the evening a little tree is set on the table in the family living room, and one candle is placed on it at that time. A small pasteboard star, on which is printed some text of scripture containing a prophecy relating to the birth of Christ, is also hung on the tree, after having been committed to memory by the members of the family. Each night, an additional candle and a new text decorate the branches, till Christmas eve, when the tree gives place to the real Weihnachtsbaum. We saw trees, for this purpose, in a hospital, in a free kindergarten, and in the conference room of the Young Women's Christian Association. It is certainly a beautiful custom, and tends to give those who practice it a better conception of the real nature and object of Christmas.

In Berlin the law allows persons to begin selling Christmas trees on the eleventh of December, and soon after it would seem as if many parts of the city had been decorated with evergreens, of mushroom growth. Many of the broad streets have paths for horseback riders in the center, and these ways are literally lined with trees, as are the curbings of the broad sidewalks. In some of the streets the combined width of the two sidewalks exceeds the breadth of the street itself, which is quite wide, so there is abundant room for the display of trees, as well as the merchants' wares that are placed outside the shop doors, in order to attract the notice of the passerby. At this season there are many of the Weihnachtsausverkauf, indicating a special Christmas sale. Every dealer, no matter along what line he is plying his trade, has some decorations, especially significant of the season. Even in the butchers' stalls one sees various cuts of meat arranged most artistically and decorated with green. Some of the show windows have designs that are very unique and exhibit the originality of the German mind. One in particular, that we noticed, was a representation of a fox and a goose dancing together in the snow. They looked as if they were alive and, by some electrical device, were made to take a "two-step" which was most natural and amusing.

On Christmas eve at six o'clock there is a service in the churches, consisting for the most part, of special music, though sometimes the pastor will preach a short sermon. We attended a service in the Gedächtniskirche, a church built by the present emperor, as a memorial for his grandfather, old Emperor William; it is a most beautiful edifice, with the interior finished in mosaics and marble. Back of the chancel is a large and finely modelled figure of Christ in white marble, and on each side of this was

a Christmas tree, decorated with many candles, so that the contrast of the white and green, with two crosses of bright colored electric lights, was most pleasing.

The church was absolutely packed with people—all available standing room being occupied, even into the vestibule. The music was arranged for the occasion, and was something never to be forgotten in its richness, variety and impressiveness. Services are also held Christmas morning in all the churches, and these are quite well attended. Wherever there is particularly fine music, whether it is in a church or a beer garden, there the Germans will be found in crowds, so great is their innate love for, and appreciation of good music.

On Christmas eve, or early in the afternoon, the children of the Sunday schools go to their respective churches and carry food and clothing for the poor. And on that day the graves of friends and relatives are often decorated with flowers. It is said that every family in Germany has a Christmas tree, though their household Penates are most meagre, and there may not be bread in the house, yet they will manage in some way to get a tree, even if it is only a semblance of one. Perhaps it will be simply a green branch which the dealers have cut from their trees in trimming them, but this will be placed in a conspicuous position, even in the most wretched hovel. Food will be denied that a few candles, and bright decorations may give it the appearance of cheer and comfort, while around it perchance, will cluster memories of brighter days. This bit of extravagance every German allows his wife, and, for the nonce all are happy in the radiance which it sheds in the humble home.

The manner in which the family are given the first glimpse of this festivity is most interesting.

The tree in the home, where we had been invited to spend Christmas eve, had been set up in the salon, as the parlor is called. The mother and oldest daughter had decorated it, and no one was allowed to look upon it till the folding doors, connecting with the dining room, where the family and friends had assembled, were thrown open. The decoration was entirely in white, and high up, on the outside branches, there was the most cloud-like effect produced by a very fleecy, and aerial kind of stuff, known as "angels' hair." There were many candles, burning brightly, and, later in the evening, the scintillating fireworks, which had been attached to the boughs, were lighted, and the effect was quite dazzling. After a few moments, when the exclamation in regard to the beauty of the tree had begun to cease, a member of the family sat down at the piano, and accompanied the family and friends, who sang, "In Der Stille Nacht," and "Von Himmel Hoch." Then each one examined his presents which had been placed on tables around the room, no gift being hung on the tree. As each article was seen, the person who received it would go to the giver, if he were present, and thank him, a gentleman kissing the hand of a lady who had given him anything. The three servants of the family were present, and tables containing their gifts were arranged with those of the other members. The servants in a German household are well remembered at this season. Our hostess told us that she usually expended a thousand marks for Christmas gifts, and nearly a quarter of this amount was devoted to presents for her servants.

An American friend of ours hired a furnished apartment, and took the German servant who had been in the family of the owner, and it was stipulated in the written lease that the Americans should have

a Christmas tree, and that the servant should be remembered very generously, even the size of the plate was designated which was to be filled with sweetmeats for this Hausmädchen.

Later in the evening we were invited to the dining-room where the gentlemen partook of wine and the ladies of coffee, while all ate nuts, candy, fruit and Pfefferkuchen,—little cakes made in various forms. These same friends had previously asked us if we could give them a recipe for plum pudding. Accordingly we procured one for them, but the aversion with which a German cook regards the introduction of foreign dishes into her domain was well illustrated by the remark of the ruler of the saucepans in this family when the good Frau proposed our recipe. After it was read to her, she said "Plum puddings will do for English and Americans, but Kartoffeln (potatoes) are good enough for Germans." She showed most unmistakably that she considered the suggestion a reflection on her capabilities, and it is needless to say that there was no American plum pudding in that house on Christmas day.

After the refreshments had been served, the table was removed, and the young people danced, and thus ended Christmas eve in a German home, all of which we had enjoyed most thoroughly.

It may be of interest to our readers to know what part the American contingent in one household had in the Christmas festivities. We had decided that it would not do for us to be the only people in Berlin not having a Christmas tree. So we sallied forth in the afternoon of the day preceding Christmas in search of a tree, which was not difficult to find, and the prices were greatly reduced, because nearly every one had bought their tree. Therefore a tree, for which three or four marks had been previously charged, could now be obtained for one mark. In

fact, all the trees were on the "bargain counter," as it were, and a person could have his choice. We decorated ours in true American style, minus the popcorn, which finds no place in Germany, and set it on a table at the end of our commodious sitting room.

We had invited twenty-five people to spend the evening with us on Christmas day. They were all persons whom we knew quite well, but it was a cosmopolitan company;—the following countries being represented: America, Mexico, Holland, Sweden, Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria. We knew that the foreigners would look with much interest upon all that we should do, so that a great deal of tact had to be employed in introducing the people in the proper manner, and in giving the seat of honor—the sofa—to the right persons, and in placing individuals together, who could understand one another. The two Mexicans could speak only French, besides their native tongue; some of the Germans knew no English, while three of the Americans could converse in French. But our Dutch friends were able to speak six languages, and the Bulgarian, who had received his doctor's degree at the University of Odessa, was equally versatile, and could talk with any one present.

For gifts, we had prepared Juleklapps, which are small presents, wrapped in many papers, and put into a large sack. They consisted of toys, such as one sees peripatetic venders selling on the street corners for a few pfennigs. The German toys are unsurpassed in point of excellence and ingenuity. Many of them can be wound up, and are thus given powers of locomotion.

It seems almost a pity that Uncle Sam should deprive his children of the pleasure which these toys would afford thousands of American boys and girls, had he not imposed a duty of sixty per cent. on this

kind of article.

Of course, great fun ensued, as each guest cut the strings and unwrapped his bundle till he reached the nucleus which was usually something that afforded much merriment. After each one had found his gift he was requested to draw a picture of some animal, designated by a slip of paper given him, and he was to do this blindfolded. Of course, the attempts,—some good and some bad—caused a great deal of mirth. The most realistic picture was that of a rhinoceros, drawn by a German student, who could speak no English, but wrote under it the name of the animal in very plain letters. But the prize—(a German picture book of animals)—was awarded to the one who should draw it from a bowl, covered with white and decorated with red ribbons and American flags. One of the Dutch ladies was the fortunate person, though all obtained something, mostly representations of fruit and vegetables in the form of Marzipan, which is a kind of candy made only in Germany. Then simple refreshments were served, consisting of chocolate and sandwiches, the latter made of lettuce, cheese, and nuts with mayonnaise, which we had prepared ourselves. Our German friends looked askance at these, and we do not suppose that they thought those white, triangular pieces of bread amounted to much, though the Americans seized them with avidity. If they had been made of rye bread, with slices of ham or sausage, the Germans would really have enjoyed them.

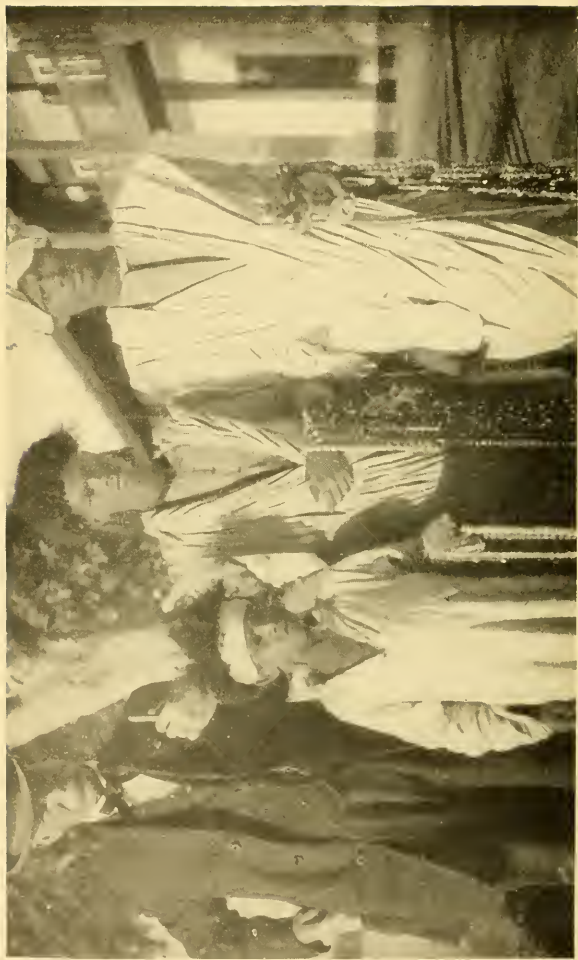
Later in the evening, a representative from each country was asked to describe the method of celebrating Christmas in his own land. Some of them required a little interpreting, but all did very well. One of our Dutch friends told us that St. Nicholas day, December 6th, is the time of the celebration in Holland, and on that night the children hang their

stockings, while outside the door, they leave their wooden shoes, filled with hay for the horse of good St. Nick. The Swedish girl told in broken, but in most fascinating English, what they do at this time in her native land,—all of which is quite similar to the German day. The Hungarian described Christmas in his country, and said it was attended with a great deal of eating and drinking. In Mexico, the festivities peculiar to this event, are very different from what they are in the Vaterland, while in far away Bulgaria they have the regular Russian Christmas, which occurs on January seventh. As the Bulgarian was sitting near the Mexican he interpreted for him, and the Americans present considered it quite remarkable that this man, from the Black Sea, should be able to interpret for the individual from Mexico City. Thus all these persons, from various parts of the earth, had something to say about this celebration, which has become world-wide.

More than ever before was it impressed upon us how comprehensive and far-reaching was that wonderful event, whose object has remained unchanged since it was proclaimed above Bethlehem's hills,—“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people,”—and whose message has come down through the centuries, bringing “peace on earth, and good will to men.”



SHADUF: UPPER EGYPT



NUBIAN BEAD SELLERS: ASSOUAN

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAND OF THE CZAR

ON a morning of the week following Christmas we say good-bye to our German friends in Berlin, and turn our faces toward the land of the Czar.

It is with a feeling of pleasure, for we are anticipating seeing sights new to us, and having experiences hitherto unknown. Some of our friends have tried to dissuade us from going alone, by telling us how an American has been thrown into prison in Germany, and it is almost impossible to bring his case before the courts,—thus we can see what may happen to us in Russia. As a rule, the Germans have little use for the Russians, so we are somewhat cynical about their advice, but a Russian friend assures us it is perfectly safe for two ladies to go to that land by themselves.

We have read several books concerning Russia, but no one of them has anything very favorable to say of the country or its people. We can find no English guidebook about Russia, so from that source we can expect no assistance. But we are sallying forth, equipped with some letters of introduction to Russian families, a French Baedeker on Russia, a map of the country, a fair speaking knowledge of French and German and our passports, the latter being the most valuable acquisition, and desirable weapons, for without these we can never set foot on Russian soil. And even with these documents, people sometimes encounter serious difficulties, as was shown a few weeks ago at the time of

the airship exhibitions in Germany, when an aeronaut had his balloon wafted by some unfavorable breeze across the border, and it came to the earth in Russian Poland, where the authorities caused him considerable annoyance before he succeeded in making his way back to Germany, though he had taken the precaution to carry a passport with him.

We have not left Berlin far behind us before we see women setting out small pines in large quantities. Forests of this kind of trees are seen in all stages of growth, and, as they increase in size, they are thinned, every bit being utilized, so scarce is wood in this country. Large mounds of dirt, containing potatoes, are thrown up in the fields where these vegetables are raised. The country, on the whole, is level and reminds one of our own western prairies, though rather more undulating. Generally the houses of the German peasants are built in hamlets and the barns are attached to the dwellings.

Our traveling companion, in our coupé, is a handsomely dressed German lady, but we soon get acquainted and find her very affable. She can count to five, and say "good night" in English, while her knowledge of French is a little more extended, but her German is easily understood and she is quite talkative, telling us much about St. Petersburg, concerning which she knows a great deal, as her husband was a Russian and they lived in that city six years. Thus the day passes pleasantly, though we have very little reading matter, as we were informed that books and papers could not be carried across the frontier. At 11.30 o'clock in the evening, our companion, who has been over the road many times, tells us that soon we will cross a small stream which divides the very northeastern part of Germany from Russia.

In the darkness we can see the gleaming of the

water of a stream, and, after crossing this, the train soon comes to a stand-still. The men in long white aprons rush through the corridors of the cars, all anxious to carry our Handgepäck, or luggage. We have not walked a rod on the station platform before an official asks for our passports, without which we would not be allowed to go into the waiting room for the customs examination. After some delay an official appears with the passports and calls the names contained therein. Now they are ready for the examination of the baggage, but if this document had not been viséed within the legal time, they would not have touched it. A Russian stands next to us, and we notice that they pry carefully into his carpet-bag, while on the other side they rummage our German companion's bags quite thoroughly, but, much to our surprise, they scarcely lift an article in our suit cases. We feel that it is out of respect to America, and not to us individually that they are so lenient. Such consideration always makes an American proud of his country, and thankful that he was born under the stars and stripes.

The first object which had attracted our attention in the customs room was sort of an altar on one side, and above it was a large picture of Christ, below which burned several candles. As officers and workmen passed before this they would stop and cross themselves. Our train does not leave till one o'clock, so our German friend says we must have a cup of tea made in the huge samovar on the table in the adjacent restaurant. It is certainly good and the Russians claim that its excellence is due to the fact that it is brought overland from the East, while the tea of Western nations loses its flavor in its transportation by water.

One is impressed immediately by the size of the Russian cars. They are as large as those in our

country and have wider trucks, because the roadbed of their railroads is broader than that of the Germans, and they make it thus, so that, in case of war, the latter cannot run their trains over the Russian rails. Our sleeping coupé is most comfortable; it contains four berths, and when the upper ones are not occupied they can be raised part way so as to afford a place for bags and clothing, and leave more space above the lower berth. In coupés having only two berths, there are wash-bowls arranged so that they will shut up into the wall. For day use the upper berth is let down and forms the back of the seat, which runs across the car. The corridor extends along the side of the car from one end to the other, while the doors are at the ends, as in American cars. This arrangement of sleepers is found in cars owned by what is known as the International Car Company and they are used in most European countries. On the whole, it is preferable to the Pullman system, as it insures more privacy.

There are no other passengers in our car, so we have it all to ourselves, and feel that we are traveling in state. The porter acts as conductor, and a notice, printed in six different languages, informs us that: "Upon request the conductor will clean the shoes of the passengers." French is evidently the language most generally used, for the bills of fare in the dining car are printed in that language.

Before our companion retires she surprises us by drawing from her stockings two packages of diamond rings, brooches, etc.; some of the stones being fully half an inch in diameter. We suppose that this display must comprise all her stock in this line, but soon she brings to light other gems of almost equal beauty and value. She informs us that her husband gave her many of these pieces, and that the Russians are particularly fond of jewelry. She says she is

very glad she is not alone in the coupé, and that we are with her. So she locks the door, taking the extra precaution to fasten it with a cord, and is soon lost in sleep, dreaming probably about her jewels, while our thoughts wander far across the seas to a land so unlike this in every particular.

We awaken about ten o'clock the next morning and find that we have passed through Russian Poland in the night, and are now really in old Russia. The ground is covered with snow, and, at a station where the train stops to take on wood, which is the fuel burned in all the engines, we see the moujiks with their sledges, the horses having the douga—a high wooden bow extending above the collar—to which the shafts are directly attached, there being no tugs or hold-backs, and we feel that surely this is a most fitting and characteristic sight for our first view of the land of the Czar.

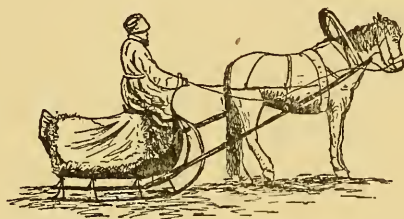
The country is somewhat undulating, and with its forests of fir, alder, willow and birch which are now shrouded in their mantle of snow, the effect is most pleasing. An occasional cluster of low, unpainted, wooden houses gives us some idea of the homes of the peasants. They do not look very inviting or comfortable, with the small, low windows, over the lower part of which boards have been nailed to protect the inmates from the snows of winter. Scarcely any sign of life can be seen around them, not even a dog, and, if they have any cattle, they are in some hovel seeking shelter from the cold. Sometimes we see a moujik with a load of wood which his horse is drawing from some distant forest, as fuel for the family. The land is poor and becomes so dry in summer that the peasants have great difficulty in raising enough to eke out an existence through the long, cold winter. A peasant may starve, but no one need go cold, for the forests are so abundant that a

man with much energy can get fuel enough for his family.

About seven o'clock our train pulls into St. Petersburg, and it is on time. We are sure that in constructing Russian train schedules, they first ascertain how slowly a train can run. By adjusting the timetable to this rate, they are certain to be always on time. As we alight we see all classes of Russians on the platform from the tall officer, glittering in gold embroidery and epaulets, to a moujik, who is clad in huge boots, large fur coat, and a black cap of the same material which looks as if it must be three inches thick. Soon we come to four hotel men, and one of them, stepping forward, says: "Mees Perkin?" We nod assent, and feel so surprised and pleased to hear even this remote reminder of our name, that we can almost shake hands with the man—which, however, we do not do. We had written to a hotel that we would come, but did not expect them to be on the lookout for us.

The snow has fallen to a depth of nearly three feet, but enough is cleared from the street and sidewalks so that the sleighing is fine. A long line of sledges which, in winter, take the place of the droskies used in summer, are standing near by. They are so very small that it seems as if we might almost lift one. The driver occupies the front seat which is raised a little higher than the rear one, on which only two persons can sit. In fact, a driver is liable to a fine of five roubles if he takes three persons. The seat is very narrow, with no protection at the ends, and we cannot see why people do not fall off. Evidently the natives think there is danger, for often you will see a Russian man having his arm around the lady with whom he is riding. The huge, fur robe has a loop by which it is fastened to each corner of the sleigh, and, in going around sharp turns, one

clutches that for support. The body of the sledge is not more than a foot from the ground, so it is easily entered. The horses are remarkably fine, and show good care, though we have seen none blanketed when standing still, and often they will be covered with frost or ice formed of the frozen sweat.



A Russian Sledge

The *isvochtchiks*, or drivers, of these conveyances are often peasants, who can speak nothing but Russian, and that not very intelligibly. They wear a huge fur coat with the hair inside, and they look as if they were wadded to their utmost capacity.

Before we have removed our hats, upon reaching our hotel, a bell-boy says that the police would like to see our passports.

After dinner the porter of the hotel calls a sledge and tells the driver that we wish to be taken to the Hotel de la France, where we have told him we wish to call upon a friend. The distance is less than a mile and the price is twenty kopecks (ten cents). After we have made our visit there, and are about to have the porter in that hotel summon a sledge for the return, our friend says: "Why don't you take a runner, and have a fast ride for about three-quarters of an hour, if you are warmly enough clad?" We accede, and thus, we suppose, the order is given in Russian to the driver. If one has never taken a

sleigh ride in the clear, crisp air, with the mercury bordering on zero, when, as the Russians say, "You can see your breath freeze," and behind a horse going at the rate of twelve miles per hour, he has no conception of the exhilaration experienced,—the "spell of the North" is upon us. We soon enter the highway along the banks of the Neva, which is frozen so hard that a track is laid across it on the ice and street cars go from one bank to the other every ten minutes. On and on we go, almost clashing with neighboring sledges, but always just missing them. We scurry past the long line of imperial abodes and see the Winter Palace, begun by Peter the Great and the scene of so many tragedies in the history of the royal families of Russia. The present Czar has not ventured to take up his residence here during the last eight years, but spends his winters at Tsarskoe Selo, twenty miles from the city, and his summers at Peterhof, a little farther distant. We can see the bright lights in the houses of dukes and duchesses, and we know that gaiety reigns within. We glance up at the yellow walls of the Duma, one of the youngest of the world's parliaments. While in the distance rise the towers of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul that seems to guard the prison where the political offenders are kept, as well as the dark vaults of the church in which sleep all the Czars beginning with Peter the Great. On the opposite shore loom up the buildings of the university where 3,000 students are in attendance.

The ride is most enjoyable and full of excitement, but we begin to feel cold, and wonder if the limit of time is not reached, so we shout "stoi," which the driver heeds at once, by coming to a standstill. Then we exclaim, "Hotel d' Angleterre," a shake of the head indicates that our Jehu understands not one syllable, and, as "stoi" is about all we can say, we mo-

tion for him to go on, which he does, at even a more fearful rate than before, while we are now sure that the porter must have told him to carry us for an hour, or perhaps more. We are wondering what we can do, when suddenly we turn a corner and the beautiful dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral comes into view, and near by we can see our hotel.

The city is very lively and gay, as it is the great holiday season—the Russian Christmas-tide, January seventh being Christmas day.

We have seen enough to arouse our interest, and we realize that there is much in store for us in this city founded by the Great Peter.

CHAPTER IX

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA—SEEING THE CZAR

UPON reaching St. Petersburg some of the persons to whom we had letters of introduction said: "This is just the time to come to Russia to see the life of the people; their preparation for Christmas; the snow and sledging and many other things incident to this season, which is far better than the summer for visiting this land, because then every one who can, leaves the town; but, on the other hand the times are very troublous from a political standpoint, and on that account we consider it most inopportune. Last week the chief of the secret police was killed; two bombs were found in the Winter Palace, and arrests are constantly being made. The Czar is coming back from the Crimea, where he has been three months, on account of the ill health of the Czarina, and he is expected to attend the funeral of his great uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, the oldest member of the imperial family. Therefore, every precaution is being taken to protect him on the day of the obsequies. There is great excitement and you may not find it as pleasant as you otherwise would." "But," we replied, "that is just what we want to see. If there is so much excitement, it will afford us a better opportunity to study conditions and see everything for ourselves, therefore we regard the times as most opportune; and, if we are discreet, we see no reason why we need get mixed up in it, at least, to the extent of being arrested." "All right," they said, "if you wish

to see the political aspect of affairs you are here at a most desirable time. But remember," they said, on leaving us that night at our hotel, "if you do get into trouble send for us." This offer of protection was a welcome assurance, because we knew that in some of these persons we had real "friends at court."

For a few days we had a most excellent guide,—the first time we had ever been obliged to secure the services of such a person,—to show us about a town and take us to places of interest. After these first days we picked up enough words to find our own way around quite well by ourselves.

It is a fallacy to believe that every one in St. Petersburg and Moscow speaks French and German. No policeman, driver, ticket agent, or guard in galleries, museums or palaces, can, as a rule, speak one of these languages. The Russians are fine linguists and the higher classes and nobility can nearly always converse in several tongues. We asked a Russian lady how it was they learned foreign languages so easily, and she said, "After a Russian has broken his tongue mastering his own language, he is well fitted for any other."

The very first day of sightseeing proved the truthfulness of our friends' remarks in regard to the condition of political affairs. We wished to take a picture of a public square, and just as we were getting the camera ready the guide said, "Don't do it, the police may think you are trying to get a photograph of the place so as to see where to station people with bombs, for the funeral procession of the Grand Duke will pass this way next week." On all sides there was a restraint which was felt by every one, including those with whom we talked during our stay. To all appearances everything was quiet and orderly, just as in any European town, but we had a feeling all the time—perhaps quickened by our own imagina-

tion and the many stories we heard—of something underneath it all, intangible yet real, a something which is only awaiting the propitious moment when it will break forth and consume all before it.

Many of those who are in the government circles did not hesitate to express their opinion, while members of the so-called Socialist Revolutionary party were willing to talk, but several times said, "I will tell you later when no one is near, for you never know who can understand."

The freeing of the serfs was a great step forward. Certain lands have been granted them, but, as the peasant says, he has been obliged to run into debt for cattle and the wherewithal to manage his farm. Uneducated and improvident, these toilers of the soil have had a hard time, so that in many cases the poor moujiks' extremity has been the nobleman's opportunity to buy his land at a small price.

The poorest classes revere the memory of Alexander II. who was killed, undoubtedly, at the instigation of the nobility, just as he was about to give the nation a constitution.

We talked with various people in regard to the preparedness of the people for a constitution, and some would express themselves most emphatically in favor of such an act, while others would say the time had not yet arrived.

As various events which caused the last revolution were described and the injustice of the government dwelt upon, we said: "But you have the Duma, isn't that helping to improve matters?" And the reply was, "No, the Duma does not do anything," and that was a common complaint. Yet this body has passed an act preventing any royal child, at its birth, except one in the Czar's own family, from receiving two million roubles, the amount which has hitherto been given every prince. Now the nobles must look for

support to their own revenues, which, in many cases, are enormous.

Schools have been established in various sections of the country, so that the children of the village can usually have some instruction. The school inspector reports that attendance is increasing, though there is nothing obligatory about it. We could not find that the schools anywhere were absolutely free, but each person is taxed for their support. The very fact that schools are being established is a most hopeful sign, and we believe that education will lessen the ignorance and superstition which has held these millions in a bondage little worse than serfdom. With the ignorant their religion amounts almost to fanaticism. It is said that a man will buy a candle and after lighting it, place it before his patron saint, to whom he will offer a prayer for assistance in whatever he is going to do, be it a robbery or some worthy act.

When one sees the magnificent palaces, with some of the rooms of amber, where even the furnishings would build hundreds of school buildings; churches with pillars of malachite and lapislazuli; shrines of solid silver; and thousands of ikons in gold frames, adorned with diamonds and other precious stones of inestimable value, when one has gazed upon all of this he feels the force of the remark of a university professor, when he said, "The trouble is we are given too much church and not enough education." After we had seen the riches expended upon some of the largest cathedrals in Russia, as well as the marvels of the treasury in Moscow, we said to a young Russian, "What do the common people, those from the provinces, think of all this magnificence?" For we had seen the countrymen who had come into Moscow to spend the holidays, walking around and gazing in rapt amazement at all the display, and he

replied, "They just take it for granted that it must be so and never think further."

These persons revere the Czar and always speak of him as "Little Father." There are two classes who make attempts upon his life, the Nihilist, which means usually the younger generation, and to a certain extent the student body,—this class do it because they feel that only in this way will the people obtain a just government. The other class is composed really of the discontented in the official circles,—those who feel that the nobility are losing ground, and that the removal of the Czar will bring in some other form of government from which they can derive more personal benefits and emolument than they are receiving at present. It is these persons who do not wish to have the condition of the common people improved, and who interpose every obstacle possible toward the establishment of a better form of government. This last seems to us to be the worst aspect of the political situation. The Czar realizes he has enemies in his own camp, for plots have been laid bare, which could only have been designed by some one in his official household.

Undoubtedly the Czar is a man with little force of character, as the following illustration will show. One of the members of his cabinet suggested that a certain building should be painted white, and his majesty concurred, saying, "I fully agree with you." The next morning another member of the cabinet called, and told the Czar that the building in question should be painted brown, whereupon his majesty replied, "I think you are quite right." In a few hours a third minister saw the Czar, and insisted upon the building being painted gray, whereupon he replied, "I agree entirely." It was not long before the Czarina came to him and said, "Nicholas, I think it is time you had your own idea about that building,

and stopped accepting the views of others." The Czar replied, "You are quite right, Alexis. I fully agree with you."

One certainly pities this royal pair, for they live in constant fear for their lives. For two years, we were told, that all the food he had was locked in a metal box as soon as it was cooked, and then sent in that manner to the table, where the Czar himself unlocked it and took out the contents. About a year ago he discontinued this practice, saying, "I have but one death to die, and shall take this precaution no longer." They are said to be an ideal couple, and their marriage, unlike the majority of royal unions, was an *affaire du coeur*. The Czar is very fond of his family and they are almost inseparable. A lady who employs one of the court physicians told us that one day when the doctor came to see her, she said he had just left the Czar lying on the floor, barking like a dog to amuse the baby.

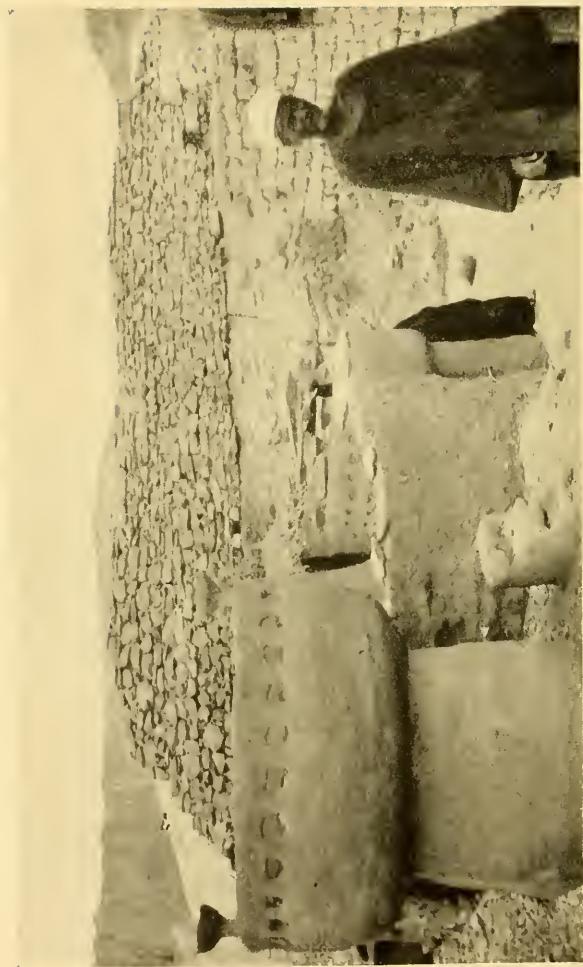
The Czarina, who was the daughter of the Princess Alice of Hesse, and therefore granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, is an ideal mother, looking personally after the education and training of her children. She seems to delight more in her family than in affairs of state. On account of her disinclination for functions, and the fact that the country has been engaged in wars and revolutions for the last decade, there has been but little social activity at the court, dinners and state balls being relegated to the past, all of which is most disappointing to those who revel in society. When the present Czarina came to the palace she found a most immoral condition of affairs, but she is said to have made a clean sweep and removed all the court attendants, reducing the number to about one-third, and procuring only those who were honorable and upright in their standard of living.

It is an open secret that the Dowager Empress retains in her court persons of doubtful character, and she has been most unkind in her treatment of the Czarina so that the Czar has been forced to forbid her coming into the palace. She had always been granted precedence over the Czarina on all state occasions, up to the time of the birth of the crown prince, as the Dowager Empress was not only the mother of the Czar but also of Prince Michael, who is the Czar's younger brother, and after him, next to the throne. Since the coming of the little boy, five years ago, she is no longer first lady of the land and is thus more jealous of the Empress than heretofore. It is said that it was really she who caused the Emperor, some years ago, to revoke the edict granting full liberty to the press.

Probably there is no government in which the officials are more corrupt, and where graft is more openly practiced than here in Russia. During the Japanese war a merchant gave some 3,000,000 blankets for the soldiers. Some weeks later it was discovered that the Grand Duke Sergius, governor general of Moscow, was selling these same blankets in the market-place and pocketing the proceeds. Sergius was given this important office in Moscow because he had made himself so obnoxious to the people of St. Petersburg that it was impossible for him to remain there longer. In his new position he soon made himself hated by various acts, among which was the expulsion of the Jews from Moscow, when 15,000 Jews were driven from the city. Some of them, it is interesting to note, went to America, where they became citizens, and have since returned to their native city, and are now doing business there under the protection of the United States. But bad as the political corruption is, there are some rays of hope, for we learned that the Czar has just ordered



TEMPLE OF LUXOR



AN EGYPTIAN HOME: BIN FOR GRAIN AT THE LEFT

an investigation concerning the unlawful expenditures of some millions of dollars during the Japanese war.

As one travels in Russia he feels that the secret police constantly employ a system of espionage, which cannot have a salutary influence upon the people or government. After one of the officials had been on duty the day before from four o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, and had described in our presence some of the hardships incident to his position, he exclaimed, "Oh, what a life!" And we thought that was a mild way in which to express his dissatisfaction with the whole system, which in itself is most complete and far-reaching. We were told that these secret officers invaded all the walks of life, and were to be found in every conceivable place—there were probably three or four in the hotel where we were stopping. A gentleman told us that he never invited a few friends to his house in the evening but that he expected some of them would be members of the secret force, though he had no means of knowing who they were. Thus it is easily understood how every one must be on his guard as to the opinion he expresses. There is no other country with a similar civilization where one can experience such coercion, and where his very words are repressed until he begins to fear he will think out loud.

The secret police took a most active part in preventing any disturbance during the funeral of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolovitch. A blinding snow storm had been followed by a thaw. Sand had been strewn from the Moscow station to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the interment took place, but this only seemed to make the walking worse for those who followed the casket. The Empress and grand duchesses rode in the state carriages, each of which was drawn by six black horses draped

in mourning. Then came the Emperor and grand dukes on foot, with heads bared, in spite of the inclement weather. Thousands of soldiers and gendarmes lined the streets, and guarded all approaches, while an order had been issued that no window along the route should be occupied. But enormous sums were paid for seats in restaurants from which people could get a glimpse of the gorgeous pageant. Two hundred Cossacks formed the immediate body-guard of the Emperor. Then came five regiments from Tsarskoe Selo, both cavalry and infantry. On and on they marched over the Troitsa bridge to the Fortress Church, in which the casket was placed on a catafalque, beneath a gold and white canopy, supported by gilded columns at the four corners. Here a requiem of two hours' duration was said for the departed. During the service the Czar and Czarina sat upon the royal dais, while every one else stood, as is the custom in Russian churches.

About two hours after the funeral, as we were passing along the streets near the Summer Gardens, we noticed the absence of sledges and the number of secret policemen on the sidewalk. Our Russian friend said, "I believe the Emperor is coming back from the funeral, along this street, in order to visit his favorite Church of Kazan before returning to Tsarskoe Selo." We stopped, but a policeman told us to "keep walking," and soon we reached Suzoroff Square, near the Troitsa bridge, where some seventy-five persons had congregated on the corners, having, like ourselves, seen evidences of the Emperor's approach. No vehicle was allowed to cross the bridge, even the royal mail wagon being forced to take another route, something which, our friend said, she had never seen done before. The funeral carriages returned, carrying their occupants to the Winter Palace. Then came some who had walked, but were

met by their private sledges, or troikas, the latter drawn by three large, black horses abreast, the middle one having the douga, or round, wooden yoke standing above the collar. This middle horse always runs, while those on each side gallop. The three horses, going so rapidly, threw up a cloud of snow, which would prove very unpleasant for the occupants of the sledge, were it not for the immense, high dashboard in front.

While standing there a regular policeman and a secret service man took their places directly behind us, where they remained for half an hour until they were convinced that we were not suspicious characters.

As we looked toward the bridge suddenly our friend said, "There they come, that is the Cossack who always sits upon the box of the Czarina's carriage." The Czar sat on the side next to us, so we had a good opportunity to see the "ruler of all the Russias." They were wholly unattended, not a guard being in sight, with the exception of the policemen on the sidewalk. After they had passed our friend felt that they ought to have cheered, and said as much to the policeman standing near by, who answered, "We had better cry, for we have stood in the icy water here since four o'clock this morning." As soon as the royal pair had passed, the policemen, with one accord, broke into smiles, greatly relieved to think that their sovereign had gone safely through their district; if anything had befallen him, all of them would have been arrested and deprived of their positions, even though proven innocent. As we left the square, our friend remarked, "You see our Czar can drive through the streets unattended," all of which was true, but no one knew he was coming.

The royal family have not lived in the Winter Palace since the last time the Czar blessed the waters

of the Neva—eight years ago, when, after the ceremony, the soldiers, instead of firing the usual salute with blank cartridges, directed their guns, loaded with real powder and ball, against the Palace.

When the Czar recently returned from the Crimea, the railway was guarded by 300,000 troops—a soldier being stationed every hundred yards on both sides of the track. He had planned to stop at Moscow, but a plot was unearthed which caused him to change his plans and come directly through to St. Petersburg. Thus this poor man lives in constant fear of death. His wife and children are nearly always with him, ready to share his fate, because the Czarina says she does not want her son to live to rule over a people cruel enough to murder his father. Surely the old adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," is especially applicable to this sovereign, and most certainly he has cause for fear.

We asked a very intelligent man in Russia in regard to his opinion of affairs, and he said, "They will ultimately kill the Czar and some of the higher officials, that is inevitable. They may wait until the vigilance is somewhat relaxed, but it seems to be the prevailing idea that, in spite of the secret police, and every precaution taken by the government, their ruler will be removed in some way." Another said "A revolution is bound to come, but from it will result a form of government better than we have ever had before." But from our standpoint as an onlooker we cannot see how the death of the Czar, or a revolution, will directly benefit the people, or improve present conditions.

Russia is a great country, with vast resources and a people we cannot help liking, but the path by which she has reached her position is a winding one, marked by bloodshed at every turn, and, if present conditions are any augury for the future, we fear that the end is not yet reached.

CHAPTER X

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL

THERE are three events in the life of a person which are full of interest, the christening, marriage, and funeral, and wherever these are seen they are always attended with forms and ceremonies which are characteristic of that people.

Therefore we counted ourselves fortunate when, one morning, as we were going to see the Alexander Nevski Convent in St. Petersburg, our friend said: "I believe a funeral will be held there this morning, for I notice the green sprigs which they have scattered along the street." Just as we alighted from our sledge a white hearse, drawn by six beautiful gray horses, entered the gateway in the walls of this monastery. The hearse had no sides, and the casket was covered with wreaths of flowers, some natural and many of metal or porcelain, such as are commonly used in decorating graves and tombs throughout Europe. In front of the hearse was a sort of Grecian chariot, with silver finish and drawn by a fine, white horse. This had been filled with green branches, or twigs, which the driver had strewn along the way. By the side of the hearse walked the bearers, twelve men clad in heavy, white broadcloth trousers and long overcoats of the same material, decorated with brass buttons. These men are furnished by the funeral bureau for this purpose, instead of having friends of the deceased perform the duty. After the hearse came the priests, bearing lamps, and banners, and then followed the immediate

relatives and a few friends in carriages.

Though this man was a senator and very well known, yet we do not think there were over two hundred people present in the Church of the Saviour where the funeral was held. The casket was carried into the church, and placed on a catafalque where it could easily be seen by the whole audience.

A congregation in a Russian church always stands during the service, no matter what it may be. The choir of men and boys, concealed from view, sang, and the priests read from their prayer book.

We remained about half an hour, and then our friend suggested that we go and look at the cathedral situated in the same grounds, and return again, as this service might be three hours long. So we quietly withdrew, passing through the long cloisters, where the monks take their exercise in bad weather, and in that way we soon reached the cathedral.

Catherine II. built this cathedral in 1790 and, as this monastery is the seat of a metropolitan, of whom there are only three in Russia, it was considered desirable to make this edifice one of the most beautiful in Russia. In order to decorate the interior as finely as possible, Carrara marble was brought from Italy, agate from Siberia, jasper from the Urals, and pearls from India. The paintings are good copies, after Raphael, Guido Reni, and Perugino, while the altar-piece is by Raphael Mengs. The ikons are most elaborate, and are nicely decorated with jewels and precious stones. This cathedral contains the shrine of Alexander Nevski, which is of massive silver and weighs over 3,000 pounds; it was made from the first silver obtained in the mines of Kolyvan which Peter the Great left to his daughter Elizabeth. This cathedral possesses a rare collection of jewelled mitres, rich pontifical robes in gold brocade, and souvenirs of various princes. Among the latter is

an amber staff presented by Catherine II. and one of wood made by Peter the Great.

In the library near-by are rare old volumes and valuables almost without number, the crown of Alexander, and the bed on which the Great Peter died, being among the most interesting. The Czar recently ordered that the candles, used in lighting the church, should be removed and electric lights substituted, but these are in the form of candles with burners of low power, so that they do not differ essentially in appearance from real candles, except that the light is brighter. In one corner is the shrine of Christ, beside which stands a sarcophagus, supposed to contain the body of Christ. At Easter this is carried into the centre of the church, and placed on a raised platform. Then the people, led by the priests, carrying banners, march around the outside of the church singing. When they return to the place where the sarcophagus has been deposited they find it has disappeared, the floor having opened in some mysterious manner and swallowed it up. Then the priests shout: "He is risen," and the people reply: "He is risen indeed," and all fall on each other's necks and kiss one another.

After looking at some of the treasures in the great mass which belong to this monastery, we hastened back to the funeral. Perhaps a few more persons had come in, and among them the nine ministers in the Czar's cabinet. They did not stand together, but were scattered through the audience, yet all, probably, were within a radius of thirty feet. Our friend said that the man, who stood about two feet from us was Stolypin, the prime minister whose house was blown up some years ago by a bomb, which a woman had concealed in a bundle resembling a baby. She had gained admission for the ostensible purpose of presenting a petition to the prime minis-

ter, but, instead of that official appearing before her, he sent in his secretary to see what the woman wanted, while she, supposing it was Stolypin himself, who stood in her presence, dropped the bundle on to the floor, and a terrific explosion resulted, in which the woman and the secretary were killed, and two of the minister's children were badly injured. In the church, on one side of this minister, stood one of the Czar's aides, and on the other a chamberlain. The gold decorations of these officials formed a pleasing contrast to the sombre gowns of the relatives of the deceased. In fact, quite a brilliant effect was produced when the candles, which had been passed to each person in the room, were lighted. We could not understand a word, as the whole service was in Slavonic, but occasionally our Russian friend would tell us what they were saying, and evidently all the spectators fully comprehended the meaning, for they made the sign of the cross, bowed, and prostrated themselves at certain places. Like all Russian churches this was built in the form of a Greek cross, and behind the altar were the large doors in front of the Holy of Holies, where no woman is ever allowed to enter. Soon a high priest opened these doors, and we could see the metropolitan kneeling there, clad in his rich pontifical robes, with his mitred cap, adorned with rare jewels. The priest bore aloft the sacrament, and swung the lamps, scattering incense on all sides. Then the metropolitan came out and took his place at the head of the casket, and seemed to conduct the service, which had hitherto been in the hands of the high priests. They brought out an immense Bible, decorated with gold, and held it, while this high official of the church read a chapter and then he asked God to receive the deceased into heaven, while the choir, impersonating angels, replied in song, which was really very beautiful, though there was no

accompaniment, as the Russians never have an organ, or any kind of a musical instrument in their churches. After more than two hours the service was concluded by the reading of a prayer, printed in gilt letters on a thick kind of paper which looked like parchment. Then the priest folded and placed it in the hands of the dead man. This prayer is called "the passport into heaven." An American friend whom we were telling about it afterwards, said that he supposed this document had been duly viséed by the Russian consul. Then a message was read from the Czar, who had sent a handsome floral piece. Beginning with the widow, the immediate family, ministers of state, friends and servants walked up and took a last look at the body, kissing it, as they turned away. After the lid was put onto the casket, the pall-bearers carried it into the yard, and to another church in the monastery grounds, where the interment was to be made.

We remarked to our friend that we should not think the ministers would dare to be there unprotected, and she replied that every other man in the room, including the bearers, was probably a secret police officer.

She had previously warned us to look out for our bags and purses, because thieves always found a place in a crowd. The relatives passed out before us, and then we went through the door with the remainder of the people, probably not more than fifty persons, but among them must have been some crook, for no sooner were we down the steps, than our friend exclaimed: "I have been robbed," and sure enough a thief had opened her hand bag, and taken out a little silver purse which she prized highly, as it had been given her by one of the royal family and contained a three rouble gold piece, a very rare and valuable coin.

As we proceeded to the other church we passed near the tomb of Rubenstein, on which had recently been placed an immense wreath of flowers, it being the week in which they were celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the conservatory of music in that city by this noted musician. Not far away was the grave of Tchaikowski, whose memory is greatly revered by every music-loving Russian.

The Church of the Trinity, where the interment was made, was almost filled with graves and tombs, the latter simply marked by a block of white marble, about three feet high and eighteen inches square at the base, on top of which a little lamp is kept continually burning. This senator's family must have been a very old one, for its tomb occupied a place immediately before the altar railing. The vault was some fifteen feet deep, and was made thus because on top of this man's casket would be placed that of his wife when she died, and possibly those of other members of his family above hers.

After a brief service held here by the metropolitan and high priests, the lid was soldered onto the casket, a procedure lasting about twenty minutes, so slowly and clumsily was it done. The casket was lowered, and then a basin of dirt, with three tin scoops in it, was passed, and each person threw a quantity of the sand down onto the coffin, and, as it struck the metallic lid, a thud was produced which seemed gruesome to us who had never seen it done before. This closed the exercises, and the relatives and friends went home to a luncheon, which always follows a funeral. Formerly it was a real feast, after which dancing was in order.

The services had continued three hours, and those at the churches had been preceded by one in the home of the deceased. During this time the people had remained standing, and scarcely a sign of grief

or sorrow had been seen. We were told that the expense of this funeral, exclusive of the interment, was five thousand dollars, and this sum went into the coffers of the monastery, whose annual income is already two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

All this, and yet just outside of its very gates a row of beggars can be seen any day, and evidences of the extreme poverty of the people are visible on all sides.

CHAPTER XI

OUR SECOND CHRISTMAS

NEVER before had it happened to us to have two Christmases in one year.

We left Berlin on December twenty-ninth, and reached St. Petersburg on December seventeenth, according to the Russian calendar, which is Gregorian, and differs from ours by thirteen days. Consequently we had eight days in which to witness the preparations for Christmas in this far off land. While the Russians are devoted to their church, yet there is not the universal preparation for celebrating the birth of our Saviour that we saw in Germany. One does not find so many Christmas trees on the street for sale, and this is undoubtedly due to the poverty of the people, many of whom cannot afford anything significant of the day, and to the cold which is often so extreme that dealers cannot stand on the streets for any length of time selling trees.

However, the flitting of hundreds of sledges, containing gay occupants, and the numbers frequenting the shops all indicate that something unusual is about to happen. We never weary of watching the multitude,—some clad in furs, while others look as if they ought to be to keep themselves comfortable. One would suppose that a people living in such a cold climate would become inured to the cold, and to a certain extent they may be, but they take all due precaution to protect themselves against the inclement weather when they leave their well warmed houses. Clad in fur caps, around which is often wrapped a

scarf; wearing a paletot, or overcoat, lined with fur, and having a beaver collar; with large fur or wool overshoes, they are prepared for the cold which is generally below zero.

The Russian prides himself on his furs and sometimes wears a paletot costing a thousand roubles. It is claimed that a man is rated according to these articles, and there is a saying in Russian, "Tell me what furs you wear, and I will tell you how much you are worth."

During this holiday season the theatres and operas are well patronized. There is the same appearance of jollity and *esprit de corps* prevailing that are seen in a German place of amusement. Between the acts the people go out and have light suppers, and perambulate up and down the corridors. It seems strange to see "Carmen" in this frozen region, but after witnessing it the spectator feels that the Russian is specially adapted for the parts of this opera. While we think of this people as rather stolid and unemotional, and a race from which one would not expect great singers to come, yet in the last few years some very noted vocalists have been Russian.

The art galleries are visited at this season by hundreds who enjoy the riches of the Hermitage, where have been collected works of art that any other European gallery would highly prize. As we ascend the marble staircase and wander through the great halls full of canvases from the brush of Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, Leonardo, Raphael, Correggio, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, Teniers, Ruysdael and others, we realize that we are gazing upon some of the best art of the ages.

The works of Russian artists are seen in the Alexander II. Museum, and here we find galleries full of pictures painted by Vereshchagin, several by Munkacsy, and many by others of lesser fame. But

probably Ryepin deserves as much credit as any artist, though his pictures are not seen in America as commonly as are those of the other Russians that we have mentioned.

We look upon all this art with great interest, believing that when Russia shall have been released from the bondage of the present, and the people shall have come into their own, then Russian art will find itself, and be deservedly recognized by other nations.

The hospitality of this people is proverbial, and our letters of introduction give us the entrée to houses where we see the home life. On Christmas eve we take a sledge, and are whirled along over the snow through the keen, cutting air to the house of one who has asked us to meet some of her friends on this occasion. We are invited for eight o'clock, but the other guests do not arrive till nine, and we are told that the Russians always go at late hours. A young lady says that she often attends dances beginning at eleven o'clock at night.

Since the revolution, eight years ago, every house has its guard, who sits in a sort of sentry box near the door or gate, and it is his business to know every person who enters. The houses are usually built of wood or brick covered with stucco, and generally there are several apartments under one roof. The windows are double, and the window sill between is filled with fine sand to absorb moisture. There are no outside blinds or shutters, and one of the inside panes is hung on hinges so that it can be opened for ventilation. Huge porcelain stoves diffuse a steady heat, and the temperature of the rooms is maintained at about sixty-eight to seventy degrees, which renders the atmosphere conducive to the growing of many kinds of plants, among which are those peculiar to tropical countries. As a rule not so many pictures are seen in a Russian house as in American

homes, but rich hangings adorn the walls, while the floor is most attractive with Oriental rugs and skins of animals. In this particular home, where we are guests, a huge polar bear skin on the floor of the drawing-room, recalls our proximity to the Arctic regions. A dinner of caviar, fish, moor-fowl, and ham, served with anchovies, olives and cheese, and having pudding and fruit for dessert savors of something foreign. As in all European countries, there is always wine, for the Russians are fond of various kinds of beverages. From the copper samovar on a little stand at the right of the hostess, she gets the hot water, and draws the tea which is an unfailing accompaniment of every meal. We must here bear witness to the Russian cup of tea, which, served in glasses, set in silver holders, with lemon and sugar, (no milk or cream ever being used), is *par excellence* the most refreshing of all draughts. While the French cuisine is somewhat imitated by the Russian people, yet they have their national dishes, of which they are very fond.

The conversation on this occasion is in English, German, and French,—all the family speaking each of these languages, except the good wife who knows no English. The parents and three daughters have traveled quite extensively in Europe, but have never visited America, so they have many questions to ask about that far away land. After dinner the mother sings for us, and we look at photographs and talk till about eleven o'clock, when we begin to think of taking our leave, but they will not listen to our going at that early hour, so finally it is near midnight before we say our adieux and take our departure. Before leaving we ask if it is safe for two ladies to go home alone in a sledge at this time of night, and our host replies that it is, only he advises that we do not talk so that our driver will know that we are for-

eigners. A warning that we faithfully heed, even when another sledge passes so closely that it strikes our own and breaks one of the shafts, but the driver quickly repairs it, and we are soon speeding onward like the wind.

Christmas morn dawns bright and beautiful, and we are awakened by the bells of St. Isaac's Cathedral, just across the street, as they call the worshipper to early service. After the first meal, which is always served in our rooms, and the day's supply of drinking water is boiled on the small alcohol lamp which we carry with us, we sally forth in quest of a sledge. Soon the bargain with the driver is made, and we start on our ride around the city, well nigh enveloped in the furs and robes so necessary for our comfort. Soon we pass the Church of Our Lady of Kazan, with its semi-circular colonnade, built in imitation of that of St. Peter's at Rome. This is a favorite church of the Czar, and one often visited by him when he is in the city. At a distance we see the watch-towers where they keep a man walking all the time to discover fires,—an arrangement similar to the Galata in Constantinople. We stop to see the royal carriages,—and a most interesting collection it is, composed of vehicles of every description from the sledge of Peter the Great to the gold-trimmed equipage in which the present Czar rode.

The Memorial Church of Alexander II. built on the spot where that monarch was killed by a bomb thrown at his carriage, attracts our attention. The exact spot in this church where he met his death has a marble canopy or chapel over it, and here are still shown the cobble stones, left undisturbed and stained dark with the emperor's blood. Supporting this canopy are posts of solid jasper, while from the edge hangs a row of golden lamps that are kept constantly burning. This monarch's memory is deeply revered



COPTIC WOMEN MAKING BREAD



GOING TO MARKET

by the people and the poorest moujik will uncover his head as he passes this shrine. The exterior of this church is not very pleasing with its Byzantine effect, but the interior is tasteful and attractive.

On we speed near the old gardens of Peter the Great, and out across the river to the Islands, where we see beautiful villas erected for summer homes by the wealthy people of the city. Then we retrace our steps to the banks of the Neva, where we take a trolley car that crosses this wide stream on rails laid on the ice.

In the afternoon we set out by steam cars for Tsarskoe-Selo, situated thirty miles from this city, and the home of the Czar. Some of the villas here were built by Catherine II. but the Empress Elizabeth finished the palace which was begun by the great Peter, though Catherine lived here many years. Like some other structures of its kind there cannot be much comfort in these large rooms with their stately furniture. Some of the halls show an expenditure of great sums in their decoration, though it is not always in the best of taste. One room is coated with amber, which is transparent in places, and this was presented by Frederick the Great. In another we find a floor laid with exotic woods at a cost of fifty dollars per square yard. Many presents, given by other rulers to the Czar, are here preserved, as well as certain personal belongings. The visitors at court are entertained in this large, old palace, but the Czar lives in one about a quarter of a mile distant. He and the Czarina can sometimes be seen walking in the gardens in summer, or snow-balling each other and playing with the children in winter. They are very fond of snow, and often take rides in a troika, when she generally holds the reins of the three steeds that resemble those in bronze that adorn some of the famous buildings in

Europe.

In the village we visit the home of a peasant where the grandmother of fourscore years, shows with pride her ikons with the lamps burning underneath. High up on top of the huge brick oven the children sleep the coldest nights. Just outside the door is a sort of a cave in the snow which they say was dug by tramps for a sleeping place.

On Christmas night every one in Russia attends church. Even if he has not been within the doors during the year, he will go on this occasion. As the bells of St. Isaac's are pealing we enter its portals. This structure is said to be fashioned after St. Paul's of London, but one might say that it is a composite made from that edifice, the Pantheon of Agrippa, St. Sophia, and the dome of the Invalides in Paris. It is built on piles, and has the form of a cross. Forty-eight huge monoliths, seven feet in diameter and fifty-six feet in height, uphold the ceiling of the four porticoes. As one gazes upward he feels that he is looking at the columns of Karnak, and, indeed, they cannot fail of exciting wonder and admiration, for, next to the Column of Alexander in St. Petersburg and Pompey's Pillar, they are the largest single stones that have been cut, rounded, and polished by man. Three massive bronze doors, the central one weighing 48,000 pounds, admit one to the interior, where he is at once impressed by the colossal grandeur of the architecture and the richness of decoration. Polished pavements, brilliant frescoes, and rarest marbles produce a wonderful effect, especially when the whole is lighted by hundreds of electric lights, in addition to the candles burning before the saints or ikons. One reason for the separation of the Greek from the Latin church was because the former objected to the use of figures or statues in their places of worship. Therefore, to take the

place of this kind of representation, the Greek Church has paintings or pictures of Christ or a saint, showing head and shoulders, and the parts which should be clothed are covered with gold or mosaics, and often decorated with precious stones; sometimes this portion will be covered with rows of pearl beads, worked in with a needle by the Cossack women. Such pictures are called ikons and are found in churches, cathedrals, and private houses. Of course those in the houses are much less expensive, and it is said that no Russian family is so poor that it cannot have some ikon on its walls, though simple and inexpensive it must necessarily be.

The iconostase, or wall separating the church proper from the arcana, is covered with these ikons. Three porphyry steps lead up to it, while supporting it are eight Corinthian columns of malachite, and two of lapis lazuli. A white marble balustrade forms a sharp line of demarcation between the priest and the worshipers, while in the centre of the iconostase is a door leading into the Holy of Holies within whose sacred precincts women's feet are never allowed to enter. But through this doorway we can see a painting of Christ, brilliantly lighted on this eventful night, and it is most beautiful. There is also a picture of Christ on silk, lying in a golden casket which at Easter is taken out and carried three times around the church. In a case we see two large Bibles encrusted with precious stones, among which is a diamond three-fourths of an inch long and one inch wide,—a fit rival of the Kohinoor itself.

The service is conducted by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, assisted by several priests, and all stand on a sort of dais placed in the center of the church under the dome for this particular service. This high official of the church is clad in a mitred cap and flowing robes of white cloth, embroidered in

gold, so that he looks like some Eastern monarch. The audience is a very cosmopolitan one, being composed of all classes of persons from the army officers, resplendent in red and gold, down to the poorest moujik. But the whole is a scene of grandeur and impressiveness such as our eyes have never before beheld. Quite in contrast with this is the row of twenty-three beggars, lame, halt, and blind, standing just inside the great door and asking for alms. We also count some twenty-five boxes on a table, each holding offerings for some particular charity or fund. No peals of any great organ add to the solemnity of the occasion, yet without this aid, the vocal music is impressive. The spoken words of the head of this church do not hold our attention for the service is all in Russian, but it is the splendor of the scene that holds us spellbound.

We leave it all and go out into the keen, blue, cold air of this northern latitude, and gaze upon this massive pile by the light of the full moon, and, as its rays gleam upon the colossal dome, and glint arch and architrave we feel that the nineteenth century has produced no structure for divine worship comparable to this.

We hail a driver and in his swift flying sledge we are whisked away to the home of another friend, where we enjoy the pleasure of a real Russian Christmas night, with a tree, music, supper and all the accessories that render it ideal. In the late hours we seek our hotel, and fall asleep as St. Isaac's bells are sending forth their midnight peals, proclaiming what we wish might be peace and good will among all the inhabitants of this great empire.

CHAPTER XII

NEW YEAR'S IN MOSCOW

THE railroad connecting the two largest cities of Russia has a length of 400 miles, and is straight as the bird flies. In fact, when Czar Nicholas I. ordered this road built, they asked him as to the route it should follow, and placing a ruler on the map between the two cities, he said, "There build your railroad."

The traveler, in going to Moscow, makes a number of stops at a few fairly prosperous villages, where often picturesque groups of moujiks have assembled to watch the arrival and departure of the train. These peasants, clad in their long wool cloaks lined with a skin whose fur is turned inside, high leather boots, and fur caps, never fail to interest the stranger. Sometimes there is a station where the train stops for wood, and in such an one we can find a buffet whose chief articles of food are tea and soup. An old proverb says that the three greatest gods of the Russians are Tshin, Tshai, and Shtshee, —rank, tea, and cabbage-soup.

As the darkness comes on not many signs of life do we see, but the hills and valleys are covered with snow as far as the eye can reach. In the Russian folk-lore, this reason is given for the uneven surface of the country:—"When the Lord was about to fashion the face of the earth, He ordered the Devil to dive into the watery depths and bring thence a handful of the soil he found at the bottom. The Devil obeyed; but when he filled his hand, he filled his mouth also. The Lord took the soil,

sprinkled it around, and the Earth appeared, all perfectly flat. The Devil, whose mouth was quite full, looked on for some time in silence. At last he tried to speak, but was choked, and fled in terror. After him followed the thunder and the lightning, and so he rushed over the face of the earth, hills springing up where he coughed, and sky-cleaving mountains where he leaped."

As the moon rises the scene becomes most weird and beautiful, and at one station we see a troika, and in the distance a road leading away into the country. The Russian poet Pushkin must have looked upon just such a scene many times, for he says in his poem entitled, "The High Road in Winter:"

"Between the rolling vapors
The moon glides soft and bright;
Across the dreary fallows
She casts a mournful light.

"Along the wintry highroad
A troika moves fleet;
Its little bells are ringing
One silver tone and sweet.

"No lights, no black-roofed dwellings—
Silence and snow. I see
For mile on mile the road-posts
*In striped monotony."

As we alight from our train the next day in the great city of Moscow it seems as if it were even colder than in St. Petersburg, and this is the case, because the latter is nearer the ocean, so that its mean temperature is higher.

*In Russia the sign-posts are painted black and white, in vertical stripes.

In entering this white-walled town the stranger immediately notices the signs of age and its Oriental appearance; and it does not seem to be as clean and well kept as the capital of Russia. As a rule the dwelling houses are not uniformly good. A small, shabby building may stand next to a pretentious structure.

The city is built in circles around the Kremlin, which occupies the highest point. First there is the Tartar Town, separated from the Kremlin by a high wall; then comes the White Tower, named from the color of the wall that encloses it; and lastly we have the suburbs, with the encircling rampart of earth.

No city, except Rome and Jerusalem, is so loved and revered by so many people as is Moscow.

It is certainly a city of churches, which have domes of copper or tin painted green or gilded, so that in shape they remind one of inverted turnips. The churches are much higher than the other buildings, giving the impression, as some one has well said, that "The houses of men seem to sink back into the earth, the houses of God to spring upward toward heaven."

On our way up into the oldest part of the city we look into the Iberian Chapel, built in 1669 to hold the most celebrated image in Moscow,—that of the Iberian Virgin, which is a painting, adorned with precious stones, and supposed to heal the sick and perform various miracles. It is carried daily through the streets of the city in a carriage drawn by eight beautiful horses, and as it passes on its errands of mercy, the people take off their hats. When the Czar enters the city he first goes to this chapel and seeks a blessing from the Saint.

The Tartar Town, or Red Place, is the old business portion of the city and here the lapse of years

has changed but little the impress of the Tartar occupation, and one almost feels as if he were in Constantinople as he wends his way through the fifty-five long, narrow passages and 1,200 shops of the Great Bazaar of the "City of Cathay." Here we find all the products of Russian industry, as well as much that has crossed Siberia from the Orient. The purchaser must be wary, or he will pay double the value of the article he desires, but if he is willing to barter and assume a nonchalant air, as if he did not care much about it, then the tradesman will usually come down to a reasonable price; especially if one carries the bluff so far as to go out of the door, as though he were about to leave, in which case he will often be followed by the dealer, who will accede to his request, and the customer can get the object desired at his own price.

This huge Bazaar must not be confounded with the hostelry called the Slavonski Bazaar, and situated in the same part of the town. If the visitor does not have permanent quarters at his inn he should go there for a meal, when he can indicate the kind of fish which he desires by pointing it out in a tank that is full of them. The fish is then caught, cooked, and soon served in such a manner as to satisfy the most fastidious.

On the other side of the business section is the Red Square, where stands the church of St. Basil the Beatified,—the most peculiar of all the churches in this strange town. Napoleon's orders to have this church destroyed were not carried out, and the incongruous pile still stands, a monument to the fancy of Ivan the Terrible, who ordered it built as a thank-offering for the taking of Kazan. According to a legendary tale, this ruler so delighted in its grotesqueness that he unmercifully put out the architect's eyes in order that he might never be able to

build another like it. The pagoda-shaped canopy still seen on the wall of the Kremlin, is said to have sheltered Ivan while he watched the building of this church of St. Basil.

Near by is the round stone known as the tribunal from which official edicts used to be proclaimed. It was also the place where Ivan the Terrible caused the many executions which made his name so hated by the people. The superiority of the Patriarch over the Czar was shown, when at Easter, the latter would lead an ass, which the former had mounted, from the Tribunal stone, and would ride to the Cathedral of the Assumption.

'Tis New Year's morning and, with the rest of the crowd, we hasten through the Gate of the Redeemer. Above the entrance is a picture of the Redeemer of Smolensk, which has been styled the "Palladium of the Russian Empire," because of its efficacy in warding off a foreign foe. The Tartars tried to remove it, but the ladder used for that purpose broke, and they gave it up in disgust; the Poles fled before it when it was carried by Pojarski; and the French turned a cannon upon it, but the powder would not ignite. On account of all these wonderful interpositions the people bare their heads in passing through this Porta Sacra, even the Emperor conforming to this custom.

The Kremlin wall has five gates and is surmounted with sixteen towers. One of the most important is that of St. Nicholas, on which is the immaculate mosaic of that worthy man, which has come to be the "dread of perjurers and the hope of the suffering." Oaths were formerly administered to litigants before this image. Napoleon's troops split the tower down as far as this picture, but it is said that not even the glass, or the lamp hanging in front of it were broken. Trinity Gate is the one through

which the most of the army of Napoleon entered and left this sacred hill.

The Kremlin is not only a fortress, but it is the shrine of all Russia, and here the proud rulers have raised monumental structures, and hither have great generals brought their richest trophies. It is the center of the city,—the acropolis, as it were, both on account of its importance and from its position. A grand and impressive pile, nearly a mile and a half in circumference, and situated high on the banks of the Moskwa, it overlooks the country in all directions. "*Voilà Rome Tartare!*" exclaimed Madame de Staël when, standing on this eminence, she saw the marvellous panorama spread out before her, and well might she say it, for the view from the terrace of the Kremlin somewhat resembles that from the Pincian Hill in Rome.

There are over three hundred churches in the city, and their towers and domes rise in all directions, a conglomeration of painted and gilded Muscovite architecture, which seems more appropriate than real Byzantine or Gothic in this land of snow and ice.

In the distance are the Sparrow Hills from which Napoleon, glad at the sight, first beheld the city of Moscow and exclaimed, "There is the famous city at last; it is high time." He might well have considered it "high time" after he had lost so many soldiers, as they had waded through the snows of Russia for its possession. How disappointment would have filled him in that proud moment, had he realized that at this date nothing would remain to indicate his coming except a picture of his retreat, hung on one of the walls of the palace.

The most beautiful church in all the city, and a conspicuous object as seen from the Kremlin southwest of that hill, is the Temple of our Saviour, built

to commemorate Russia's victory over the French. Begun in 1839 and completed in 1883, it was made wholly of material found in Russia. It is very imposing, with the exterior of white marble, and the interior richly decorated with gold and different colored stones. The central dome is ninety-eight feet in diameter, and rises far above the four other domes. Through forty-two windows sufficient light enters to make the interior seem more cheerful and attractive than is the case in most Russian churches. It is very large and spacious, and will hold seven thousand people. One hundred and seventy-seven tablets give the names of battles, and of the officers who fell during Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

As we consider the structures which have made the Kremlin one of the most interesting spots in the world, we naturally begin with the Tower of Ivan the Great that rears its bulbous dome 300 feet above the pavement. The whole is surmounted with a cross which Napoleon removed, under the impression that it was made of gold.

On the ground at the side of the tower is a colossal bell weighing over 125 tons, that has a piece broken out of its side so that it looks like a doorway. The real story of the origin of this bell is lost in the obscurity of the ages, but it was probably never hung, or was broken in the attempt to raise it into position.

A chapel occupies the ground floor of the tower and above it rise tier upon tier, containing in all the thirty-four bells which have made this tower so famous. The lowest bell weighs sixty-four tons, and is the monarch of bells the world over, while the others diminish in size to two small silver ones hung in the upper row.

These bells are rung at Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, and with the crowds that have assembled

this New Year's morning to listen to them as they "ring out the old and ring in the new," we stand in rapt attention. We cannot blame the people for revering this tower of bells so full of music that is beyond compare, as it peals out in this clear Northern air, and dies away across the distant plain. In our home-land we have listened many times at the midnight hour to the bells in some great metropolis ushering in the New Year; at close of day we have heard the Westminster chimes in London town, and the great bell in York cathedral, the largest in England, but only one-fifth of the weight of this huge one that rocks in the Kremlin tower; some three



*With deep affection and recollection I often think of the
Shandon Bells*

months ago we sat in wonder on a bench far up in the tower of the old church in Cork, as the sexton rang

“The Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee;”

As the sun set on Tuscan Hills it has seemed as if the peals from Giotto's tower were indescribably grand; gladly would we hear again the notes of the old bell in the tower at Pisa; clear and beautiful are the tones of the great bells which call the people

to prayer and praise in the cathedral at Berlin; long will the sound of the bells in the Giralda Tower in Seville live with us; but time can never efface the memory of,—

“That distant chime! as soft it swells,
What memories o’er me steal!
Again I hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland peal!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder’s boom below.

“They say that at Easter dawn
When all the world is fair,
God’s angels out of heaven are drawn
To list the music there.
And while the rose-clouds with the breeze
Drift onward,—like a dream,
High in the ether’s pearly seas
Their radiant faces gleam.

“O when some Merlin with his spells
A new delight would bring,
Say: I will hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland ring!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind to and fro,—
Silver sweet in its utmost bower,
And the thunder’s boom below!”

As the crowds disperse, many go into the neighboring Cathedral of the Assumption to say a prayer before some ikon, and wander over the pavements of this old temple which has become the Holy of Holies for all Russia, because here the various Czars are crowned, after having endured a season

of fasting and seclusion, and for the reason that many distinguished patriarchs and saints are buried here. The four pillars, supporting the domes on the roof of the church, are covered with frescoes. Paintings adorn the walls, and one of the most interesting is that of the "Last Judgment," which commemorates the representation leading to the conversion of Vladimir,—the first Russian prince to accept Christianity. Like most churches in this land it is dark, cold and full of gloom, which is only relieved by the incense and burning candles. In the Sacristy are mitres and robes of Patriarchs, set with jewels, and it is here that the holy ointment used at the baptism of all persons, and at the consecration of every church, is prepared in silver vessels during Lent by the highest church officials, and sent out to all the bishops in the empire. This ointment is probably similar to that which Moses was ordered to make according to the rule given in Exodus XXX.

Near this cathedral is that of the Annunciation in which the Czars are married, while in that of the Archangel Michael, which is close at hand, they were all buried up to the time of Peter the Great.

In the rear of the Cathedral of the Assumption rises the white, marble palace, surmounted with a gilded dome built by Emperor Nicholas, though some portions of it, they claim, are remnants of the old edifice of Ivan the Great. The most noted part is the "Red Staircase," where the Emperor appears after his coronation. Here the sovereigns used to receive the petitions of the people; the important document being laid on a stone in the courtyard where he could see it and, if he wished, he would then send a servant for it. Could these stones speak they would relate many a bloody tale, for this staircase has witnessed some of the most dreadful scenes that have blackened the history of this land.

The most attractive room in the palace is that in which the coronation ball is held, but a very curious part is the Terem where the Tsaritsas and, in fact, the family of the Emperors, used to live in comparative seclusion. They never appeared in public, and were even less often seen by the people than are the women of the harems in the East to-day. As we wander through these halls it seems as if the spectre of Ivan the Terrible, or that of his seven wives, must haunt the place, for he rivalled Bluebeard himself in deeds of cruelty.

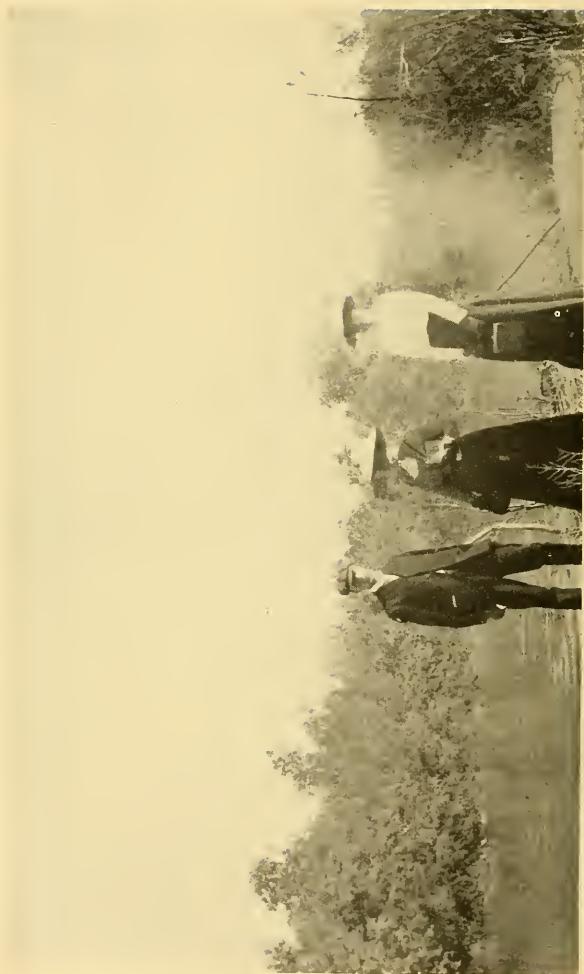
The neighboring treasury is probably the richest in the world with its wealth of trophies, mementos, and royal robes. It is replete with old Russian armor, muskets, and swords decorated with gold and inlaid with ivory; standards borne before the Czars at their coronations, and banners carried in many a conquest; old state carriages used at the court of Moscow; a large vehicle, which, with eight horses, was presented by Queen Elizabeth of England to Boris Godunof,—the panels being painted with an allegorical allusion to a crusade which the Czar had wished to make against the Turks, but in which Elizabeth declined to take part; a small carriage with mica windows owned by Peter the Great when a child; a stuffed horse belonging to Catherine II. reminds us of her love for horseback riding; the camp bed abandoned by Napoleon in his flight from Moscow, also his pillow-case in which he had placed important dispatches; portraits of the Romanoff family, and other distinguished rulers; the constitution that Alexander I. gave Poland, and near by the colors which this monarch presented to the army of that country; gold and silver plate of incalculable value, and works representative of the art of every European country,—Charles I. and James I. of England having given many articles. There are

thrones of various kinds, but among the most interesting is the one of carved ivory used by the present Emperor at his coronation, and said to have been brought by Sophia from Constantinople; also the throne on which the Czarina sat at the same time which is studded with 876 diamonds and 1,223 rubies, besides many turquoises and pearls. Uncomfortable must be the heads that wear some of the crowns shown here, so weighty are they with jewels and precious stones; Peter the Great was resplendent in one containing 900 diamonds and a large ruby; but the Empress Anne could boast of having the richest diadem, which was ornamented with 2,536 diamonds, and an immense ruby bought at Pekin in 1676 by an ambassador of Alexis; coronation robes and regalia of princes from the time of Catherine I., all made of cloth of gold and heavily trimmed with rare old lace, add their share to the wonders of the treasures here displayed. So common are the jewels and precious stones that one fails to appreciate their true value.

Many other things attract the visitor, who can spend days in seeing the riches and wonders of this shrine of the Empire, but the setting sun is gilding anew the high domes, and leaving a roseate hue upon the snow of the distant hills as it sinks in the west. We look once more at Ivan's bells, and then wend our way downward, realizing that in this white-walled city we have much in store to fill the first week of the Russian New Year.



RUSSIAN PILGRIMS KISSING THE STONES OUTSIDE GETHSEMANE



ON JORDAN'S BANKS

CHAPTER XIII

THE WOMEN OF THE SPREEWALD

ONE bright, cold morning finds us in Burg, at the heart of the Spreewald country, forty miles from Berlin.

We remember the interesting accounts we have heard of the inhabitants of this region, whose Wendish ancestors, migrating from Asia during the sixth century, when Slavic hordes of barbarians overran Europe, settled the country now embraced in the kingdom of Prussia. From the days of Charlemagne till the present hour these people have been so completely isolated from their neighbors that advancing civilization has obtained little foothold in their midst.

They communicate their thoughts by the same language that their wild forefathers spoke thirteen hundred years ago; they find shelter under the thatched roofs of the same styled houses, as forty generations have done before them; while the women go to church in the picturesque costumes that their grandmothers wove by hand.

Their tongue still twists itself into those Slavic knots, which render the Russian language so impossible; and its uncouth sounds so closely resemble the speech of their cousins, the Cossacks, that a gentleman from Odessa told us he could understand everything the Spreewalder says, though the neighboring Prussians cannot make out a single word of this Slavic diction.

Clear notes of the church bell warn us to make haste, if we wish to see these peasants in the full glory of their picturesque attire, but once in the

streets of Burg not much of a metropolis greets our eyes, accustomed to city sights.

A few cement buildings of the usual European type contain the post office, two general stores, a pharmacy, and we believe, a shoe shop, though we are not sure of its real nature, as a red calico curtain and a string of dried peppers obstruct the view of the interior from the gaze of the over-curious passer-by. A snow white country lane under barren sycamore trees; ancient timber houses, whose thatched roofs almost touch the ground; an old-fashioned well-sweep, most unhappily supplied with a shining tin bucket, invite the traveler with a camera to a few minutes of perfect bliss.

Our eyes see possibilities for a successful picture in an overhanging balcony carved in fantastic design, and two small boys chopping wood beneath its shade, but hopes are frustrated as the youngsters retire in dismay when the kodac snaps open. "Would you, my little man, like to have your picture taken?" only effects a further withdrawal into the shelter of the doorway. Two pieces of silver, forthcoming from the pocket of the foreign lady, change the situation slightly, as promises of these riches induce the older one to return to his work, but the younger runs away crying, and all the pecuniary reward is bestowed upon the lion-hearted brother.

Up the main thoroughfare approaches a sturdy peasant woman with thoughts far removed from earthly cares, but the snap of the camera produces consternation in her mind, for she throws her head high in the air, while a look of contemptuous martyrdom overspreads her countenance, as though a burning stake, rather than a peaceful place of worship awaited her coming.

We have an excellent opportunity to secure pictures of these interesting peasant folk, as they wend

their way to church down the long road—the women in little groups, and the men walking apart from the rest—not talking in loud voices, or laughing with unseemly mirth, but with spirits full of their sacred errand.

The dress of the Spreewald women, in ordinary costume, consists of a very short skirt, cut from yards of dark woollen cloth, gathered at the waist, but held straight out at the bottom by many crinoline petticoats, reminding us of a pen-wiper that stood for years on our grandfather's desk,—it was a small doll of the dime variety, held in an upright position by many plaits of woollen material which shrouded her limbs, and, at the same time, served to remove the ink from the pen. Beneath the folds of the skirt, (the woman's, not the doll's), just a glimpse is caught of strong feet encased in heavy, home-knit stockings and hand-made shoes quite guiltless of high heels. The white cotton bodice is trimmed with a bit of coarse embroidery; the short sleeves do not reach the elbows and, in place of a chin-choking collar, a dainty kirtle gives a neat finish to the neck. As this is Sunday all unseemly display of bare arms and neck is concealed beneath a black cloth jacket without any pretense to garniture.

As we notice the ridiculous number of seams in this coat, and calculate the hours of stitching necessary to produce one of these skirts, we marvel at the painful industry of these women, who have no sewing machines to lighten their burdens, and we thank fortune that our lot was cast in a land where tailors and narrow skirts abound.

Who will attempt to describe the headgear of the Spreewald women? After long contemplation and much study on the subject we cannot tell exactly how the marvelous effect is produced, but we surmise that an upright board, some two feet in length, is fitted

on to the head in a line parallel to the shoulders, and over this foundation a fringed shawl is so draped as to conceal most of the hair on the forehead, and allow the edge of the cloth to hang down the back below the waist line. Ridiculous as this description may sound, the effect is really quite picturesque, but we fear that only a woman "to the manner born," could guide such an enormity of headcovering through the doors and narrow ways of life.



Women of the Spreewald

Let us follow this woman to the church where all the inhabitants are gathered for divine service.

Once within its portals we behold an ordinary country edifice with whitewashed walls, wooden benches, and a clergyman in the surplice of the Lutheran faith. No paintings of saints, no statues of the divine Christ, no stained glass windows break the stern severity.

True to the divinely appointed order of creation, man takes the foremost place, occupying the pews nearest the pulpit; while the weaker sex find refuge in the rear of the house; but the youngest members of the congregation sit in the gallery, unaccompanied by elders—a state of affairs which we fear would be destructive to the solemnity of any re-

ligious gathering in America. Should fifty of the children at home be allowed to congregate in the gallery of a church we can easily picture the paste-board darts and paper wads raining on the heads of the people below during some long prayer. We can now scrutinize the faces of the women framed in by picturesque folds of linen. Wonderfully regular are the features, one might say almost classic in contour, except the cheek bones, which are a bit higher than Juno's, and the nose a little sharper than the representations of Venus. The hands, clasped in the lap of the worshipper, are chapped and hardened by heavy work in the fields, while the face is deeply bronzed by wind and sun, yet the skin possesses a smooth beauty never produced by cosmetics.

A pair of bright eyes look bravely out into the future, into a world bounded by a narrow round of homely cares and daily sorrows, but lightened by the joy and peace springing from a heart whose guiding power is the Divine Master.

We have made arrangements for a long voyage of discovery through the canals and streams of this country, which afford the only means of travelling in the Spreewald.

At the river's brink we find our boat, provided with a comfortable bench, much after the style of those used on lawns in America. In the bottom of the boat is a warm covering for our feet. A dexterous push by the boatman, with his long handled paddle, a cheerful "Auf Wiedersehen" from the friendly spectators on the bank, and we are off for a journey through the land of the Spreewald. Never shall we forget that long day's row through natural winding streams and straighter canals, built by man as highways of travel and roads of commerce in this country where the work of the draught horse is performed by the oar of the boatman, while the skiff,

silently propelled through watercourses, takes the place of the carriage, bouncing over a rocky road. Under gigantic trees, full of the glory of primeval strength, we pass along, but soon enter flat meadow lands, where the hay is stacked on poles out of reach of the rising floods of spring, and gardens, raised two feet above the surrounding swamp, in which celery and lettuce, cabbages and turnips, grown in profusion, supply the table of the aristocracy in Berlin.

On elevated patches of ground, often completely surrounded by streams, stand the substantial timber houses of the farmers, and the airy barns for their cattle.

The open kettles, set up in the yards, remind us of the facilities for boiling clothes in some places in America, but never have we seen such a display of pans and skillets, pitchers and pails, as hang in orderly array on the outside of the house. We do not know whether the good Spreewald wife is forced, by the enormous size of her head gear to perform all the labor of the cuisine without the door of her house, but we are sure that sufficient cooking utensils are displayed on the exterior of many a Wendish home to produce a ten course dinner of French delicacies at the Waldorf-Astoria.

At each intersection of stream and canal a sign-board points out the direction to the nearest hamlet, just as our own guide posts, placed at the four corners of the country roads, furnish the traveler with knowledge of the distance to his destination. American sign-posts mark the length of the course in miles; the Frenchman employs the kilometer, but the Spreewalder defines his journeyings in "Stunde," which word we understand to indicate a unit distance, rowed by a unit man, in a unit boat, during a unit hour. Out of scientific curiosity we are prompted to inquire of the boatman why such a unit

of length never varies with the strength of the current, the brawn of the arm of the oarsman, and the weight of the cargo aboard the craft.

We notice that our progress, which is swift enough in the hours of the morning, soon slackens to a pace that requires one and a half hours to traverse one "Stunde" as indicated by the posts. In answer to our questions, the oarsman gives positive assurance that the "Stunde" is always constant, except when an oarsman, unusually skillful like himself, covers the journey in a shorter time.

Under the leafy shade of the Thiergarten, or in the crowded thoroughfares of Berlin, one often meets the picturesquely costumed woman of the Spreewald pushing the baby carriage of the wealthy Prussian, or leading by the hand a toddling child, for the German Frau considers her children in style, if they are tended by a Spreewald maid in native dress.

Not long ago we read in a German magazine that an American millionaire was introducing into the United States a company of these women to serve in the capacity of housemaids. One illustration of the article pictured the smiling countenance of a damsel, arrayed in the huge head-dress, outside the port-hole of a steamer, and we wondered how the person, so depicted, ever succeeded in passing all that enormity of fashion through such a small aperture.

We do not like to imagine the women of the Spreewald, undefiled by the arrogance and vices of a proud civilization, walking along Broadway, or mingling in the crowds of the great stores. Rather would we prefer to think of this plain-minded daughter of the free air strolling hand in hand with her lover through the glades of her native forest or singing merrily as she prepares the evening meal over the blazing hearth in her own home.

CHAPTER XIV

ASCENT OF MT. VESUVIUS

WHEN one enters the harbor of Naples, and watches Vesuvius with the smoke issuing from its mouth, he is reminded that he is in the neighborhood of volcanoes. But the casual visitor does not appreciate that Vesuvius is an outlet for the fires burning in the internal regions, until he has looked into the crater. To ascend Vesuvius, we drive through the worst and dirtiest streets of Naples and out into the suburbs, past beautiful villas and groves of orange trees, laden with fruit, and along the narrow country roads, till we reach the village of Pugliano, where we take an electric car up the mountain. In about twenty minutes we reach a steeper part of the road and an electric locomotive, driven by a cog-wheel, which runs on a toothed rail, pushes us up a grade which varies from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. After half an hour we reach the end of the railroad, more than half the way up the side of the mountain, and here we find horses and guides for the next stage of our journey, though some people here take chairs which are carried clear to the top by six men. The trail passes through the old crater from which the eruption took place A. D. 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. When we have reached this height we can easily infer that in the early history of this mountain there was but one peak, instead of the two that are seen at present. But when the eruption of A. D. 79, occurred, the side of the crater toward Herculaneum broke away,

and down that side poured the tremendous flow of lava and hot mud which buried that city; while the wind carried the ashes southward, and these covered Pompeii to the depth of many feet. Since then an orifice has opened on the south side of the old crater through which the recent eruptions have come.

Our horses are "driven" by the guides, who grasp their tails, and tell us to drop the reins, while they shout to them something which sounds like Ow! Ow! when they start off at a John Gilpin pace, much to our discomfort. We cry "whoa" which the poor animals no more understand than if we said "go," but a pull on the reins brings them up, and we decide to do no more galloping on the side of Vesuvius. We soon reach the steeper part of the ascent, where the poor horses, in addition to the weight of the riders, are obliged to pull the guides, who hold on to their tails, while the footing is often difficult because the feet sink so deep into the ashes or cinders which form the path. Soon we reach a height where steam is issuing from holes in the ground about us, and our guide puts his hand into one of these and scrapes up a handful of mud which is quite warm. When we reach a point about two hundred feet below the top, we are obliged to leave the horses, as the ascent here is too steep, and the footing is too uncertain. Now begins the most wearisome and difficult part of the climb. The sides of the cone are steep, and it is impossible to find a firm footing in the ashes and pumice which seem like coarse sand, into which our feet sink so that we sometimes feel that we go backward about as fast as we go forward, though a guide walking ahead of us pulls at one end of a rope, while we cling to the other end, in the hope that we may thus receive some slight assistance. Again and again we sit down from sheer exhaustion, quite regardless of the

nature of the spot where we may be.

But the toil once over, and the summit gained, we are in full view of a scene of surpassing interest. Directly in front is the crater, and a favorable wind blows the ashes, steam and sulphur fumes in the opposite direction. We can hear the boiling, crackling, seething mass below, and wish we could peer within and see what causes it all. Occasionally the smoke will lift and we catch a glimpse of the other side of the crater. We are warned not to go too near the rim, lest it slide down on the inside, and no one needs a second word of warning. It is said to be dangerous because the wind may suddenly shift and blow the sulphur fumes into one's face, but we experience no trouble from this source, though the smell of sulphur is strong.

There is a fascination about it, and it is with reluctance that we begin the descent. Before doing so, we again look about on the magnificent view lying below. To the west is the beautiful bay of Naples, with the city rising on its northern shores, while to the east and south there is a continuous range of snow-capped peaks. We look off to Capri, Sorrento and Castellamare, while nearer to us lies Pompeii, beautiful for situation. Between this buried city and Vesuvius is the ruined village of Boscatrecasa, which was buried by the lava flow of 1906.

Six months after this last eruption we visited the ruins of that town, and saw the devastation that had been wrought. The little village was well nigh blotted out by the flow of lava, which was twelve to twenty feet deep in places. It was like a mighty torrent which rushed onward, destroying everything in its pathway. The walls of all the buildings were broken down, and the people, in their despair, ran from their homes into the church, in hopes of finding safety, but its doors were crushed as if they had

been made of paper, and all the inmates perished.

The lava was so hot that the Italians would kick it aside in some places and cook their macaroni on the spot. We found occasional bits of lava containing sulphur, and crowds of children followed us trying to sell for souvenirs the pieces which they had gathered. We felt that these boys were rather troublesome when one of them quietly stepped up behind the photographer of our party and pressed the bulb of his camera, when he had no other film, and quite a discussion had just taken place as to which of the many views about us, this last precious film should be used upon. It is needless to say that that small boy kept a safe distance from us after this performance.

The people were already beginning to excavate and remove the lava preparatory to rebuilding their homes,—all of which seemed very strange to us who thought that we would not have the courage to live there again. But the people have a feeling that each eruption is the last one.

A young man told us that he had seen the lava coming, and had run through the village, giving warning to the people. Then he added that his parents were in that fated church, and we said to him, "Why don't you leave the place, we wouldn't suppose that you would dare to live here." To which he replied: "Oh, I don't believe another eruption will come very soon."

Between us and the bay lies Herculaneum, covered so deeply with a mass of solid lava that very little has been done toward excavating it, though its hidden treasures are said to surpass anything found in Pompeii. A little village has been built over it, and the whole landscape at the base of the mountain is one of beauty with the bright green foliage, the orange groves, the orchards of apricots now in full

bloom, and a perfect day to enhance the attractiveness of the whole.

But as we look upon the scene, we can but wonder how many ages will have passed before these villages will be buried and again excavated and people will be walking their streets as they now walk those of Pompeii, and will read upon the walls signs of a civilization unknown to the people of that time.

A call warns us that it is time to begin the descent, which consists in ploughing and sliding, and sliding and ploughing, until we have descended the cone and reached our horses. The guides lead the animals down the narrow path, around the sharp turns, and we reach the railway in much less time than it took to ascend.

Part way down we visit the observatory and here we find all kinds of meteorological instruments, seismographs for recording the amount and direction of earthquake movements, many specimens of the different kinds of rocks thrown from the crater in different eruptions, and views of the eruptions themselves.

This observatory is in charge of a member of the army, and, as he was recounting the heroism of the man who was there at the time of the last eruption, and would not leave his post, though he was deserted by his companions, and the lava flowed on all sides, we said to him that we should think he would have been afraid; whereupon, an Italian present said, "He was a military man," showing his idea of a soldier, and his faithfulness to duty.

Soon we resume our downward journey, reaching the hotel after an absence of eight hours, thankful for the pleasure of the day, and that we have experienced no greater discomfort to ourselves, or damage to our wearing apparel, than the spoiling of a pair of shoes, which feel as if they were full of

sand and pebbles, and are worn through in places. As a member of our party says, in reference to the trip: "It is something one is glad to have done, but never wishes to do again."

CHAPTER XV

EGYPT, THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION

“**A**RE we to go through the Straits of Messina?” was the question asked by many, as we passed out between Capri and the mainland of Italy, headed southward for Alexandria. No vessel of the tonnage of the Celtic (21,000 tons) had gone through these straits since the earthquake, and our captain could not decide upon the route until he heard definitely from the pilot at the straits.

During the night the boat proceeds slowly, so as to pass through this channel by daylight, and, favorable reports having been received, we enter this waterway early in the morning, going directly between Scylla and Charybdis, which in the old days were the terror of navigators.

Soon the town of Messina comes into view, but no signs of the terrible destruction caused by the earthquake are visible, except through the glasses. The city is most delightfully situated on the coast in a sheltered nook of the mountains. Warmed by the rays of the sun and lapped by the waves of the sea, with peaks rising thousands of feet above it, this town seems a most desirable abode, and not a probable place in which the hidden forces of the earth would make themselves felt.

Just across the strait is Reggio, similarly situated, but with the mountains behind rising less precipitously. Beyond this town we skirt the Calabrian coast of Italy, most beautiful with villages of yellow stone built close to the water's edge; the gentle

slopes covered with green, and behind these, the wooded hills, overlooked by lofty mountains with snow-capped summits.

The Sicilian coast is also very attractive, with its unbroken chain of peaks, conspicuous among which Mt. Etna rises majestically, showing no sign of ever having been a chimney for the fires beneath the rocky surface. After three days we enter the harbor of Alexandria, and realize that Europe has been left far behind. The men who come out to meet the steamer are clad in blue and white flowing robes with fez or turbans, while their boats, rigged with sails so different from any seen in western waters, make a striking picture, whose background is formed of rather low, square buildings, with here and there a minaret lifting its slender head towards the bluest of skies.

The impression that we are in the Orient is heightened as soon as the dock is reached. There is a perfect Babel of shouts, as each porter endeavors to secure patronage by insisting upon carrying our bags, and putting us into a carriage he has ordered. The ludicrousness of the scene appealed to us, as we watched an American, surrounded by about a dozen natives, all screaming and each desiring to be the fortunate carrier of his bags. This gentleman raised his hand, and with the most determined gesture, said: "Calm yourselves, calm yourselves!" Though not one word did they understand and, while he was thus entreating them, some of their number had put his baggage into a carriage. But one might about as well talk to the wild waves as to this backsheesh-thirsty crowd of Egyptians.

A ride through the streets of Alexandria is full of interest, for we are seeing unusual sights. The women are clad in black, with faces entirely covered, except the forehead on which is placed, in an

upright position between the eyes a brass cylinder about one inch in diameter, and three inches in length, "to keep people from seeing both eyes at once," is the explanation given us by a native. These women stand very erect, and will carry on top of their heads a water-jar containing several gallons, which may be about all the head work they do, though it certainly looks as if it required some skill to balance the jar. Nearby is a man with a goat skin full of water which he is peddling to the families living in the neighborhood, or to the passers-by. The men sit on the sidewalks, with legs crossed beneath them, and smoke the long water pipes, which are rented to anyone desiring a whiff. The half naked children bask in the sun, and the dogs dart here and there, securing what they can from the filth of the streets—public scavengers as they are.

We do not care to linger long in this seaport town and, after we have seen the

"Pillar of Pompey! gazing o'er the sea,
In solemn pride, and mournful majesty,"

and something of the city, we take a train for Cairo. Soon we are in the midst of green fields that stretch as far as the eye can see—veritable prairies, which, with their waving wheat, remind us of our own Western plains, except that they are dotted with palms, and the life of the people is entirely foreign.

As the train hurries on to Cairo the scene is constantly changing. There are groups of persons at work in the fields, others watching sheep or cattle, as they graze upon some little patch of grass, for there are no fences in this land. Neither are there any highways, except the banks of the canals, and these present an animated appearance in the late afternoon as the fellaheen return from their work;



LUNCHING ON THE PLAIN OF SHARON



RUSSIAN PILGRIMS JOURNEYING FROM TIBERIAS TO NAZARETH

some leading their donkeys, which are completely laden with loads of millet or peas, so that only their feet and heads are visible; others with camels that have been ploughing alone, or perhaps yoked with a cow or an ox. A man will be riding his donkey, while his wife walks by his side. One of our party once asked our dragoman if the husband always rode while the wife went afoot, and he replied, very emphatically, "Yees." The questioner then informed him that in America the reverse was true, whereupon he answered, "Yees, but in Egypt woman shamed to ride, great shame, if husband walk."

As one gentleman remarked, "It is a continuous menagerie" till we reach our destination in Cairo and, in fact, this is the life in the country as it has existed since Joseph occupied these lands.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and the largest town in Africa, boasts about half a million inhabitants, of whom 25,000 are Europeans. The native population is a mixture of Egyptians and others. The greater number are Moslems, but there are several millions of Coptic Christians.

Since the middle of the last century Cairo has developed rapidly, and this is largely due to the immigration of Europeans. The city has grown so much that persons, who knew it ten years ago, say that they would hardly recognize it now, with its crowded streets, fine shops, tall white houses, huge hotels and expansion on all sides. Where were formerly almost waste places, are now busy streets; where were once native suburbs are now European quarters. A walk through the streets is full of interest. We pass the great hotels, their balconies and piazzas crowded with curious and amused tourists. Hawkers of all kinds are shouting, or coaxing possible purchasers, offering post cards, ornamental fly-whisks, walking sticks, shawls, scarfs, fresh from

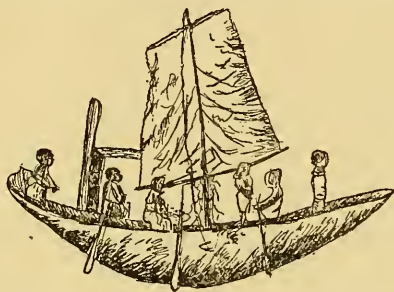
the factory, and all kinds of "antikas." Fortune tellers would impose their services at very low prices. Carriages, foot-travelers, and donkeys crowd the streets. At the open-air cafés sit many Egyptians, smoking and chatting with their friends.

We wander on, visiting mosques, where the natives remove their shoes before entering, and the foreigner must put his feet into felt slippers. Some of these structures are among the finest examples of Oriental architecture, though many of the older buildings have been allowed to fall into a sad state of ruin. Especially interesting is the mosque of El-Azhar, which was converted into a university more than 900 years ago, and to-day has about 8,000 students and three hundred teachers. The pupils sit cross-legged on the floor in groups around their instructors, who occupy sort of chairs. The chief subjects studied are the Koran and its commentaries. There is a continual buzz, as they all study aloud, and recite in concert portions of the lessons which they are required to learn.

At another mosque we see the Khedive and his suite, when they approach with outriders, and enter this sanctuary for weekly prayer.

The museum of Egyptian antiquities, by far the most complete of its kind in the world, is housed in a fine, new structure near the Nile. The array in this building is almost overpowering; sarcophagi of all ages;—three, four and five thousand years; statues of stone, copper and wood. Among the oldest is a wooden figure, representing a foreman employed in the construction of the Great Pyramid—Sheik-el-Beled of the fourth dynasty, about 4080 B. C., discovered at Sakarah. The eyes of this statue are made of quartz with black agate pupils and they look out from their copper sockets in a most realistic manner. Inscriptions and paintings, the

oldest of the latter representing ducks, which were painted on stucco about 4450 B. C. Implements and utensils used by the Egyptians, both in this world and those found in the tombs for use of the dead. Among these a funeral sailing boat, placed in a tomb so that the dead man's spirit could be conveyed across the sacred river of the other world.



*An Egyptian Funerary Sail-Boat. (B. C. 3050—2840)
Cairo Museum*

The Arabian museum and Khedivial library cannot fail to interest the student of medieval history.

In Old Cairo are the Coptic churches which are usually visited by tourists, though many of them are hidden away in unsuspected places, because their location is not indicated by tapering spire or Gothic tower.

One never comes to Cairo without spending some time in the native bazaars situated in the Mousky—the oldest commercial street in Cairo and one that is narrow, crowded, picturesque and quite unlike any other thoroughfare in the city. People of all nationalities, clad in every kind of a garment, pass up and down. The various wares are exposed to the fullest possible view, and it is a notable exhibition. Devious paths lead in and out, past shops of every kind,—jewelers, shawl-sellers, amber merchants,

brass and copper smiths, Indian and Persian vendors of every imaginable curio and ornament. Fine carpets, Oriental rugs, praying mats, swords, spears, Soudanese rhinoceros-hide riding whips, and many other articles are exhibited in great quantities. There are bazaars where only one kind of goods is seen, like the scent bazaars, the sword bazaars and the tent-makers' shops. Counters, covered with native cloths, silk stuffs, tapestries and embroideries, are most attractive.

These bazaars are the centers of Arab business, and give one the opportunity of seeing and studying Oriental types. We see here the rich merchant, clothed in silks, and the beggar covered with rags, the fellaheen and harem lady, also the noisy Arab costermongers trying to attract attention, and praising aloud the quality of their goods. In short, it is here that one forms a correct idea of that Oriental life, so picturesque in some respects, and so distasteful, perhaps, in other ways, which tends little by little to disappear before the encroachment of European civilization.

We cross the bridge over the Nile, and take an electric car for the Pyramids, going along a road which is the creation of Ismail Pasha, and is the finest highway in the country, extending for ten miles through the expanse of verdure.

The long avenue has many cabs, carriages, motor cars, native carts, lines of camels and donkeys. Between the eucalyptus trees, as the car flies along, one is suddenly aware of those great shapes :

"Those works where man has rivalled Nature most,
Those Pyramids, that fear no more decay
Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,
Or winds on mountain-steeps, and like endurance
boast."

Little black specks move to and fro at their base, people already wandering around, and gazing at these wonders, which rise so sharp, gray, red, and rigid above the desert sands.

There stands the great Pyramid, all that imagination, even in childhood years, had pictured it. This marvel, solemn and gloomy as a mountain, which men have gazed upon, and discussed for centuries.

We walk through the sand, along the base of one side, then around the whole, and they tell us that we have gone over half a mile. We endeavor to gauge its vastness by trying to appreciate that the stones of which it is built, weigh ten, twenty, and forty tons apiece, and that there are enough of these to build a substantial wall around the British Isles; or, cut into blocks one foot square, and laid side by side, to extend two-thirds around the globe.

"Soldiers," said Napoleon, when his army was drawn up on the plains of Gizeh, "soldiers, twenty centuries look down upon you." That may have been an incentive to valor on the eve of battle, but if he had trebled the years he would have been nearer the truth.

The Pyramid of Cheops was ancient as buildings are called ancient, when "Abraham went down into Egypt to sojourn there," and yet to-day it stands well nigh unchanged.

Not far away is the Sphinx,—a monument greater than the Pyramids by the difference between sculpture and masonry, art and engineering.

It is said that a lady, after visiting Gizeh, returned to her hotel, and complained because she could find but one Sphinx. The lady was not only at fault in her archæology, but her imagination must have been most vivid, because, after one has looked aright into the great stone face of the desert, and has seen how:

"They glare, —those stony eyes!
That in the fierce sun-rays
Showered from these burning skies,
Through untold centuries
Have kept their sleepless and unwinking gaze."

he must feel that only one such is possible. Just once has a piece of stone been transformed into such a masterpiece of the sculptor's art. Its lion body is ninety feet long; but is now buried in the sand, its face of such enormous proportions as to measure fourteen feet across. There is no definite authority for its date,—some considering it prehistoric, (perhaps six thousand years old) while others place it as late as 2500 B. C. But certainly no monument ever needed so little a certificate of birth; its very form and feature indicate a remote and undreamed of antiquity.

The region around Cairo is full of historic importance, especially Memphis, the ancient capital of the country, which shows evidences of a former civilization that equalled that of Luxor and Thebes. An immense statue of Rameses II. lies in a good state of preservation upon the ground, in one of the groves. A ride of two miles brings us to the Thar and Ti tombs, where the bas-reliefs representing the industries of the people four thousand years ago, and the products of their soil are exceedingly fine. The Step Pyramid at Memphis is impressive, chiefly by reason of its age, and is not in as good state of preservation as are those at Gizeh. After eating our lunch at the Mariette House—which seems more like a barn than a hostelry—we continue our donkey ride across the desert to the Great Pyramid, reaching it in two hours. The wind blows cold from the northwest, but we are glad of the view of this waste of sand, and the experiences of such a trip.

The Pyramids are far more impressive when approached from this southern side. They seem to increase in height each time that we see them. This trip is sometimes made on camels, but we have found out by experience that the motion of this "Ship of the Desert" is not conducive to comfort.

We spend one morning at Heliopolis, which is about half an hour's ride by train northeast of Cairo. Two of the obelisks which stood here were removed to Alexandria by Tiberias, and were popularly called Cleopatra's Needles. In 1878, one of these was carried to London and placed on the Thames embankment. There still remains here one which does not seem to be greatly impaired by the ages. It is very old, and undoubtedly Moses and Joseph looked upon it many times, for it was here that the former "Derived his wisdom to instruct mankind," and from this place did the latter take for wife, the high-priest's daughter, Asenath.

One Monday morning we go out to the Pyramids and get donkeys for a five mile ride, to the native village of Kadasseh. It is a fine day, and we see much of the life of the people. A large part of the way takes us across the sands of the desert, and in one place we see a Moslem who has dismounted from his camel, spread his rug, and engaged in prayer. We come to various oases where the fellahen are plowing with a buffalo cow attached to one end of a long beam, while at the other end is another pointed beam fastened onto the first obliquely, and this device constitutes the plow. In one place is a wheel for raising water to irrigate a small field; finally we come to a beautiful grove of stately date palms, beyond which is situated the village of mud houses.

It is the day of the weekly fair and the natives are here with donkeys, goats, pigs, and chickens—all

for sale, and some of the latter are being dressed right here on the spot. The peripatetic barber is shaving camels, donkeys, and men's heads. Women sit on the ground, offering wooden combs, long brass earrings, beads, and bits of cloth at a reasonable price, while their children run around clad only as nature made them. The whole scene is one decidedly Oriental and typical of the life of the people.



Buffalo Cows in the Nile

We may be surprised and filled with astonishment at the wonders of the Cairo Museum, but it is only by visiting the monuments of Upper Egypt that we can obtain any really adequate idea of the degree of civilization which the ancient Egyptians attained. It is here that we find not only the cradle of civilization, but the very swaddling clothes, and we realize this truth when we visit the southern part of the country.

The natural highway thither is the Nile, majestic, silent, and mysterious as the far-away desert wastes through which it has passed. We cannot help looking upon it with awe, for it is the life of the country.

“Giving life to all animals;
Watering the land without ceasing;
The way of heaven descending;
Lover of food, bestower of corn,
Giving light to every home, O Ptah!”

You cannot dissociate the Nile from its thousands of years of history. It has nursed and reared a race of giants while other civilizations were still in infancy, or yet unborn.

No longer is there ever any fear of a drouth, because after the fall floods have deposited their rich sediment on the face of the land, the gates of the great dam at Assouan are closed and 334 billion gallons of water are stored up for use during the spring when the river begins to be low. Then the cotton fields of the capitalist, the broad acres of the village sheik, and the fellah's little plot, all share in the bounty alike. This dam, a mile and a quarter long, 130 feet high above its foundation, with a width at its base of 98 feet and at the top of twenty-three feet, is the largest in the world, being one of the wonderful sights of Egypt. By means of this increase in the water supply 500,000 acres of desert have been converted into arable land. Twenty feet are to be added to the height and the additional supply of water obtained thereby will afford irrigation for about one million more acres of arid waste.

We go up on donkeys to the First Cataract of the Nile, above which the dam is built, and on this trip visit the old quarries where the huge obelisks were gotten; further on we pass a train of camels, loaded with merchandise and on their way to Khartoum. It is always interesting to see them pack camels, which will kneel to have the load put on their backs and when they have received all that they ought to carry, they will squeal.

After seeing the Temple of Philae, which is almost submerged by water since the building of the dam, we return by boat to Assouan, where we remain several days, so bright and beautiful is Elephantine Island, and attractive are the waters of the Nile in this vicinity.

At this season the fields present a busy scene, for the sugar cane is being harvested. In some places it is placed on the backs of camels and carried to the factories, where it is converted into sugar and molasses. The green crops are millet, clover, peas and beans which are fed to the animals without being cured. The beans are eaten uncooked by the fellahen themselves. Fields, from which the crops have been removed, are being ploughed by the great buffalo cows, while near by oxen, or camels, may be, are pumping water onto the land for irrigation purposes. This is done by means of a pump (*sakkieh*), which is the oldest kind in existence, and the Egyptians obtained the idea of it from the Hindoos. It consists of a huge, wooden wheel, which is placed horizontal, and fitted with cogs so as to turn another upright wheel carrying two ropes to which are tied large, earthen water jars, some of which are filled in the ditch or well below, at every revolution of the wheel. The water is also raised from the Nile by means of the *shaduf*—an old-fashioned well-sweep arrangement. A native, partly clad, will dip the bucket of goat skin and, drawing it up, empty it into a trench from which it is raised by another man, in the same manner, to a ditch a little higher up, and so on, till the level of the surrounding country is reached, and it flows away into the fields. The pole, which takes the place of a sweep, is weighted at one end with a huge lump of dried mud to help counterbalance the goat skin full of water.

Along the banks of the Nile are temples and tombs, which are the wonder of the traveler of today. We marvel at the glory of Thebes. The temples of Karnak and Luxor were planned by a master mind and executed with marvellous skill. The grandeur and unity of design, the beauty and detail cannot fail to excite our admiration. As we look

upon columns seventy feet high and thirty-three in circumference, they convey such an impression of loftiness and strength as to make us believe that the architecture of Egypt has rightly been styled the "architecture of giants." The resemblance of the capitals to the sheaf of lotus stems, and the great bell flowers of the papyrus, having a lip seventy feet around, is not meaningless, for both flowers were loved by the Egyptians, and were used everywhere, and in a hundred ways by sculptor and artist on the walls of temples and tombs.

Karnak is a field of ruins, two and one-half miles in circumference and resembles the wreckage produced by an earthquake. Many of the gate-towers, columns, pillars, and figures lie in a confused pile, while others are upright, as if to show us how impressive they must have been. Nowhere is there a collection of such prodigious monuments scattered over an area so vast. We look upon the lofty obelisk, one hundred feet high, and wonder how it could have been brought from the quarry, 140 miles distant, and erected here, when we remember that considerable trouble was experienced some years ago, in spite of all the aid afforded by modern devices, in conveying to New York an obelisk which stood at Alexandria.

Among the debris of pillars, roof-slabs and temple walls, are fragments of other obelisks. We wonder what will be the fate of the two remaining ones, and consider the remark of our dragoman as quite suggestive when he says "Two are gone, two are down, and two are waiting."

As one rambles among the columns by moonlight there are new experiences of a deeper import; the light at that time softens the lines; the great figures on the columns melt into an harmonious scheme of decoration, while the ample spaces and forms ac-

quire a vagueness and loneliness which approaches the mysterious and is very alluring. As we look upon this pile we share the feelings of Cæsar when he said:

“Too wonderful this vision to be real,—
The work of necromancy, or a dream!
This grand confusion, these colossal forms,
This wide extent of ruin; how could die
Men who had life for this? They could not die;
Fate fails to cast them to oblivion;—
Here in their deeds they live; these silent walls,
These graven monoliths, with meaning rife,
These prostrate statues, and these columns stark,
Speak from remotest time, to us who live.”

One day we continue our donkey ride about three miles beyond Karnak to a Coptic convent, now used as a church by that sect. The people of this faith call themselves christians, but it is detrimental to the progress of christianity to have them thus designated, because they do not always possess the attributes of real christians. In fact, the reverse is the opinion of the Moslems in regard to them, as was shown when the baggage of a certain party was left unprotected on one occasion, and the members protested, whereupon the dragoman assured them that it was safe, “because,” as he said, “there isn’t a christian within sixty miles.”

This old Coptic church is most interesting in its dark and gloomy interior. People come from a distance to attend the services, and stay all night, sleeping on matting or straw which they throw on the ground in the church. In one corner we see a large dried mud receptacle, holding some twenty-five gallons. Our curiosity is at once aroused and we ask our guide the purpose of this large mud tub. With a look of surprise he replies, “Yees not know this!

why, they bring babies here, fill this with water, and put babies down in it, then take them out, and then they's christians."

One of the keepers of this church invites us to his home, and we find it a typical home of the Egyptian fellaheen. These peasants live in groups of mud huts, which constitute a village, whose head man, or largest land owner, is styled a sheik.

As we visit this peasant home it certainly seems as if their methods of housekeeping cannot have changed for the last 4,000 years. Mud and sun-dried bricks form the outside of the house, or pens, for that is about what they really are, as well as the partitions, and all the boxes, or rude receptacles for the different kinds of vegetables and wheat. The tops of these latter have sides built around them, so that the children can be put up there in the summer to keep them from the scorpions. There is the small stone trough, in which a woman is crushing corn into a meal-like paste with a stone, and then this is mixed with water and formed into cakes, which are placed on sun-baked mud discs or plates, and laid out on the warm ground to rise a little before being baked in the primitive oven. This Egyptian stove is a hollow, dome-shaped affair of sun-dried mud, with a door in one side. A fire is built inside on the ground, and when the walls are heated, the thin, round cakes of bread are slapped against the sides, where they stick until they are baked and taken out.

In the summer sugar-cane stalks are laid across the tops of the sides of the house, as a protection against the heat, though some of the rooms have a kind of a roof, on which the people sleep in the warmest weather, but at other times they lie on the ground, or in some small covered room that has no window. Our presence arouses a good deal of interest, and evidently we are as much objects of curi-

osity to these sons of the desert as they are to us. When we photograph one interior, a little fellow, whom we have tried to get within range of the camera, runs crying to his mother, so afraid is he of us in our strange clothes.

On a bright morning, the twenty-second of February, we go scampering over the plains on our donkeys to the temples and tombs on the western bank.

Various Arabs beseech us to buy their scarabs and beads; little children, scarcely able to talk, extend their tiny, dirty palms and lisp "baksheesh."



Only a Slight Exaggeration

One small boy of twelve years, speaking excellent English, and too well dressed, in our opinion, to be a vendor, tells us how he learned our language, when we ask, "And what do you do?" To our astonishment, he replies, "I am a salesman of antiques and have been in the business seven years."

Thinking perhaps he may be an errand boy in some shop, we continue our inquiries, by saying, "Where are your goods?" Again we are surprised when he replies, "Here in my dress," and to prove the correctness of his statement, he draws out from hidden depths handfuls of beads and ornaments, which, he affirms, came out of the tombs. Thus it

is that young and old try to make something out of the tourist. A friend of ours asked her dragoman what they did in the summer when there were no travelers here. "We all get married then," was the significant reply.

A ride of two hours brings us to Thebes, before whose gates stood the Colossi of Memnon, those giant statues, which above all others, the Sphinx alone excepted, most impress men with their immense proportions, dignity and awesomeness. This was really the gateway proper, where now we see only ruins.

Beyond a dreary waste at the end of a valley of sand and stones, in the midst of lofty peaks, the tombs of the kings are situated. Here, deep in the mountain sides, they tunnelled, that they might secure abodes for their royal dead which would remain forever unmolested. They were not graves to cover lifeless mummies, but dwellings for those who, being dead, yet lived. Therefore they lavished upon those rock-hewn sepulchres all the care and splendor possible through the force of human labor. Corridor succeeds corridor; walls and pillars, from the entrance of the tomb to its mummy chamber, are carved and painted, while tens of thousands of scenes from the domestic life of the people and various hieroglyphics are sculptured in delicate bas-relief and richly colored. When at last the king was laid in his tomb, the door was sealed; rocks and débris hid the entrance, and it was the pious belief that the shifting sands of the desert would conceal his place of rest forevermore. But the centuries have proved the futility of this hope, for, in this valley of death forty-seven tombs have already been discovered, and the mummy of the great Rameses himself is exposed to the idle gaze of thousands in the Cairo museum.

We wend our way back by another route, over the high hills on the Libyan desert, and across the fertile plains to the bank of the Nile, where boatmen await our coming, and soon convey us across the river.

After the pleasure of the day, we sit on the banks of this stream, which the inhabitants 3,000 years ago, believed came out of Paradise. Suddenly the meuzzin's call is heard from a minaret in the city. We turn and see behind us a workman standing under a date palm tree in the garden of our hotel. His ear has caught the sound and he kneels,

"His forehead turned towards Mecca's shrine,
And all the world forgotten in one thought divine."

The sun is setting behind the distant mountains, and suddenly seems to drop from our view, but it leaves behind it a sea of liquid fire, while the high heavens reflect the glory thereof, a memorable scene and a fitting climax to the day's enjoyment. The shadows lengthen, the outlines of the distant temples become more indistinct, till finally they are lost to view, yet the strangeness of it all remains. But as we contemplate, and are lost in amazement that such prodigious monuments could have been built when the nation was so young, the ever-recurring thought of self-aggrandizement and power become more dominant, and we feel that a whole nation must have been set to these tasks, a whole nation must have labored, yea, suffered in obeying the commands of a few men, who thought only of their own greatness and glory, and built earthward, rather than heavenward.



CROSSING THE JORDAN WHERE IT LEAVES THE SEA OF GALILEE



LARGEST STONE IN THE WORLD: BAALBEC

CHAPTER XVI

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY

WITH bright skies and everything propitious, we say good-bye to Cairo and a country where we have spent very many enjoyable days. Soon we pass through the land of Goshen, with its fertile plains, which must have been a delight to Jacob's family, after they had crossed the arid wastes to the north. When we reach Ismailia we come in sight of the Suez Canal, whose banks are followed for a distance of fifty miles to Port Said—a town which owes its prosperity to the existence of the canal. Here we embark on an Austrian steamer for Jaffa. Just an overnight trip brings us within sight of the shores of Palestine. As the early morning light tinges the distant mountains, we drop anchor outside the city which has been rendered famous by many Biblical incidents.

When it is rough, the passengers cannot go ashore because the landing place is surrounded by a barrier of rocks, and the surf makes the narrow opening impossible for the small boats, consequently they are obliged to continue on the steamer to Haifa or Beyrout, and get off there, or return with the same vessel to Jaffa, in the hopes that the sea has subsided. We knew of one man, this spring, who went up and down three times before he could effect a landing.

We are most fortunate in having smooth waters, and are soon on the wharf, where everything indicates that we are in the Orient. The dress of the people, their manner of living, the methods of work,

and, in fact, nearly everything, must be about as it was when Peter visited the city, and abode in the house of Simon, a tanner.

We are told that Jonah embarked here on his eventful voyage, and are shown the tomb of Dorcas. From the tower of the Russian church we obtain a very extended view. To the south is Philistia, on the east the Judean hills, and in the north Mt. Carmel, while around us is the plain of Sharon, with its hundreds of acres of orange groves, whose golden fruit is now being gathered. We visit one grove, and pick oranges weighing nearly a pound apiece.

As we journey up to Jerusalem, we pass places rendered famous by Samson, Peter and others, and soon reach the mountains, among which our train climbs very slowly. This was the first railroad built in Palestine, and for many years the land could not be secured because a certain part of it was held by a sheik, who would not sell it. This road was completed in 1892, but has not been a paying investment, for freight could be carried to Jerusalem on the backs of camels more cheaply than by rail. When the first train ran into the "City on the Hills," it was a matter of curiosity to the people for miles around. A Bedouin, who saw it, reported to his friends that "the engine was like a great big iron woman, who gave one screech and ran away." At first the Arabs would try to race on horseback across the plains with the engine, and when the latter outstripped them, they were well nigh overcome with wonder and admiration, and exclaimed, "Great is Allah!"

One should enter the Holy City for the first time by carriage, in order that he may have an opportunity to survey it, and the neighboring points of interest, thereby getting the relative positions well fixed in his mind, also that he may gaze upon it in

quiet, and not with the Babel of porters, cabmen and donkey boys that meet him at the railway station. If he does this he will agree with the Psalmist and say,—

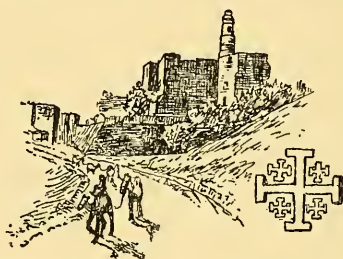
“How beautiful is Zion!”

Directly in front of us runs the road down through the Valley of Hinnom and up to the Jaffa Gate. On the east side the Mount of Olives rises conspicuously, while just below, on the north, is Calvary; further around to the north and west are the English, Jewish, and German colonies, each with its church, hospice and hospital. Quiet, unimposing, and yet intensely interesting appears this city, which the followers of three great religions revere as most sacred. Wherever the Jew may be, hither turn his thoughts at morning and evening. The Christian reveres this city as the place of the crucifixion and resurrection of his Saviour, while in the eyes of a Moslem it ranks next to Mecca and Medina.

We descend the slope through the Valley of Hinnom, and go up the hill past David's Tower and the Jaffa Gate to the hotel. From our window we look out over the flat-roofed houses and the olive groves, to a hill, beyond which is Bethlehem, five miles away.

Most of the streets of the Holy City are hardly more than alleys, and are often a series of steps, but wide enough to permit a donkey to go up and down with ease. We are surprised to find the streets so clean, freer from filth than we had been told they were. The stalls, with their abundance of oranges, raisins, figs, and vegetables, look far more inviting than do the same places in the worst parts of Cairo. Until within a few years the city was not lighted, and the pedestrian was required to carry a lantern after sundown, but now an occasional oil lamp sheds a faint glimmer in some of the passages.

There is no telephone or fire department in this city of 135,000 inhabitants, so one can judge how far behind the times it is in general municipal regulations. The Turkish government is most derelict, and not to be trusted in many respects. For instance, the local authorities did not furnish satisfactory postal arrangements, so foreign nations demanded that they should have their own post-offices, stamps, etc. In the corridor of our hotel there are Austrian and German letter boxes, while outside the



Tower of David—Crusader's Cross

door is one belonging to the French. Nearly every kind of money is current here. We buy German stamps and pay for them in English and Turkish coin, and they give us French francs in change. Recently we purchased an article costing twenty-five cents, giving the dealer a two shilling piece in payment, and receiving as change a franc, a metallick, (a Turkish coin worth one and a quarter cents) and some article in his shop, as an equivalent for the remainder due.

The two places within the walls of Jerusalem most frequently visited are the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Mosque of Omar. We reach the first, through David and Christian streets, and, when we stand before it, we realize that, for the last fif-

teen hundred years, it has been regarded as the most sacred spot in the world. Whether it is the correct place or not, we know it is the church for which the crusades were fought, and in defence of which men have died, believing it was here that the Messiah gave up His life on the cross for the children of men. The outside is devoid of tawdry ornamentation, but within there is no spot in any way connected with the life and death of Christ, but what has an altar, or a canopy, or a dome. And many of them are so palpably erroneous and improbable that it is really painful to look upon some of these thirty-seven places, which various Christian sects revere as most sacred. While most of the decoration seems cheap and unattractive, nevertheless some of it is quite expensive,—like the solid gold chandelier in the chapel of the Greek church, which was presented by the Czar of Russia. It is this sect which occupies by far the greater part of the church, the Latins come next, and then the Armenians, Abyssinians, and Copts, the last being allowed a tiny chapel or room not more than twelve feet square.

On the day before Palm Sunday all these different sects hold services in this sanctuary at the same time. In the Greek church we see their patriarch, and in the Roman Catholic procession is a cardinal of that church, while outside the entrance some 300 soldiers are stationed to prevent any disorder which might arise among the Christian worshippers and pilgrims. The latter are here in great numbers, especially from Russia, thousands coming to attend the services of the Greek Easter and bathe in the Jordan. One meets these people on the streets and country roads, in fact, they are everywhere in evidence. They look like the typical Russian peasant, with cowhide boots or sandals, heavy coats, perhaps of sheepskin, thick caps, walking sticks, and little bags or bundles, to

which are tied the tea kettle and cups, slung over their shoulders. They have brought only black bread and tea, and will sleep in a hospice, or perhaps on the ground, or anywhere that they can find a rest for their heads. After the great Easter festival is over they will return to their homes, refreshed, glad and satisfied for the rest of their lives. This is what a pilgrimage to Jerusalem means to the devout, ignorant peasant of to-day, and this is what it has meant to his ancestors for many generations.

Frequent and bloody conflicts have occurred in this very church; within a century three hundred Christians fell at the Easter celebration. Every year tumults arise, often amounting to bloodshed. And this is the picture offered to the world to-day, in its holiest sanctuary, by a religion proclaiming "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Not far away is the area on which stood Solomon's temple, which was, in time, superseded by that of Herod, and on that site was built the present Mosque of Omar, the most beautiful and, historically, the most interesting building in Palestine.

Solomon's temple was constructed in 1000 B. C., with stones from the large quarry which underlies a portion of the city. It was the workmen there employed who formed an organization, which, it is claimed, was the origin of the Knights Templar and Masons. At any rate, visiting members from these bodies now hold meetings in the dark recesses, or caverns, of these old quarries.

The present mosque was erected in 700, and the inlaid work of the exterior at once impresses one, while the interior is most harmonious, with its stained glass windows, graceful pillars, Oriental carpets, gold ornamentation and delicate screen work. The great rock, directly under the dome, appeals to us by its size and simplicity. They relate many

stories and traditions in regard to it. Abraham is said to have prepared to offer up Isaac there. It may have been the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite—for which purpose it is admirably adapted. The great altar for burnt offerings in Solomon's temple may have stood here. The Moslems have a tradition that Mohammed started on his visit to heaven from the top of this rock, which began to follow him, but the angel Gabriel put out his hand and stopped it. They point out the impression of his fingers. Under the rock is a place which is regarded by the Moslems as very sacred, and, in fact, it is only within a few years that Christians have been allowed to visit the mosque at all. Recently two American women were going down the steps to this place, when a Moslem fanatic, who had just returned from Mecca and had concealed himself there, fired five shots at them, and two took effect, one woman being hit in the leg, and the other in the eye, but both were so seriously injured they had to be taken to the hospital.

Underneath the area, on the south of the mosque, are Solomon's stables, and just outside, down the hill, is the Pool of Siloam. At the north-west corner rises the tower of Antonia, and outside the area, in the Ecce Homo church, we see a portion of the old arch that belonged to Pilate's Judgment Hall. Near this church is a piece of the pavement of the court of the Praetorium, showing indentations made in the stones to keep the horses from slipping. At this point begins the Via Dolorosa, leading to the Sepulchre church. The Pool of Bethesda is not far away, but the original city here was probably 100 feet, at least, lower than it is at present.

On Palm Sunday we go down over the brook Kedron, which flows through the Valley of Jehosaphat,

and up into Gethsemane, where gnarled old olive trees with gigantic trunks stretch out their branches as if in benediction over the sacred soil where our Saviour

“Gave his sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of his soul, breathed out the prayer,
‘Father, if it be possible with thee,
Let this cup pass from me.’
And then with renewed submission, added,
‘Not my will, but thine be done, O Father!’ ”

This sacred spot looks very different from what it did twenty centuries ago, but one can easily imagine that it may have been the real garden where the betrayal occurred.

Going up the hill we stand on the brow of Mount Olivet, where Christ undoubtedly first caught sight of the holy city and wept, on his last journey from Bethany to Jerusalem. We can imagine the people of Bethany, as well as those who have come out of the city to meet Him, waving their palm branches and shouting hallelujahs. Directly below us we trace the walls of the sacred city, within which the dome of the Mosque of Omar, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Mt. Zion with its two Jewish synagogues, and the Tower of Antonia are easily seen. There are seven of the old gates and a new one has recently been opened.

A little to the north is the hill which is known as the Place of the Skull, and in a garden near by is the tomb that General Gordon believed was the one in which the body of Christ was placed. This eventful spot was probably outside the walls of the city, and this location seems to accord in every way with the Biblical account. In its isolation, quietude and surroundings, this spot appeals to us as the “green hill far away.”

Within the Russian church the nuns are singing their evening hymn of praise,—a sweet melody, well befitting this sacred spot. But we must take one last look and say:—

“Farewell! on Olivet’s famed mount we stand,
And view once more this sad but glorious land;
The sun with purple paints the western hills,
And earth and heaven a holy quiet fills;
Calm in her desolation Salem sleeps,
Round Omar’s mosque the tall green cypress waves;

“Soft gleam the rays on church and convent-spire,
And each slight minaret is dipped with fire:
Peace, like an angel, midst the coming gloom
O’er Calvary hangs, and wraps Messiah’s tomb.
A spell on that dim city seems to lie,
And hush the hills around and crimson sky;
And as we muse and think of vanished years,
The eye still gazes on and fills with tears.”

One day we go down to Jericho, and we do not fall among thieves, because the government pays a certain amount yearly to the hostile tribes to keep them from molesting people, though we do meet Bedouins, armed with guns, knives and long strings of cartridges thrown over their shoulders. They certainly do have a fierce appearance, but it is seldom that they trouble any foreigners. The road to Jericho was built ten years ago, before the German emperor visited Jerusalem. It is very hilly and passes through a region devoid of trees, and quite barren for the most part.

We lunch at the Inn of the Good Samaritan, the only house on the entire road, a distance of seventeen miles. At one place we get out of the carriage to look down into the deep gorge, through which

runs the brook Cherith, and a cave on its north bank is pointed out as the place where Elijah was fed by the ravens.

Modern Jericho boasts of three inns, a few houses, and a Bedouin camp. We look in vain for some vestige of ancient Jericho, and exclaim,—

“Where are thy walls, proud Jericho?

Thy towers have left no stone; not e'en a palm
Waves on thy site amidst the burning calm.”

Excavations of this city are being made and some interesting things have been brought to light. A drive of five miles takes us to the Dead Sea, which is a shimmering sheet of water, with the mountains of Moab on the east, from whose ridge rise Nebo and Pisgah. The waters of the Jordan are often disappointing, because they are so muddy, but the banks, in places, are lined with trees, while the rocks occasionally rise in sheer precipices. The Russian pilgrims bathe here during Easter week, wearing into the water long white robes, which, later, serve as their shrouds. For these people, it is the most solemn and sacred ceremony of their lives.

Bethlehem is a very attractive place, and the town indicates a degree of prosperity not seen elsewhere in this locality. The streets are cleaner, the people better dressed, and there is less demand for bak-sheesh than in any other place in Palestine that we visited.

Like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Church of the Nativity is rather disappointing on account of the many sects who are striving for the possession of this sacred spot. While some writers discredit the authenticity of this spot as that of our Saviour's birth, yet we believe it was near here, if not this very place. The limestone rocks in this

part of Palestine have rendered the formation of caves most easy, and we see them in many localities, where they are still used for sheltering sheep and other animals. Therefore, we can readily understand how, when "there was no room for them in the inn," they sought shelter in one of these stables or caves. We believe that it was to the shepherds of this region that the "glad tidings of great joy" were first proclaimed and that it was these men who found "the babe lying in a manger." And that it was above these Bethlehem hills where the heavenly host were heard, "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

We are anxious to go to Hebron, twenty-two miles from Jerusalem, but we are advised against it, because the people are so ill-tempered, yet we decide to try it. Our dragoman has engaged a guard to meet us on the outskirts of the town. Our journey thither is most interesting. We pass Solomon's Pools, from which water to-day is taken in pipes to Jerusalem, and then our road winds upwards among the hills, where probably David watched his flocks. The high hills are thickly covered with rocks, but the lowlands are cultivated, and are already green with the oncoming crops of grain and cereals. Snow still lingers in high, sheltered places, producing a little chill in the air as we ascend.

The many varieties of flowers seen here and, in fact, everywhere in Palestine, are a constant source of delight. Poppies, ranunculi, red anemones, cyclamen, daisies, white and yellow, forget-me-nots, clover—red, yellow and white—and many kinds unknown to us, are found every day. At one place on this trip to Hebron, we pick twelve varieties of flowers.

After we reach the Plain of Mamre, and have

had our lunch under Abraham's Oak, we go into the city, which claims to be the oldest in the world, and if filth and general demoralization are any signs of antiquity, its claim is justified. Its smells date back to the time of Ephron, the Hittite, though some of them have recently been restored. The narrow, dark, overarched passages, or alleys, are most unattractive, and one wonders how people can live in such a locality. In damp cellars we see them spinning and weaving sackcloth, just as they did 2,000 years ago.



Two Women Shall be Grinding at the Mill

The cave of Machpelah is the chief object of interest here, because Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah and Jacob were buried within its recesses. No one has entered these tombs for 800 years, and seldom does a Christian find his way above the seventh step of the staircase which leads up into the mosque over the cave. If the adventurous person should dare cross the eighth step, he would be attacked by the crowd of Moslem boys, who follow the visitors from place to place, shouting and jeering, and sometimes throwing stones. It is long after dark before we reach Jerusalem on our return, after a day's ride of forty-four miles, but we feel glad that we took this trip.

Most of the places, said to be intimately connected with Biblical scenes, are interesting to visit, though one may be somewhat incredulous in regard to the exact location. But it is the country, the hills and vales of Judea, that are the most satisfactory—

“Those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,”

for here we feel that we are seeing scenes such as Christ saw and, perchance, are following in His very footsteps.

Eleven days have we spent in and around the Holy City, and they have been days full of intense interest, whose memories can never be effaced.

On the morrow we leave by carriages to make our trip to the North.

CHAPTER XVII

ON SYRIAN SLOPES

AT last we have left Jerusalem and, from the high hills of the Scopus range, have taken a long, last look at the Holy City. Previously we have viewed it from all sides; having been above it on the Mount of Olives, and under it in Solomon's quarries. We may never see it again, but we can never forget it. Our carriage drive on this, the first day north of Jerusalem, is one of forty-four miles, but the road is good, and we enjoy the sight of the hills and places mentioned in the scriptures.

Especially interesting is Shiloh which has fallen into a position of simply a sacred and revered village, situated on a hill at the head of a valley, behind which rise mountains, hundreds of feet high, as majestic and grand as when they stood like mighty sentinels guarding this, the ancient, national sanctuary, for on this site the ark of the covenant rested three hundred years.

Late in the afternoon we skirt the slopes of Mt. Gerizim and come to the plain of Sychar, where the patriarch Jacob purchased a "parcel of ground" and dug a well. We visit this spot with the feeling that it is one of the few authentic places. It was here that Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman who had come out of the small village, on yonder slope of the hill, to draw water. We spend Sunday in this old town of Shechem, going to the little English church, where the holy communion is administered to a few native Christians.

After the services we visit the hospital and find that here, as in many other places where we have seen similar institutions, it is through the medical work that the people are the most easily reached. Later in the day we ascend Mt. Gerizim on donkeys, a very difficult climb, but one that repays, for here is the place where the small remnant of Samaritans, about 170 in number, come annually and offer a sacrifice of seven sheep and then go up to the very summit, where there is a stone temple, in which they hold services.

Later we go to their church building in the city, and find it to be almost a cellar, but they bring out their Pentateuch in the form of a roll and explain the case in which it is held, claiming that the whole is 3,000 years old. The quarters in which these people live are most undesirable and are only reached through dark and cavernous passages.

Shechem is a bad place and, though we have a guard, yet our dragoman has felt anxious in regard to our safety, because last year his party was so insulted here that one member of it began to use his pistol. The Moslem hatred toward the Christian in this place is very strong.

Our route from this old town continues with carriages across the plain of Sharon and up the coast to Mt. Carmel, which we reach at the end of the second day, but it seems like a week, so full of experiences has it been.

In this journey we cross twenty-six fords and the streams are so swollen that in one place the water has covered the roadway to a depth of three or four feet, so that it is impossible to see it, though the drivers wade in up to their waists. Finally our driver decides to try it, after natives have appeared on the opposite bank, and assured him that we can cross in safety. When we are in mid-stream two of

the wheels slip off the edge of the roadway, and it seems as if our carriage would certainly go over, but our fears are needless, for soon we reach the shore. Nevertheless our friends in the next carriage do not fare so well. Two of their horses flounder and fall, while it requires two men to hold the carriage wheels so that the vehicle will not capsize. And during these anxious moments, this gentleman and his wife, who have come abroad to recuperate their nerves, are wondering how soon they will be pitched into the waters which are swirling around them, and filling the body of the wagon. But finally they get the horses up and all reach the banks without any serious wetting. We learn later that a carriage which had preceded us by about an hour, was overturned and one of the occupants afterwards told us that he was wet up to his neck. The natives received about six francs for helping rescue them and their baggage, and these same Arabs had told our driver that it was perfectly safe to cross, in the hopes that we would meet the same fate, and they would have an opportunity to help get us and our belongings out of the water, for which they would receive some remuneration. Such is the native sense of uprightness and honor. We felt that we had had a narrow escape when two days later we heard that a large party of about thirty persons, going over the same road, got stuck in the mud and were obliged to spend the night in their carriages, not being able to leave the next day till sixteen mules were sent to their assistance.

The following day we eat our lunch at Athlit, where can be seen the fine ruins of the old castle, which was the last stronghold of the Crusaders in this country. After that we drive on the sands of the seashore for five miles, a most delightful ride, till we come to Haifa, where we spend the night and



A CAMEL LOADED WITH MILLET



RUINS OF THEATER AT EPHESUS

visit Mt. Carmel. Thence we continue our journey over the mountains and along the seemingly unimportant river Kishon which once became so swollen that it utterly swept away the Canaanite host. To-day our lunch is spread in a beautiful oak grove in the midst of a veritable flower garden, so abundant are the poppies, lilies of the field, blood drops, daisies, cyclamens and many other blossoms unknown in our botanical nomenclature.

Soon we descend on the eastern side of the mountain and get our first outlook over the extensive plain of Esdraelon, which is probably the most historical plain in the world. Certainly none has witnessed more religious and political contests.

From the time when Saul's last battle was fought with the Philistines on the mountains of Gilboa in front of us, till Napoleon's forces encountered the Turks on this plain, no place in the world has had a more ancient, or more heroic record of war. The Carmel range extends across the west and on its southern extremity is situated the Latin monastery which marks the supposed site of Elijah's sacrifice. On the south are the hills of Samaria and the mountains of Gilboa. On the east rise the mountains of Moab, while on the north are the Galilean hills with the houses of Nazareth perched high upon their sides.

There is probably no doubt of the identity of the village where our Lord passed His boyhood and youth, but the holy places here, as in Jerusalem, are so taudrily embellished that one feels a keen disappointment.

Mary's Well, in the part of the city near the old town of Nazareth, presents about the same scene at this day as it did when the Virgin Mary, in common with other girls of the village, came morning and evening to get the family supply. Undoubtedly she

carried the water in a tall earthen jar on her head, just as we see the women and girls doing to-day, poising it gracefully and moving off in single file to their respective homes.

It seems a little incongruous to see a woman come to the fountain with a large Standard oil can nicely poised on her head instead of a water jar. Such is the effect of the introduction of western commodities.

Some Biblical scholars think that the old synagogue here is the one where Jesus was an attendant when a child.

The next day our party of seven start on horseback for a trip across the plain of Esdraelon to Jezreel, where we take lunch, and then turn our horses' heads toward Shunem and Nain, afterwards crossing the plain to the foot of Mt. Tabor, which we reach after sundown.

As the darkness thickens, the ascent of the mountain is rendered difficult and somewhat dangerous, inasmuch as we follow, a part of the time, a very narrow footpath leading up over precipitous rocks and slippery places.

When we are about a third of the way up, our guide turns and shouts to us in a frightened tone: "Bedouiny, Bedouiny!" As we are ahead we are somewhat alarmed, so we stop and call to our dragoman, who comes up and says, "he is frightening you," though the next morning he acknowledged that he was quite anxious for our safety, as he knew there were Bedouins in the vicinity. After an hour and a half we reach the summit, only one person in the party having had the courage to stay on a horse during the ascent, and that was a lady.

It has been a long day's ride of twenty-eight miles, and we have been in the saddle eleven hours, therefore we are tired and appreciate the welcome ac-

corded us by the monks. The monastery affords every comfort desirable in the line of food and shelter. So we spend a very restful night and the next morning are in a fit frame of mind to enjoy the wondrous views.

Solemn and soul-stirring emotions come with glimpses of the Holy Land from this height. We do not blame the early Christian fathers for placing the scene of the transfiguration on this marvelous site which must have been a well known landmark throughout the history of the land.

Looking north we see the snowy mass of Mt. Hermon, 9,000 feet high, and recall the words of the psalmist, when he says, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name." At the foot of that peak we distinguish the hill of Dan, and, as we turn to the southward, we feel that Beersheba ought to be in sight. On the east we catch our first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee, and near by rise the Horns of Hattin, a hill from which it is claimed Christ pronounced the "Beatitudes." The city of Wuz crowns the summit of Gilboa, and it is this spot that is pointed out as the place which Christ had in mind when he said in the sermon on the Mount, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Below is Gideon's Fountain, and our dragoman tells us that the people of that neighborhood, at the present time, drink from their hands, when getting water from this spring. The immense plain of Esdraelon is spread out at our feet like a varied-hued carpet of green velvet.

As we look, we see a tiny line of smoke which marks the progress of the railway train as it crosses this plain, en route to Damascus from the sea coast. Very incongruous and out of place does it appear on this renowned plain, which, in the ages past, never knew a faster vehicle than Ahab's chariot that

sped over nearly the same route in the wild race with the approaching storm when this famous king hastened from Mt. Carmel to his palace in Jezreel.

The next morning the most of us walk down the mountain, and at the base take our horses for a ride of nine miles over rough hills, and through narrow defiles back to Nazareth.

In the afternoon we have the good fortune to see a wedding procession in which the bride is riding on a donkey through the streets, accompanied by men and women who sing and play on rude musical instruments. She is being taken to the home of the groom where a great feast is to be held in the evening.

Last night a party of Bedouins came to our hotel in Nazareth to steal horses, but withdrew after a sharp fusilade in which one of their number was badly wounded. On our ride to Tiberias we meet 500 Russian pilgrims going to Jerusalem; an occasional one rides in a palanquin, which is a sort of a box or carriage top with shafts in front and in the rear to which mules are attached, and by this means it is borne along; a few of the very oldest are mounted on donkeys; but the most of them look tired and worn as they trudge along with staff and bundle and tea-kettle. They will halt beside some pool, make tea, eat a few morsels, and then continue their journey.

We make a brief stop at Cana, where there are two churches, each said to mark the site of the house of Nathaniel, in which the wedding feast was held when the water was turned into wine.

After four hours of further riding, over a very rough road, we begin to feel somewhat tired and weary, when suddenly:

“In beauty and in light we see
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee,”

so full of Biblical history and beauty. The first complete view of that lake about which we have thought many times, and have looked forward to as one of the goals of our trip.

Below us is the city of Tiberias, surrounded by a high, black, dilapidated wall, built by Herod Antipas, while nearby stands the castle of this Roman governor, desolate, deserted, and but a spectre of the might and power which its proud possessor once wielded. Beside it are the buildings, including the hospital, of the Scottish mission, within whose walls are taught those truths which Christ inculcated into the minds of his disciples on the shores of this memorable lake.

Across the waters are the hills of the Gadarenes, and it was down one of these that the swine rushed into the sea. The city of Tiberias is not attractive with streets having gutters in the centre into which the refuse and garbage are thrown, yet one can sometimes look through doorways into courtyards where there are trees and shrubbery.

We stay at the monastery and consider ourselves fortunate when we hear tales concerning the activity of the insect life at the one hotel in the place.

A sail across the lake takes us to Tell Hum, the probable site of Capernaum. Here they have laid bare ruined walls which may have been parts of the synagogue that the rich centurion built for the people. If this is not the site of Capernaum, the real one must have been near there, and it was in that city where Jesus loved to live and labor. Not far distant is the spot where stood the ancient Magdala, while further down we come to the site of Bethsaida.

A wind ruffles the water, a tempestuous sea results, and we are reminded how He "rebuked the wind and the sea; and there was a great calm." And on another occasion He walked on the same

sea, to the amazement of his disciples.

To-day the Bedouins have pitched their black tents on these shores, and are pasturing their flocks on the neighboring hillsides, but this fact does not detract from the emotions which we feel as we look upon the very places where our Saviour fed the multitude, taught his disciples and instilled into them by parable and precept the principles of that religion which was destined to become world-wide.

Our journey to Damascus is over the railroad which starts from Haifa and crosses the plain of Esdraelon, a most picturesque route, as the road winds up through the deep gorge of the Yarmuk river and around the mountains. Occasionally, we can look across to the opposite side of the canon and see the track far above us, and then it will emerge beyond a tunnel at an elevation which seems well nigh impossible for us to attain.

In a distance of twenty miles we rise 1,000 feet by means of this marvel of engineering skill, which at first must have produced wonder and astonishment in the minds of the Bedouins, whose camps dot the high banks. We cross the broad plain of Hauran near Mount Hermon, and after a ride of eleven hours from Tiberias, the domes and minarets of Damascus come into view. The first impression of this city is one of filth and uncleanness, and a stay of some days does not tend to change this opinion.

Very few authentic places connected with Biblical history can be seen in this city, which rivals Cairo in brilliant and fascinating scenes of the Arabian Nights. But, in a ride around the walls, we see the place where Paul is said to have been let down from the window in a house on the wall, while not far away the house of Namaan, in which lepers are kept at present, is pointed out. The great Mosque of the Omeiyades is only to be compared with that of Cor-

dova, and St. Sophia in Constantinople. The last two may outshine the Damascus mosque in beauty and richness, but in the acme of its glory this must have been the richest and finest the world has ever seen, the highest type of Moslem art and magnificence.

The tomb of the mighty Saladin, as well as that of Fatima, daughter of Mahomet, and the shrine of St. George have some interest for the traveler.

But this city has many scenes which seem strange to western eyes. Among them are the streets with the square, stone houses, whose windows are latticed so that the Moslem women can look out, while no one from the outside can peer within; the mosques, with the graceful, slender minarets; the bazaars, full of wares of the Orient; the people of all classes from the beggar in a mass of rags to the woman from the harem, clad in her silks and jewels; the venders of all kinds of drinks and sweetmeats, who call attention by rattling brass cups and shouting "O get thirsty, cool your heart." The fruit and vegetable sellers attract custom by saying, "O ye people, I have fine melons. If an old woman eats of them she will wake up young." The flower boys cry: "Appease thy mother-in-law," meaning take her a bouquet. It is all these and hundreds of other sights which make Damascus unique, and cause the visitor to forget its dirt.

The people seem to be industrious and are busy at work, plying their trade in the little booths which line the streets, but all are employing the most primitive methods.

Full of interest is our visit to a large establishment where the Damascene work is made. Beautiful are the brass articles inlaid with silver, but one is astonished to see even little children engaged in the intricate processes. In one room is a wee bit

of a girl of four years, so small that her feet rest in a loop of cord, as she sits on her bench and pounds the filament of silver wire into its proper place on a brass vase. Evidently child labor seems to be at a premium in this land, where the little ones go out to service and scrub floors, even before they have shed their baby teeth.

The orchards of apple, orange, lemon, pomegranite, mulberry, almond, and walnut seen around the city form a strong contrast, with their green, to the brown, barren desert beyond.

The Arab regards Damascus as a vision of Paradise, and it is said that when Mahomet reached this place he looked down upon it from a neighboring height, but refused to enter, saying that man could have only one Paradise, and he would wait till he reached the one above.

Leaving Damascus we journey up the valley of the Barada in the midst of lofty mountains, some of which are covered with snow. In Northern Syria there are many vineyards and orchards of mulberry trees. The latter produce two crops of leaves; the first is for the silk-worms, while the second is fed to the sheep by the children, who fairly stuff the leaves down their throats.

We change cars at Rayak, and in one hour come in sight of one of the watch-towers of the plain around the ruins of Baalbec.

“Glorious city! where the sun,
Long ages past mysterious worship won.”

After a short rest in our hotel,—the Palmyra—which is a most comfortable hostelry, we start with a Turkish guide for the ruins which loom up grandly right before us. We enter them from the north side, ascending some granite steps placed there by the Germans, who made the excavations here, after

the visit of Emperor William in 1898. From a platform at the top of the staircase we go into the Priests' Court, which formerly had about fifteen feet of dirt on it before it was removed some years ago. We can easily see where the Arabs placed smaller stones on top of the wall to form a better defence against the Romans. They also made small arches with slits in them, through which they could hurl their spears. The immense granite balls used in the catapults are piled up nearby. In a part of this court Constantine built a basilica, and his followers defaced the figures on the walls of the fountains, and in all places where they could reach them. There are two exedrae with niches for statues which have beautiful carvings.

Adjoining the basilica is the great Temple of the Sun with six of the original fifty-eight magnificent columns still standing. They are seventy-five feet in height, and ten in diameter, with finely carved architraves, and lion's heads for gargoyles, through which the water ran from the roof. Just south was the Temple of Bacchus with a few of its sixty columns still erect. On the west is the high wall, containing three immense stones, each weighing some 800 tons, and brought from a quarry a half mile away. One wonders how these colossal stones could have been conveyed here and then raised to this height. In the quarry is a stone all cut and ready for transportation and this weighs 1,500 tons. This is undoubtedly the largest stone in the world, and we can easily believe, that after it was cut no means suitable for taking it to its destination could be devised.

We look with wonder upon these vestiges of temples, wondering how impressive they must have been when they stood in all their pristine glory.

Only those of Karnak can equal them in great-

ness of plan and proportions, but for beauty of situation and ornamentation these are more impressive.

Moreover, the Egyptian temples can show nothing comparable to these fine sculptured architraves and elaborate Corinthian capitals, all wrought so delicately and effectively that time has not impaired their beauty. And we wonder as to the methods employed in building these mammoth structures, when we see the enormous stones which form a part of a wall far above our heads. These immense blocks are probably the largest ever used in any building.

Surely the people of those earlier ages deserve more credit than we are wont to give them.

The next day we stand again before these mighty columns and eternal walls, and the wonder grows as to this:—

“City of mystery! by whose hands were piled
Those gorgeous fanes on Syria’s lonely wilds?
No record tells, but Roman art is here,
More rich than chaste, more splendid than severe.
Who reared yon stones? or were they upward
hurled,
The huge foundations of a granite world?
A hundred giants could not lift them there,—
Did Eblis build their mass, or powers of air?
We ask in vain, and only marvelling stand,
And scarce believe that work by human hand.
And yet, perchance, far back in history’s night,
These blocks were heaved by old Phoenician might,
And here, since Abraham walked the world, have
lain,
The elder Baalbec’s dark and sole remain.”

The snow-capped mountains of Anti-Lebanon form a most striking background for these picturesque ruins, and this chain is visible most of the

way, as we cross them, and wind back and forth down through the valley to Beyrout. This is a city without antiquities, but one in which there are one hundred schools of different kinds, chief among which is the Syrian Protestant College, where a thousand young men of various creeds, from Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor are being trained.

As we attend chapel exercises and look upon this body of students, we feel that here is a part of the leaven at least, which is going to make itself felt in the great work of civilizing the Turkish Empire.

The last day of our Syrian trip is at an end. Tomorrow we start for Constantinople, sailing along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. It is with real regret that we leave this land, where we have passed a month full of profit and pleasure. We can look back upon the time as well spent, and full of interest. Experiences of many kinds have fallen to our lot, but we have seen other travelers who have had far more serious ones, for we have met with no accident, and have been attended with good health. We believe that much of the success of our trip is due our Syrian dragoman, Michael Jacob, who has been most faithful in the discharge of every duty. He has shown himself efficient, tactful and attentive, with an executive ability becoming an army officer, and possessing a knowledge of the Bible, and of Biblical history, that a theological graduate might covet.

The weather has not always been propitious, but on the whole we cannot complain, for fresh, crisp air, and bright, blue skies have been ours much of the time. So that it has been a continual pleasure to be abroad in this land of abundant wild flowers, and wonderful natural scenery, where the hills and vales teem with sacred memories, and Christianity had its birth place.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONSTANTINOPLE

"The cypress of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea,
And glittering theatre of town:
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in tripletire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
These pinnacles of death aspire."

TWO weeks ago we said good-bye to Beyrout, and a land where we spent a most enjoyable month.

For eight days we cruised in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, going at first along the shores of Alexandretta, Tripoli, Mersina and Cyprus, and stopping at some of these places. The first named is the most eastern port of the Mediterranean, and is a very desirable, strategic point, because here is situated the only pass in the mountains through which a railroad could be built to the Euphrates valley, and the possession of this would mean an open way overland to India. Various nations are trying to obtain it, but it is reported that the Germans are in a fair way to secure the coveted prize. Not far from Mersina is Adana, where a most cruel massacre took place in the last Armenian trouble.

The barren shores of Cyprus show little of the prosperity of classical or medieval times, when this island was densely populated. We know that St. Paul visited Cyprus and that Richard Coeur de Lion

conquered it on his way to Palestine. Since then it has been seized at different times by various powers, and reflects in turn the influences to which it has been exposed. It is at present ruled by the British, but pays a tribute to Turkey which leaves a very small margin for such necessary expenses as roads and public works.

As we enter the eastern division of the Grecian Archipelago, we realize that we are passing the most historic shores in the world. After the conquest of Greece by Alexander, he showed his greatness by turning civilization towards the East, instead of towards the West, and these lands received the benefit and were colonized. In this way Greek culture was diffused, and Alexandria, Rhodes, and Pergamon became the three great cities of Hellenistic art.

The coast is picturesque with high, snow-capped mountains for a background, while on the water's edge bold promontories, flanked with boulders in some places, and in others covered with green grass, extend into the sea. Some of the islands are verdant, while others are barren rocks.

Rhodes was one of the earliest centers of civilization, and during the 200 years that it was held by the Knights Templar it made a formidable bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. We land in small boats and walk up the street of the Chevaliers, which is enclosed with high walls, still showing armorial bearings and crests of Knights who built these fortifications.

The ramparts, consisting of walls, within walls, and deep moats, seem well nigh impregnable, and were proven to be such, when, in 1522, they withstood for months one of the most remarkable sieges in history,—the Knights finally being obliged to yield on account of lack of food.

The town looks cleaner and more inhabitable than many we have seen, yet the people do not appear as if any of their number could make the wonderful piece of sculpture known as "the Farnese Bull," which is in the Naples Museum and was produced here, as were many other statues during the period of the island's highest culture.

On the mainland, not far away, is Halicarnassus, famous as the birthplace of Herodotus, and the site of a mausoleum which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

After the death of Mausolus, Artemisia, the queen regent, fought for Xerxes at Salamis, and was the heroine of the exploit which induced the king to exclaim, "My men are become women, and my women men." It was this woman who began this memorial for her husband, and it must have been a work of extraordinary magnificence in design and remarkable grace and vigor in execution, for the names of Scopas and Praxiteles are associated with the sculptures which adorned its walls. This mausoleum, built of Parian marble, was 140 feet high and 411 feet in circumference, being surmounted by a pyramid, supporting a chariot with four horses.

We pass so near the island of Chios that we can almost throw a stone on to its banks from our ship. It is the richest island of the Aegean and the one which has suffered most from wars and earthquakes. Its capital was completely destroyed by an earthquake in 1881, when the great monastery of Nearmone, with its library of 1200 volumes, was hurled bodily into the sea, one monk only escaping.

As we sight Patmos we are reminded of the apostle John's captivity and vision. A monastery on the summit is the most conspicuous object on the island.

Excavations on Samos have brought to light some interesting fragments, though it was already known that this was the first place where bronzes were cast.

We pass Lesbos, Kos, and other islands, all of which were prominent at the time of Greece's highest development. Apelles, the greatest of Greek painters, and Hippocrates, the father of medical science, were born on the island of Kos. Near modern Kos are traces of the shrine of Asclepios, where Hippocrates and his successors ministered.

Smyrna is the only one of the cities in which was located one of the seven churches of Asia, that retains any considerable portion of its magnificence. After the Crimean War, English companies built two lines of railway from this city into the richest parts of Asia Minor, and this fact gave it a degree of commercial prosperity which has placed it in the front rank of Syrian cities. No visit to Smyrna is complete without seeing Ephesus, which is situated about fifty miles to the south. The railway to this old town crosses the "Meadows of Asia," as it is called—a broad, beautiful and fertile area, hemmed in with mountains on both sides. It is interesting to know that Asia Minor and the whole continent have taken their name from these few thousand acres. To-day trains of camels, laden with the products of the Orient, are seen wending their way along this plain, coming from the valley of the Euphrates, just as they did 3,000 years ago. The extensive ruins of Ephesus bear witness to the magnificent temples, theatres, gymnasia, and other buildings that beautified this ancient city.

Art, science, and poetry found here a favorable soil, so that the city attained great importance in the Greek world, but when the Romans became masters of Asia, this prosperity assumed even greater proportions. As the capital of the whole province of Asia it became the *entrepot* of the trade between the East and the West. Only a few blocks remain of the Temple of Diana, as most of the marble has been

used in building a mosque, while the best of what was excavated a few years ago, was taken to the British Museum, where in importance, it ranks next to the Elgin marbles. This temple enjoyed a world-wide reputation, and was graphically referred to in the Acts of the Apostles, as "The great goddess Diana, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth."

From the stupendous masonry of the theatre we can easily imagine its grandeur and size, for we are told that it could seat 30,000 persons. Here occurred the events recorded in Acts XIX. during the riot fomented by Demetrius, the silversmith, when Paul was in so much trouble.

Ephesus, as the head of the churches in Asia, long continued to enjoy its old importance, and was proud of the great personages who had belonged to its church,—Paul, Timothy and John. But as a result of the prolonged struggle between the Greek empire and the Turks, it fell into complete decadence. At present only ruins attest its former grandeur. Storks build their great nests on the high arches, and look down upon the passerby as if they were saying, "We are the proud possessors."

We continue our course across the Gulf of Smyrna, and at early dawn are entering the Hellespont, near which is seen the site of Troy. The plain on which the Homeric battles took place stretches down from the city to the sea. Along the shore may still be seen many of the tumuli which Greek tradition identified as the tombs of the heroes. The banks of the Dardanelles are replete with history.

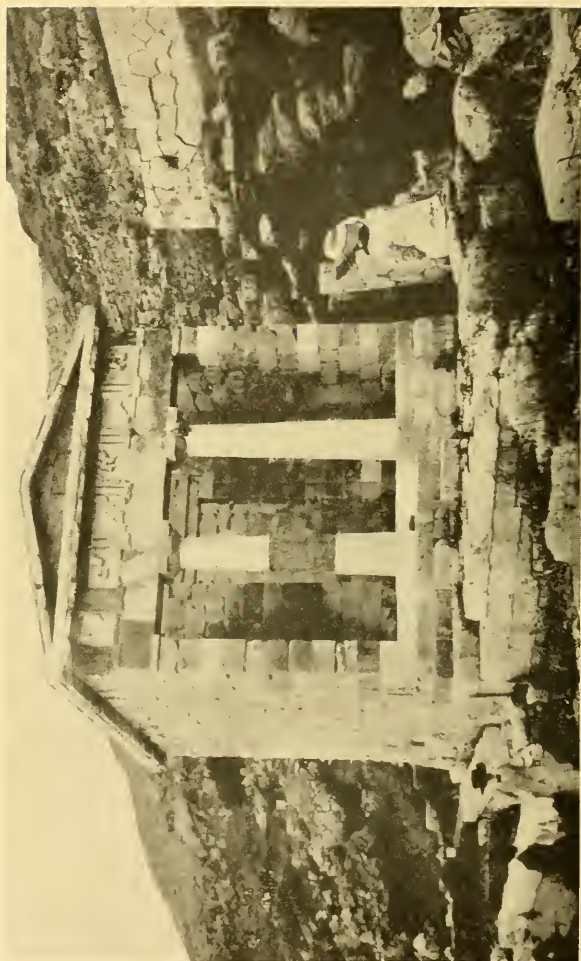
At Abydos the passage is less than three-quarters of a mile wide. It was here that:

"Vain Xerxes spurred his war-horse through the tide,
And bore his fleet o'er mountain-tops."

Long before this event Leander tried to swim



MUEZZIN CALLING THE HOUR OF PRAYER



ATHENIAN TREASURY: DELPHI

across to see Hero,—a method of crossing which Lord Byron repeated at the beginning of the last century.

The next morning we are sailing the Sea of Marmora. On our right bank is the military hospital where Florence Nightingale mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers in the Crimean War. Near by is the cemetery in which 8,000 British soldiers, victims of the same campaign, lie for the most part in unnamed graves.

The approach to Constantinople is most beautiful and very impressive to the traveler coming over the sea. On the left is Stamboul, and separating this from Pera, the European part of the city, is the Golden Horn, while before us is the Bosphorus—the historic waterway leading to the Black Sea. It reminds one of the Hudson, and the high banks and lofty hills, often surmounted with palaces, are not unlike the palisades and hills along that river.

The Golden Horn may have taken its name both from its shape, and the fact that it was the harbor into which, under Byzantine and Ottoman rule, were brought the spoils of nations, which became the treasures of the empire.

The different parts of the city are situated far above the bay, and, with their towers and minarets, present a very unique appearance. The Galata tower in Pera is now used as a fire signal station. A man walks around the top of it at all hours, and is constantly on the lookout for a fire in any part of the city. This tower formed the apex of a series of fortifications which formerly enclosed this quarter.

Constantinople is not only the headquarters of the Turkish Empire, but it is the seat of a patriarchate of the Eastern or Greek Church, and it is a meeting-place for men of all races and religions. Costumes and dialects of every variety are to be

seen and heard on the streets, where Armenian porters, Levantine sailors, Greek merchants, Turkish soldiers, priests of various creeds, mullams and dervishes jostle each other all day long. But perhaps the most characteristic denizens of the Constantinople streets are the hordes of ownerless dogs, which pass the whole of their existence in the public thoroughfares. The pedestrians will turn out for them as they lie on the sidewalks, and the carriage drivers seldom injure them if they take up their position in the streets. They pick up a living from what is thrown into the gutters, and thus become the public scavengers. They have portioned out the streets of the city into districts by some method of their own, and any dog that ventures to trespass out of its own district into another is attacked and driven back by the dogs of the domain into which it has strayed. They are quite responsive to kindness, and seldom are troublesome to pedestrians.*

Many of the houses have wooden latticed windows, so that the Mohammedan women can look out without being seen from the street.

The person coming from Damascus realizes that he is still in the land of the Mohammedan, for the mosques are very numerous. It is said that there are 365 in the city. The largest is St. Sophia, which is the finest in the world. For a thousand years it was a Christian church, but for the last five hundred it has been used as a Mohammedan mosque. As we look up into its immense dome, covered with mosaics and frescoes, and upheld by verde antique monoliths, quarried in Thessaly, and porphyry columns brought from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, and then turn our gaze down the great nave,

*Since writing the above the dogs of Constantinople have all been removed to an island, where they were left to die.

with its rows of fine columns, its beautiful floor, and walls covered with many colored marbles, we feel that Justinian—the builder of this massive pile—had some reason for exclaiming, “I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!” though he did not realize that his building covered ten times the area of the Jewish temple. The former magnificence of the city is revealed in its treasury, where there are gold and silver and precious stones of untold value. Among them can be mentioned a throne of beaten gold and inlaid work, adorned with thousands of valuable stones, taken in 1514 by Sultan Selim I. from the



Mosque

Pasha of Persia; a divan of Turkish work, inlaid and encrusted with precious wood and stones; a great golden tankard, studded with 2,000 diamonds; huge emeralds, three inches in diameter; maces and daggers whose hilts hold gems as large as hen's eggs; robes of state, stiff with gold and precious stones,—all these splendid gems, glowing with a brilliancy well nigh unimaginable. It is probably the finest treasury in the world, except that at Moscow.

The museum is rich in Graeco-Roman sculpture, reliefs, and inscriptions of great historic interest. Finely carved sarcophagi show the art of the sculptor. One, formerly supposed to be that of Alexander the Great, and made of Pentelic marble, is very beautiful, and in a most perfect state of preservation. The city is rich in columns and obelisks—some

of which have been built to commemorate historic events, while others have been brought here by the hand of the despoiler, who took them from other lands.

The bazaars here, as in Damascus, are a source of attraction to the tourist, both from the nature of their wares and the inexplicable desire that the traveler exhibits to barter with the tarbooshed salesman, who generally is too sharp for his customer. These bazaars form a series of passages, lined with stalls, and covered with stone vaulting.

Of course, we go to see the whirling dervishes, who hold their services every Friday.

As it is the last week that the palace and gardens of the former Sultan will be open to the public, we visit them and find the place most ideal, in the trees, shrubs, flowers, and tropical birds. A lake is in the midst, and on this the harem women indulge in boat rides.

When the former Sultan was taken to Salonica he was allowed to carry with him only three of his 250 wives. Soon the present Sultan will move up into this palace, with his seven wives, leaving the abode where his brother, the old Sultan, kept him a prisoner for many years.

This Sultan seems to have the welfare of the people at heart, and is not open to bribes like his predecessor. As a rule the intelligent Turk is kindly disposed, unselfish and full of personal virtues, but entirely devoid of patriotism, in the sense in which the American feels it.

The hope of the country lies in the young Turkish party, which has been the dominant factor for the last two years. Many of its members are only Mohammedan in name, as was evidenced from a conversation which we had with a guide who was showing us a mosque. He pointed out some relics which

some one, who had been to Mecca, had brought back and hung up in a conspicuous position in the mosque. We asked this guide, a very intelligent young man, who spoke English fluently, if he had ever been to Mecca, and he said, "No, why should I go there, I don't believe in it." "But," we replied, "you are a Mohammedan, how is that?" And his significant answer was, "I believe in one God, just as you do." We are told that there are many followers of Islam who secretly read the Bible, and would be Christians if they dared assert their views. Surely, as Lessing says, "The morning dawns, and the signs of the times are legible."

CHAPTER XIX

THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT GREECE

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"

AS we enter the Aegean sea from the Dardanelles, en route to Greece from Constantinople, we feel that every island, every bay and even the smallest headland is steeped in poetry and history.

The Aegean was the home of a very early civilization and, in historic times, the islands were banded together in a federation of which Delos was the centre. The forests, that classical poets have made famous, have disappeared, but the islands still have great beauty of form and color, while the inhabitants, like most Greeks, are very hospitable.

We pass many islands, among them Andros and Tenos, separated from Euboea only by the D'Oro channel. The former was sacred to Dionysius, and the latter had a temple dedicated to Poseidon. Delos, though now deserted and a wilderness of ruins, answering almost literally to the scriptural idea of desolation,—“not one stone upon another,” must always be a center of interest to the student. Paros, lying close to Naxos, is celebrated for its Parian marble. Herodotus says that Miltiades received his death wound here. It was the birthplace of the great Grecian sculptor Scopas, as well as of various painters and poets.

Ceos is mentioned by Virgil as being the most fruitful of the Cyclades and it is still very produc-

tive, exporting large quantities of wine, honey, lemons, figs, and silks.

After rounding the promontory of Sunium, on which are seen a few columns, the remains of an ancient temple, we catch a glimpse of the Acropolis, and soon enter the Piræus, the port of Athens. We effect a landing by means of small boats, and then hasten away to the city itself, some three miles distant.

On our right rises Mt. Hymettus, which is still noted for its fine honey, and the beautiful purple tinge which it assumes at sunset. Beyond the Acropolis is Mt. Lycabettus, now surmounted with a church and on the east Mt. Pentelicus, whence came the marble for the temples of Athens. Cutting the marble at the quarry was a laborious process performed by slaves, as blasting was unknown, but one can still see the marks of the tools that were used.

As soon as we enter the city we are reminded that we are in classical Greece, for the very names of the streets—Hermes, Aeolus, Athena, etc.—savor of antiquity.

“Desolate Athens! though thy gods are fled,
Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,
Though all thou hadst of beautiful and brave
Sleep in the tomb, or molder in the grave,
Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,
Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!”

The city itself is far more attractive and beautiful than we had supposed. The streets are broad and there are several parks full of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Constitution Square, in front of the palace, contains many orange trees that are now in blossom, and can be scented for quite a distance. Street cars are numerous, and are numbered so that it is not difficult to find one's way around the town. The Acrop-

olis is most commanding, with the ruins of the Parthenon, Propylea, Temple of Nike, and Erechtheum rising from the summit. They look about as we had pictured them, only more imposing perhaps, as the walls around the top, beneath the buildings, are very high and give the whole a distinctively lofty appearance.

It is quite a climb up the steps of the Propylea which is the entrance to the Acropolis. It was by these same steps that the processions were wont to ascend to the Parthenon, when they came along the Sacred Way, and over the plain from Eleusis. The small temple of Nike Apteros, on the summit, at the right of the Propylea, is very attractive. Its beauty and size can be conjectured from the remark, "How lovely and cunning!" which we heard made by some one in a party of English-speaking persons, who were gazing at it in rapture. Formerly, on its balustrade, was the marble figure of Nike fastening her sandal, now in the Acropolis museum, and noted for its classical beauty, the drapery seeming absolutely perfect. In this temple was a statue of Athena, with attending Nikes around her.

A few rods east of the Propylea stood the great statue of Athena—a visible embodiment of perfect knowledge. There, above the city of art and learning arose this heroic figure, a most noble specimen of artistic skill. It was the first object seen by the sailor as he entered the harbor, and the last, as his receding prow cut the distant waters. Glowing in the light of a Grecian sky, it was "an inspiration to poets, an ideal of wisdom to philosophers, and an object of veneration to all Athens." Beyond this can be outlined the foundation of the temple that preceded the Parthenon.

Just north is the Erechtheum, with the Caryatid porch of six columns in the form of maidens. One

of these was removed by Lord Elgin, who replaced it with a dark terra cotta one that looks quite unlike the others. Just south of the old temple of Athena the Greeks reared the Parthenon—undoubtedly the most simple, yet beautiful and harmonious example of Doric architecture that the world has ever seen. To-day the very ruins are majestic, and we can easily imagine what this temple must have been when all of its fifty columns were intact, and pediment and architrave were decorated with sculptures which represented, as it were, all the highest attainments of art.

Within the Parthenon was the gold and ivory statue of Athena, made by the hand of Phidias, and in which he embodied the Greek idea of deity with so much success that he is said to have “added something to the received religion.” The great beauty of the lines of the Parthenon consists in the subtleness of the curves, there being in point of fact, no straight lines. A portion of the western pediment remains so that the figures can easily be seen. Less than one-half of the metopes of the outside frieze, and part of the frieze that ran around the top of the solid inside structure are left, but enough remains to look like a procession passing along on high. Some pieces of these remarkable sculptures have been wantonly destroyed, while others have been taken to London and the Louvre, and we regret their disappearance. Lord Elgin may have carried away the marbles which have enriched the British museum, but he could not remove the ethereal blue of these skies, and the balmy atmosphere under which they should be seen.

Scott says:—

“If one would see Melrose aright,
Go view it by the pale moonlight.”

And we do not fail to return to this spot on the first available moonlight night. Under the weird light of the moon all the rough places are made smooth, and the whole is tinged with a mellow glow that is indescribable. But the moon is climbing high, and the shadows of the great pillars are shortening, reminding us that we must wend our way downward, which we do, realizing, as we never have before, what some writer meant when he called architecture "frozen music."

At the distance of a stone's throw is Mars Hill. A few steps show how the people ascended, but undoubtedly they stood at the base when St. Paul addressed them. It was a most fitting place, and he probably pointed to the temples near by when he told them that the "Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Just across a ravine, on the hillside, are some steps and a platform cut in the solid rock, and here the orators stood when they talked to the people of the city who congregated in great numbers before them.

A well-preserved temple of the Ionic order is the Theseum and many of the sculptures are intact.

The Tower of the Winds, built by Andronicus in the first century, shows the eight faces that mark the points of the compass. A part of the old sacred way, as it leads to the Acropolis, is still pointed out and the cemetery near by is most interesting. Some of the head stones are works of art, and show that the sculptor lavished much time upon these memorials. One in particular represents a young man on horseback, and another lying on the ground—the former was the figure of a Corinthian victor who had been successful three times in the Olympic games, and this fact entitled him to have a statue erected in his honor. At the southeast corner, be-

low the Acropolis, is the theatre of Dionysius, a spot well chosen, both from the natural slope of the hillside, and the beauty of the situation. The ruins of this immense pile have been excavated since 1862. It was capable of seating 20,000 people; the great semi-circle of seats rising one above another and facing the sea. The seats of honor in the front row are of marble, and have the names of the official owners inscribed upon them. The middle seat was given to the priest of Dionysius himself, and is finely carved on all sides. Not far distant is the small choragic monument of Lysicrates, dating from 335 B. C.

Sixteen of the 104 original columns mark the site of the Olympieum, which was more than 400 years in process of construction. Some of the old columns were taken to Rome by Sulla, and were used in the Capitoline Temple. One of the most interesting places in Athens is the stadium which is situated just across the Ilissus in a natural hollow formed by three hills, spurs of Hymettus. In 331 B. C., Lysurgus formally levelled the place and set a wall round it for spectators. In the second century of our era Herodes Atticus fitted the slopes with rows of marble seats and in 1896 a Greek gentleman, named Overoff, emulated this Roman benefactor of Athens, and dressed the stadium again in marble, in an effort to revive the ancient games of Greece. The length of the stadium is over two hundred yards, and the breadth nearly forty. It was here that the celebrated quadrennial games took place.

While many pieces of sculpture have been taken from Athens to the museums of other countries, yet valuable objects have been left on the soil to which they were indigenous, and the Acropolis and the National Museum of this city have been enriched thereby.

One can easily trace the development of Grecian art in these collections. The early artists made the human figure round like a tree trunk, and then clothing was added, with just a semblance of folds. These gradually became beautiful and graceful, culminating in the time of Phidias and Scopas who wrought many of the decorations on the Parthenon.

In the National museum are the gold and silver ornaments that Dr. Schliemann found at Mycenae. One whole room is decorated with Tanagra figures and vases discovered in Boeotia; another contains simply bronzes; another steles, or gravestones, upon which the Greeks lavished great skill; another figure sculptures; still another Grecian antiquities, and thus the whole forms a remarkable collection.

A never failing source of interest to the stranger in Athens are the royal guards who look very picturesque in their jaunty caps, colored vests, white frilled skirts, about eighteen inches long, knee trousers, and pointed shoes, ornamented with huge rosettes at the toes.

A trip to Greece is not complete without seeing various places outside of Athens. Therefore we spend a week visiting Delphi, Corinth, Mycenae, Argos, Tiryns, Nauplia, Olympia, and Patras.

We leave the Piraeus by boat and soon pass the Bay of Salamis, where Xerxes, seated on a neighboring height, saw his navy vanquished.

To the south lies Aegina, and we skirt the coast to the Isthmus of Corinth, through which has been cut a canal. In digging it they found evidences of a canal which Nero built, and on a rock was inscribed the speech which this ruler made at its opening.

Landing at Itea we drive over the plains through an immense olive grove, and then up into the mountains to Delphi which is 2,000 feet above the sea. If beauty of situation were conducive to oracular

inspiration then the Greeks must have had reason to believe in the oracle at Delphi, for we can scarcely conceive a more attractive spot. In the rear, Parnassus raises its snowy head some 6,000 feet, while beneath, near the site of the temple, are lower mountains with almost vertical fronts. As we look upon this seat of the Muses for the first time we recall the following lines of Lord Byron, which express our feelings so well:

"O thou Parnassus! whom I now survey
 Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing!
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will
 wave her wing.

"Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on thee."

In these mountains was an immense cleft which the ancients believed was the entrance to the other world, and, when earthquakes took place, the people thought they must do something to propitiate the gods, so they built a temple here. Probably an old man had lived in some one of the caves of the mountain, and he had been looked upon as sort of an oracle, long before any temple arose.

The French made the excavations here a few years ago, having moved the villagers, who lived over the ruins, into houses which had been built for them about a mile distant. They have laid bare the old theatre, stadium, gymnasium, temple, treasures, and other buildings.

We can judge of its magnificence when we are told that from the temple of Apollo alone, Nero carried five hundred statues to Rome. The stones of the Athenian treasury were covered with inscriptions which enabled the excavators to put it together quite readily. A book of 500 pages has been written from these inscriptions alone.

Earthquakes occur here quite frequently, and have done much damage by breaking off from the mountain huge boulders which roll down upon the temples and other structures.

Retracing our steps we proceed to Corinth where the Americans have made excavations, but owing to lack of funds the work has not been completed, though there is much of interest in the two acres of ruins which have been uncovered. The synagogue in which St. Paul may have preached was unearthed quite recently. Nearby is the Pierean spring from which we drink deep draughts. Above the old town is Acro-Corinth, which we reach on horseback, after a climb of two hours. On this trip we ride horses, and our donkey boys are girls, who remove their shoes in going over the roughest places, so as not to wear them out. Here the walls speak eloquently of the various hands into which the fortress has fallen. On Hellenic foundations are Frankish, Venetian, and Turkish masonry; Byzantine churches, Turkish mosques and cisterns in bewildering confusion.

Train and carriage take us to Mycenae where, among the ruins, Dr. Schliemann found ancient

tombs of great historic interest, notably those of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, built in the form of bee-hives. Five of the tombs contained valuable jewels, but in the sixth there was nothing. "All go," said the guide, meaning that everything had been stolen.

Of all the places, which we see outside of Athens, with the exception of Delphi, Olympia contains the most that links us to the past. The Germans made the excavations between 1875-80, and after building a museum for the statues and other objects discovered here, they turned it all over to the Grecian government. The site is beautiful, but not as impressive as that of Delphi. The place was well selected for the games which went on here for more than a thousand years from the eighth century before Christ till the fourth century after, so that there was much rebuilding. But the sacred character of the enclosure prevented anything in the nature of a complete change, and protected the old shrines from invasion.

The Greeks bestowed much labor and thought upon the many edifices which adorned this spot. The most important building was the temple of Zeus and the sculptures from the pediment of this structure are in the museum here. They are of earlier date than the famous gold and ivory statue of Zeus made by Phidias, which stood in the cella.

The temple of Hera is the most ancient temple on Greek soil, and in it was discovered the famous statue of Hermes by Praxiteles. This was identified from the description by Pausanias and the position as given by him. It was found buried in clay below the niche on the north side of the temple where Pausanias saw it, and is now in the museum. It is the most beautiful antique statue we ever saw, not even excepting the Venus de Milo.

On our way from Patras to Brindisi we can see

how Greece gradually unfolds her beautiful coast line. In the Ionian islands Italy and Greece meet, in language and manners, as well as in scenery. Our steamer stops for a few hours at Corfu whose varied history reads like a page of romance. The later Greeks identified it as the Homeric Phaeacia, an island where all the men were sailors. In classical times the internal dissensions of Corcyra were the immediate cause of the Peloponnesian war. It was a favorite spot with the Romans, and after centuries of harrying by pirates the island paid tribute to Venice for 300 years. Taken from the Turks, when their power began to wane, it was handed by treaty from one power to another and finally given by England to Greece on the accession of King George, then prince of Denmark. This king has a summer palace there, and is occupying it at present; his sister, the queen of England, being his guest. The old palace certainly looks attractive, surrounded with orange trees and shrubs of all kinds. A drive over the island shows that it is very fertile and the vegetation profuse and beautiful. Greece can certainly be grateful to England for this royal gift.



OFF FOR ACRO CORINTH



TEMPLE OF HERA: OLYMPIA

CHAPTER XX

THE DOLOMITE ALPS AND VIENNA

IT may be a long distance from Athens to Naples, but the spring-time has rendered all nature so fresh and beautiful that the five weeks spent on the way to Venice have been all too short.

Long have we desired to see the Dolomite Alps, and this seems to be our opportunity, for they are accessible from Belluno, Botzen, Toblach and Brunnschen. The region of the southern Tyrol, in which they are situated, is most attractive.

We have taken the last gondola ride; have boarded the train and are soon traversing the long causeway leading to the mainland. Our course turns northward, and we are leaving the lessening domes of the "Queen City of the Adriatic" farther and farther behind.

After a ride of four hours, through fields of maize and flax; along hillsides where the vines are made to climb on low trellises near the ground, and not in the form of beautiful festoons from tree to tree as seen in southeastern Italy; among the meadows where a whole village or hamlet is out,

"The oldest and youngest
At work with the strongest,"

getting the new-made hay; past villages and chalets, ever onward to the mountains which are our goal.

As to the nature and origin of these remarkable mountains much has been written, and the coral reef theory of Baron Richthofen is accepted by

many. He bases his conclusions mainly upon the fact that the mountains are isolated; that they have marine deposits similar to those found in coral reefs now in process of formation in the Pacific and Indian Oceans; upon the absence of deep-sea deposits, and all traces of volcanic origin; and their resemblance to the coral reef atolls of the present time.

The mountains received their name from Dolmieu, the geologist, who first examined this magnesian lime-stone formation. Half a century ago the Dolomites were scarcely known to any, except scientific travelers. English-speaking people had not traversed this part of the country, which was at a distance from the lines of railroad connecting the large cities of Italy with the North. Even in this generation there are well educated people who have never heard of the Dolomites, or, if the mere name has come to their ears, they take them for some religious body, like the Copts in Egypt or the Mormons in America. It is only within a few years that roads have been built so as to render this region accessible. The very newness of the names of the hotels shows how recently they were built and, if we can judge, from the little village inns, of the character of the hostelries which were to be found in these places, even a decade ago, we can readily see why people were not attracted to this location.

At this date the hotels are few and far between, and those outside of the larger towns are most primitive, but at Belluno, Cortina, and the large places, fine hotels have sprung up like mushrooms. Not until recently has there been any good mail communication. The facilities for getting into and going through this region are excellent at present, but before going to the place we could obtain but the most meagre information as to routes or prices. Railroads have been extended to the very gateways of

the mountain fastnesses; roads have been built, stage or diligence lines have been established, and this year has seen automobiles added, but to see the real beauties and grandeur of the region the old-time diligence is the most satisfactory.

Reaching Belluno by train we spend the night there, and then take an early start the next morning. Our diligence rumbles over the cobble-stones of the old town, and soon we are on the highway leading to Cortina, which is forty-six miles away. The road leads up through the valley, between lofty mountains, and along the high banks of rivers. Sometimes we can look down hundreds of feet upon a rushing mighty stream, which pours over rocks and through narrow defiles. In most places the country seems poor and the people poorer still. We often wonder how they can obtain enough to sustain life from the small patches of soil far up on some mountain side. The opening up of this region has created a demand for wood and lumber in the large places, and this has furnished a new industry whereby many of the people can get a fairly good return for their labor.

In the side of our diligence near the front is a kind of drawer or cupboard, with a slit in it through which the people in the different towns can put their letters upon the arrival of this vehicle, which is the event of the day.

In one place where the crowd has assembled, we ask some question in German of a bystander, and thereupon a young man, better dressed than the most of the people, addresses us in English. He says he has worked in America and is back in this little mountain-hemmed hamlet to see his mother who has been very ill the winter before. He seems glad to see some one to whom he can speak English, and takes delight in pointing out different peaks, and

telling incidents connected with his boyhood life in this locality, where, he says, it used to be difficult for the people in winter to subsist when the snow would sometimes be twenty feet deep.

Occasionally we come to a hamlet of houses of sufficient size to boast of a post-office, where the driver leaves a small mail bag which he has brought from Belluno. At every place where we stop our Jehu goes into some wine room or cellar and gets a drink till he has imbibed so much that it is affecting him, and, if we were timid, we should entertain fears for our safety, as we swing around corners and go at a most rapid rate down the grades.

We get our lunch or dinner, as it proves to be, at Langarone, a very "Deutschy" place, as some of our traveling companions say, but the dinner, composed of macaroni, sausage, bread and coffee, seems to indicate that we have not left Italy wholly behind.

We wind up through the valley of the Pieve, which is very narrow, sometimes a mere ravine, with the road high above the river, and hewn out of the solid rock. For long distances it is supported by masonry.

Twenty-eight miles from our starting point we reach Pieve di Cadore, a little village perched upon the hillside above the river, and having an elevation of over 2,000 feet.

This town is full of interest for the art lover, because it was the birthplace of the painter Titian. In 1880 a bronze statue of heroic size, designed by a Venetian named Del Zatto, was set up in the little piazza of the town. It represents the great painter clad in the robes and cap of an ecclesiastic, and standing on a square pedestal, one side of which is inscribed, "A Tiziano il Cadore," while upon the other sides are enumerated the masterpieces of the artist. A small white-washed stone cottage stands

near by, and upon this is a tablet having the following record:*

Nel M C C C C L X X V I I
 Fra Queste Vmili Mura
 Tiziano Vicellio
 Vene a celebre Vita
 Donde Visciva gia presso a cento Anni
 In Venezia
 Addi XXVII Agosto
 M D L X X V I

It hardly seems possible that within such a mean looking and wholly unattractive dwelling any one could have first seen the light who should live to become great like Titian, a name that every Italian loves, and whose works are the glory of Venice. To the admirer of Titian's pictures the place is fraught with deep interest, and one wonders if, as a boy, he played around this old town, and climbed the neighboring mountains; if he saw the women wash their linen in the fountain, and fill their copper water-jars from the same source.

A very small, dark, upper chamber has been pointed out for hundreds of years as the room in which Titian was born, and we do not question the authenticity of the spot.

Long before this painter died his fame filled all Italy, and this little town must have been proud to claim him as her son, and undoubtedly the people revered his birthplace as sacred, and so preserved it down through ages. Near by is a house where the small guide points to a fresco and ex-

*In the (year) MCCCCCLXXVII, within these humble walls Titian Vicellio entered (upon) a celebrated life, whence he departed, at the end of nearly a hundred years, in Venice, on the 27th day of August, MDLXXVI.

claims, "Ecco il Tiziano!" Here are three figures,—a Madonna, the Christ-Child, and a boy, all said to have been painted by this artist at the age of eleven years. Mr. Gilbert, one of Titian's biographers, says that the boy may be a portrait of himself, and that he "commended himself in this manner to the Divine care" before he started for Venice in 1486, when he became the pupil of Zuccati. In the village church or Duomo are two paintings that are probably genuine Titians.

Without doubt one was painted when he was a boy, and in it is the reddish, golden hair that was his joy to represent all his life and has given the appellation of "Titian red" to the locks of many a young girl.

The other picture was the work of maturer years, and he may have given it to this church, for it hangs in the Vicelli Chapel, which was dedicated to his own patron saint, S. Tiziano, and under the altar of this chapel he had wished to be buried. But he died in Venice in time of a plague, and was necessarily buried there.

As we leave Pieve di Cadore a ride of some five miles brings us near Monte Pelmo, a colossal peak towering upward 10,325 feet. Later the Drei Zinnen come into view with their three consecutive peaks, and these, with the Piz Popena, and Monte Cristallo surround the little emerald Dürren See.

Soon we stop at a quiet little wayside inn, and get a cup of coffee, eggs and rolls. While we are partaking of our repast, the horses are changed and we are given a fine pair of grays. We feel as if we are riding quite in state for we are the only passengers, and our diligence has been changed for a small conveyance.

At Zuel we come to a black and yellow pole which indicates that we have passed the Italian frontier

and are in Austrian territory. The gendarme, who looks quite impressive as he walks to and fro with his head erect, and gun held vertically, accepts our assurance that we have nothing dutiable, and so we hurry on, as it is growing dark. We soon reach Cortina which is finely located at the base of Monte Tofana (10,600 feet) while the whole valley is girt with snow-capped peaks, the rich wooded hills sloping down to the very edge of the town. This is a good place in which to spend days, or even weeks, and make excursions to various points of interest.

Botzen is on the railroad leading from Venice to Munich so it is very accessible to the land of the Dolomites and, like Cortina, finely situated with magnificent views of mountains and hills. But we select Toblach, twenty miles from Cortina, as our place of egress from this land of pinnacles and peaks. One should walk over this route, and rest awhile that he may have an opportunity to stand with bared head in view of these masterpieces of Nature:

"So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to Heaven than Earth."

It seems as if the Dolomites increased in beauty and grandeur as we follow them northward. There is enough of dark green woods intermingled to give a variety of color, and through these we get glimpses of other peaks splashed with red upon a gray background, or sometimes they are entirely brown.

Instead of wending our way on foot among these giants it is our lot to go by auto, but the sharp declivities, steep ascents, and windings do not permit of much speeding, so we can enjoy it all.

We occasionally meet foot-travelers, in fact, at one hotel in Cortina there was an English family of four who had walked all the way from Oberam-

mergau, and had enjoyed the whole trip.

Longer would we tarry in the midst of these wonderful works of Nature, which some consider fit rivals of the Swiss Alps, but, arriving at Toblach we feel that we must turn our faces eastward toward the Austrian capital.

Most interesting is the history of Vienna, going back to the time of the Romans, who fortified the city as early as A. D. 14. Marcus Aurelius visited it in A. D. 180 and died within its walls. Later during the Crusades it became an important center, because of its eastern location. Again under Maria Theresa, and in 1814 the fate of all Europe was determined at the Treaty of Vienna when this city stood first among European capitals. Since the strong political power of Austria has been broken, Vienna has declined somewhat as a world center, but the Viennese still have greater reason than ever before to be proud of their city.

Aside from the many modern improvements, dame Nature has done much toward increasing the beauty of the location. Situated in a low green basin with the Carpathian and Styrian Alps looming up in the distance, the sparkling blue waters of the Danube lend color and brightness to the landscape.

The most radical change of late years has been the tearing down of the old fortifications and the construction of a boulevard, the Ringstrasse. Sixty-two yards in width and completely surrounding the old town, it is claimed to be one of the finest streets in the world. For the newcomer a very good impression of the city may be obtained by taking a ride of three hours around the town, and during this time a complete circuit of the Ringstrasse is made.

There are many magnificent buildings in Vienna, most of them being comparatively new. Perhaps the finest square is formed by the Natural Historical

Museum and the Imperial Art-Historical Museum, which are just alike and stand facing each other with a small park between, in the center of which rises a wonderfully beautiful statue of Maria Theresa, after whom the square is named. These two museums, especially the latter, are the most interesting places to be visited in the city.

Vienna has ever been the home of music since Mozart and Beethoven lived there, and the people take great interest in anything pertaining to music.

Too much praise cannot be given the Royal Opera House, on the Ringstrasse. It is a building in the Renaissance style of architecture, with fine decorations. The staircase is embellished with statuary, and the foyer is decorated with operatic scenes and busts of celebrated composers. The interior will seat over 2,200 persons and is richly gilded and painted.

The church of St. Stephen, part of which dates back to the 12th century, attracts our attention for many a long hour, as we wander about in rapt admiration of the exquisite stained glass windows and charming groups of statuary.

There are only two other churches worthy of note. One of these, the Votiv-kirche, built in 1853 as an offering of gratitude for the escape of Francis-Joseph from the hand of a would-be assassin, is quite attractive.

They say that the high collar coming almost to the ears and common to all Austrian military coats, prevented the knife from entering the Emperor's neck and so saved his life.

The other church, that of the Capucins, is interesting because members of the royal family are buried in its vaults. Their tombs are plated with silver and highly decorated, but tarnished and cheap looking; that of the great Empress being particularly

gaudy and unbecoming the memory of such a wise and noble ruler. Near by is the tomb of the once proud and haughty Marie-Louise, second wife of Napoleon; while next to her stands a small leaden coffin, upon which some one has placed a bunch of violets, in touching tribute to the memory of the unfortunate Duc de Reichstadt, whose unhappy fate is so well described in Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

We are greatly relieved to come up again into the fresh air and bright sunlight, and now we find ourselves near one of the chief shopping districts. but the shops are very disappointing, as we search in vain for something which can compare with those in Paris, but decide that the reports about Vienna being a close rival to the French capital in the world of fashion, are founded on mere rumor or imagination.

However, in respect to traffic and imminent danger of being run over on the street, Vienna is the worst city we have ever visited, although to one who has tried to cross the Place de l'Opera and is still alive, this statement may appear somewhat exaggerated.

We are agreeably surprised on seeing the Rathaus, for here we are able to stand away at some distance and get the general effect, which opportunity was denied us with most of the buildings. Nearly all of them lose much of their beauty by being crowded in such a way that anything like perspective is impossible. One of the greatest attractions of Paris is the way in which the buildings are placed at the end of long boulevards where they can be seen at great distances and to splendid advantage.

The gay, light-hearted Viennese satisfies his desire for pleasure in the many parks and open air restaurants and cafés, thickly distributed through-

out the city. The Prater is the Bois de Bologne of Vienna, and is particularly full of people during May and June, before the aristocrats vacate their city homes for the country. All night one hears the buzz of talk and laughter on the street, or the clink of glasses as they are set on the marble-topped tables in the cafés, for it is true that the Viennese begin to live only after eleven o'clock at night.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HEALING WATERS OF CARLSBAD

THE same internal forces of the earth which wreck a San Francisco, or strew the streets of Naples with ashes, send forth water that otherwise would flow through subterranean passages so that its healing properties would never be known. Europe as well as America has its hot springs and the great benefits derived therefrom are being sought for more and more each year.

The town of Carlsbad is farther away from the beaten line of travel than Baden Baden, therefore fewer Americans and English speaking people find their way there, but it is well worth the trip. The most picturesque route thither is through the valley of the Elbe, which, for many a mile, winds between high banks formed of basalt which resembles that of the Giants' Causeway in Ireland. Then, at times, these lofty sides of the river seem to recede and terminate in high hills, crowned with castles, while cedar-covered gorges can be seen in all directions. The summer chateau of some wealthy man and the diminutive chalet of many a peasant add to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

Travellers revel in the glories of the Rhine, and they know more about it because nearly every tourist takes a trip up or down this noted river, but the valley of the Elbe is more remote, and hence people hear less about it, and then it has not the legends which have made the Rhine famous in song and story. If it had this additional charm and were far-

ther west, we should hear of its glories more frequently.

This city is certainly beautiful for situation, as it nestles among the hills and mountains. There are only two streets of any length running through it and these, at this time of the year, are well nigh full of pedestrians and carriages. In fact, one of them is used so much as a thoroughfare for pedestrians that it is illegal for the driver to trot his horse here.

Unlike Hot Springs, Ark., the season in this town is the summer, and a more cosmopolitan place probably cannot be found. The wealthy come here for a fashionable resort while people of moderate means, if they have any malady, seek these waters for their healing properties. The fine hotels, the moderate-priced boarding houses and the private families accommodate them all. Rows of tables are placed under the trees that line the streets and here beer is served all the time and meals at stated hours. The springs are within the arcades or public buildings, and here they send up their water to the height of several feet. Girls, attired in white oil-cloth aprons and caps, have long poles, to the end of which are attached little frames in which visitors place their cups, and then the girls quite dexterously thrust them into the seething fountain of water and fill the cups which they remove, giving them to the owners for a heller a piece, (one-fifth of a cent). Then the people take their cups and sit around sipping the hot water through glass tubes and visiting with each other. All seem happy, even those so afflicted that they walk with difficulty, imbibe the *bonheur* of the place which is something of a tonic. The "Kurhaus" is a large building where the baths are given. When one comes here for treatment he is allowed to eat only certain kinds of food. One gentleman said that his diet was so restricted that he was

obliged to eat simply boiled chicken and asparagus for three weeks. Most of the people must have their beer, as the many tables in the gardens testify. The stores are very attractive with their wood, ivory and bone carvings, and their fine specimens of amber, amethyst and garnets, the price of which seems quite reasonable to an American.

After a brief stay here we proceed to Eger—a small town on the German frontier, where we spend the night at the Kaiser Wilhelm hotel, an old-fashioned inn, built of stone with walls a foot thick, truly German in all respects. Our room is most comfortable, but as frequently happens there is no bed covering except the inevitable feather bed. When we ask the maid for upper sheets she brings them, but wonders why the feather bed is not sufficiently warm. The night is somewhat cool, and the desirability of the feather covering is proven, as it has been on other occasions. Really, these beds are quite attractive looking with their snow white damask covers, and with the pretty pillow slips, edged with rows of lace into which the words "schlafe wohl" have been wrought and one can usually fulfill the wish thus expressed and sleep well in this bracing climate. Our breakfast, as usual, consists of "Brödchen and Kaffee," but here we ask for the addition of two boiled eggs apiece, for we are sure they are fresh, as we were awakened by the fowls announcing the break of day. Napkins, with small but neatly embroidered initials, are given us and we heartily enjoy our meal, for which we pay the moderate price of three kroner and forty heller—about sixty-three cents in our money, and this includes the night's lodging.

While one hears comparatively little English spoken in Berlin, Munich, and other cities, unless he stops at the large hotels, yet the way to see the real

life of the people is to stay in a small pension, or private family, in a little village, where not a person in the town can speak aught else but German. In the cities they will advertise on the store windows, "English spoken," but sometimes an Englishman would hardly recognize his mother tongue in the words of the speaker. The people are anxious to learn English and will try to make themselves understood, no matter how many mistakes they make—just as many Americans do in the German language. If one has not acquired their vernacular so that he can talk fluently it is better to use the vocabulary at his command, and get around with that, than to speak English. But it is a little humiliating to accost a person with some fine interrogative sentence which you mentally have constructed with care, and know is correct, and have him prove to be an American who understands not a single word of German—as was the experience of one of our party. She was hurrying to a certain place, and inquired of an intelligent looking gentleman, in excellent German, her way thither, when he replied in good English, "You've got me, lady!" They both laughed and hurried on in their respective directions.

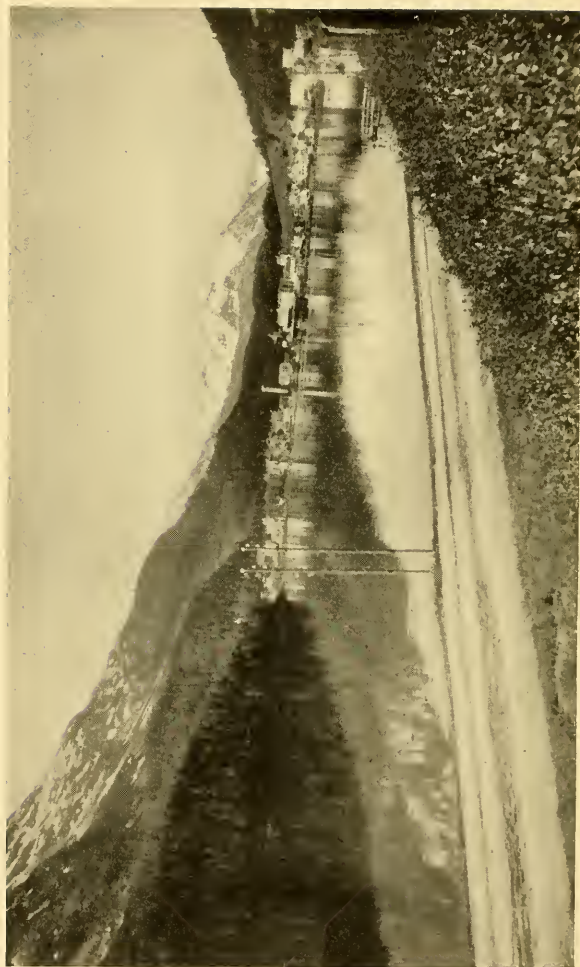
One ought not to visit Germany without staying for a time in the quaint old city of Nuremberg. But this town, like so many others, is growing rapidly and its old-time appearance is fast disappearing. To-day many of the streets are covered with asphalt and rows of new houses are being erected, while tall chimneys show the extent of the manufacturing district, all of which is in striking contrast to the oldest part of the town where many gabled and red-tiled houses, with small-paned windows, whose sills are filled with boxes of flowers, form pictures that are very attractive. The old wall with its turrets and the high towered castle add to its medieval appear-

ance. Probably in no place will one see so many instruments of torture peculiar to the Middle Ages as are shown in the Schloss. The rack and thumb-screw in all their forms, and other devices used to extort confession from criminals and to punish for every degree of offence, are exhibited here. The "Eisene Mädchen," or hollow iron form representing a person, with the interior covered with sharp spikes, was used to enclose a person and then it was gradually tightened around the body till it was pierced. Afterwards a trap door was opened and the body fell into the river far below. Near by is a well, 335 feet deep, cut out of the solid rock and from the bottom is a passage leading to the dungeons, an eighth of a mile away, and through this the prisoners were obliged to come for their drinking water, as they were not allowed to see the light of day.

But we gladly leave these unpleasant scenes, though we can scarcely appreciate them, since they happened so many centuries ago. After leaving the delightful city of Munich our faces are set Alpsward and here we find the culmination of all that nature can show that is grand and beautiful. Reaching Bodensee (Lake Constance) late at night we see nothing of its beauty till the next morning when the rising sun, just climbing above the distant peaks, seems to bid us welcome to Switzerland and, as we gaze across the shining waters to those hoary headed monuments of time, we feel like repeating Luther's words, which are cut on the walls of Wartburg castle—"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."



CROSSING THE MER DE GLACE



ST. MORITZ

CHAPTER XXII

SUNRISE ON THE RIGI

"The mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking thro' the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow."

WE have just seen our last Alpine sunset and it is a most fitting finale to our Swiss trip which began a month ago when we came into this country by the way of Lake Constance, Zurich and Lake Zug. A short ride brought us to Arth Goldau at the foot of the Rigi, a mountain that is noted for the fine view of the sun-rise to be obtained from its summit. This little village at the base of the mountains was the scene of a terrible avalanche many years ago, and the path of its desolation is still pointed out. The ascent of the Rigi can be made from Arth-Goldau in one hour by means of the rack and pinion railway. This road seems a little steep at first, but nowhere is the grade more than twenty-five per cent, and one soon forgets the danger, if there is any, as he crosses bridges, winds through tunnels and gazes up and down hundreds of feet to the peaks above and the gorges below. It is dark when we reach the summit and, as we are anxious to see the sun rise from this noted peak, we retire early for we are to be

called at half past four in the morning, since the sun is expected at a quarter past five. The elevation is 6,000 feet and it is so cold it feels as if it would snow, but one can usually sleep well in this bracing air, if he is not affected by the altitude, and fortunately none of our party are to the extent of being deprived of sleep; in fact, the night seems all too short and when the gong sounds through the corridor of the great hotel, announcing that the time of the rising sun is approaching, one of the young ladies, who is only half awake, when told that she must get up, replies, "I don't believe they'll have it to-day."

But the crowd, who have already gone up to the tip top point, think differently. Some of them have come up and spent the night here on purpose to see the sun rise, while others have walked up in this keen frosty air from some of the hotels lower down, and all are bent on seeing the orb of day rise in its splendor.

The eastern sky is already pink and blue, while the long chain of the Bernese Alps stretches away to the west in the gloom. Below us there is a sea of fog, with here and there an elevation rising like an island through the mist. It is cold, people are wrapped in shawls and rugs, but all are intent upon the scene about them which increases in beauty every moment till suddenly a bright spot gleams between some distant peaks and a great ball of fire, as it were, rises above the horizon. Our eyes are dazzled by the rays which light up peak after peak, and surround them with an indescribable glow.

The snows of the distant Jungfrau glisten and, as the light creeps downward, it bathes the green slopes and fields of grain till finally it falls upon Lake Lucerne, whose placid waters reflect the many hued tints. "A wonderful sight!" people exclaim as they hasten down to the hotel for hot coffee and we feel

that we have been very fortunate, for one man, who has been here three times, says, this is the first opportunity he has had to see the sun rise, both the other occasions being rainy and foggy.

We descend on the other side of the mountain, via Lake Lucerne, where William Tell's chapel can be visited.

In the city of Lucerne the most interesting object is the noted Lion of Lucerne, carved high up on the face of the rock in the park. It was made in memory of Swiss soldiers who lost their lives in defending the Tuileries in Paris during the French Revolution. The lion is dying from a blow of a spear which is broken off in his back and, with his paw on the shield of the Bourbon lily, he certainly has a most pathetic expression, and one that must have been very difficult to obtain in stone. In a building opposite is a smaller lion in marble, made by Thorwaldsen, and used as a model for the larger one.

We proceed to Geneva, through Berne, Lausanne, and across the lake.

Lake Geneva has been sung and written about till every one knows of its beauties, but Byron is, *par excellence*, the poet of this lake. He says in reference to a trip across these waters :

"This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

On the northern bank have lived several persons noted in the annals of French history. At Coppet is a chateau where Necker, the finance minister of France, retreated to end his days, and where also his daughter, Madame de Staël, spent the years of her exile, when banished by Napoleon I.

Joseph Bonaparte owned a chateau here, while near by is "La Bergerie," once the villa of Prince Napoleon.

At Ouchy is the Hotel Aucre where Byron and Shelley remained two days on account of stress of weather after coming across by boat from Diodati, and here "The Prisoner of Chillon" was written. The castle of Chillon stands on an isolated rock just beyond Montreux. Not far away is "Clarens, Sweet Clarens!" rendered famous by Rousseau in his "Nouvelle Heloise."

The trip to Chamonix from Geneva was formerly made by stage, but now there is a steam road to San Gervais, and an electric line the other twelve miles. Before the last named place is reached high precipices almost seem to overshadow the road, and the fertile valley is well nigh closed in by the mountains, so narrow are the gorges. As the electric road winds its way up higher and higher the mountain views increase in grandeur till finally Mt. Blanc towers 11,000 feet above us. As we look upon this peak we appreciate Byron's feelings when he said:

"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains:

They crowned him long ago

On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,

With a diadem of snow."

The Vale of Chamonix is twenty-eight miles in length and 3,500 feet above the sea. It was settled in the eleventh century by some Benedictine Monks, but in the last one hundred years its fame has spread till its beauties are known in every land, and it is justly celebrated for its glorious prospect of the "Monarch of the Alps" and of the neighboring peaks. The complete ascent of Mt. Blanc is made by only a few of the more intrepid. The day before we reached there considerable rejoicing was heard in the village when a Frenchman, his wife and their guide returned from the top. They were more than two days over due and it was feared that they had

been lost. As we look up the snow-capped peak we have no desire to brave the dangers intervening, but we do wish to go up as far as the Mer de Glace. This is the second largest glacier in Europe, though not as large as the Muir glacier in Alaska. It is formed of three glaciers which come down from Mt. Blanc and near the terminal moraine, where it is crossed by travelers, it is 800 feet wide. A person can walk there, but the more comfortable way is to make the ascent on a mule. Accordingly our mules and guides are engaged the night before. We must have, they say, one guide for every two mules, or they will not let us have them. Before daylight we hear the pattering of the rain and our spirits are accordingly dampened, but before seven o'clock, the appointed hour for starting, blue sky is seen and rifts in the clouds reveal the snows of Mt. Blanc.

Our mules, the two guides and a garçon appear, and we start on our ascent of Montanvert which is over 6,000 feet high and which is the point where we cross the glacier. On the way cedar forests, débris of avalanches and mountain boulders are passed, and at ten o'clock we reach the place where Tyndal's hut stood when he was making experiments on this glacier to prove that it had motion. But as we look upon this sea of ice it seems impossible to believe that "The glacier's cold and restless mass moves onward day by day."

As some one has said, you can gain a more adequate conception of this glacier if you "imagine the ocean to have overflowed the mountains in front of you, and to have descended foaming and dashing into the valley, thousands of feet below. Imagine again these waters in the height of their furious descent to have been suddenly frozen and you see before you thousands of sharp and tapering billows, snow-crested heights and chasms—such is the Mer de Glace."

It is comparatively easy to cross the glacier, for a person can see the steps cut in the ice, but one not accustomed to the way would hardly know where to leave this frozen stream. Two young ladies of our party tried to cross at another time without a guide, and one of them got up on a hill of ice so steep that she was unable to get down. Her companion had to return to the hotel and procure a guide, who cut steps in the ice by which she was able to descend from her lofty and isolated position. After leaving the glacier proper we pick our way along the lateral moraine for about two miles to a point where the garçon has taken the mules. The guides point out the spot where a Russian woman only the day before was found dead. She had crossed the glacier successfully and was walking along the giant cliff to get a nearer view of a waterfall, some three hundred feet high, and in so doing she slipped and fell over the precipice, striking on the rocks below.

We descend a part of the way along the "Mauvais Pas" cut in the side of the rocks, which was once a formidable undertaking, but is now bereft of extreme danger by having an iron rod on the side, to which the traveller can cling.

After we reach the valley it is four miles to Chamonix, and we decide to give up our mules and go back by train.

That afternoon we visit a grotto in the Bossons Glacier, another and smaller ice stream flowing down the sides of Mt. Blanc.

At Chamonix we take the mountain railway to Martigny and thence proceed to Visp, through a region where high peaks rise far above us. The rack and pinion line from Visp to Zermatt follows the river through a winding valley. The peasants' houses, situated high above the rushing stream, look as if they might tumble down the precipitous banks; their

roofs are covered with large, flat stones, some of them more than two feet square. In an hour and a half we reach Zermatt which is snugly ensconced in a basin around which rise high mountains. Directly in front of us, as we enter the town, is the mother of them all, the Matterhorn, towering 14,705 feet far into the blue sky which seems all the bluer because of the contrast with the snow.

The Gorner Grat is just east of the Matterhorn, and is reached by an electric road, five and one-half miles in length. We get one of the finest views in Switzerland from this railway which crosses the Findenen Valley on a viaduct 197 feet above the river. At first there is an abundance of trees, larch and pine, but at the height of 7,000 feet only scrubby stone pines are found. At this altitude there seems to be a belt of wild flowers, violets and a large lemon colored flower which resembles in shape a wild rose.

The spring has been a late one, and the snow, in places, is above the roof of the car and, occasionally, icicles are seen hanging from the edge of the snow. When we reach the Gorner Grat (9,908 feet) all vegetation has ceased, and we are above the Gorner Glacier. Just opposite us is the Matterhorn, which towers supremely grand, like a queen of the mountains:—

“Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o’er height stupendous hurl’d;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world.”

From Lake Geneva there is an electric railroad to Spiez which winds along precipices and over gorges at a height of 3,000 feet. This line affords easy access to the lakes of Thun and Brienz between which is situated Interlaken, one of the most attractive villages in Switzerland. It commands a fine view of the

Jungfrau, and there are various funicular railroads leading up to different mountains in the vicinity, but the one which we select is the road that goes up to the glaciers of the Jungfrau.

In taking this trip we leave Interlaken at nine o'clock in the morning, going for a distance of eight miles through the Lauterbrunnen valley. The steep mountain walls on either side, with here and there a waterfall breaking into mist from the precipitous heights, remind us greatly of the Yosemite Valley, and the Staubbach 700 feet high, coming down

"In clouds of spray,
Like silver dust"

is very like the Bridal Veil.

Near the end of this valley are the Trummelbach Falls which are fed by the water from the glaciers of the Jungfrau.

High above this valley is Mürren, one of the most frequented places in the Bernese Oberland, and with a fine view, as it is situated nearly a mile high. One of the greatest feats of modern engineering is the road going up into the Jungfrau. We begin this ascent of the Wengern Alps in the Lauterbrunnen Valley, early in the morning and reach Scheidegg (7,600 feet) at half past ten o'clock. Here we have a good view of the Jungfrau above us with its dazzling shroud of eternal snow, while below are pastures containing herds of cattle that have been driven up here to remain during the summer, and the tinkling of their bells comes distinctly to our ears in the clear, crisp air. It is beginning to be quite cold and we are glad when we are told at this place to change to cars that are entirely closed. The next stopping place is the Eiger Glacier which is accessible, and on whose shining surface people are taking sled rides in the middle of August. Farther on the road skirts the

cliffs and we enter the tunnel of the Jungfrau line proper. This road, when fully completed, will go nearly to the very summit of the Jungfrau with which it will be connected by an elevator 244 feet high. For nine miles it is wholly within a tunnel, inside of the mountain, and we realize that we are ascending.

The first stop is called Eigerwand, where an opening has been cut out of the rock, thereby affording a magnificent view of Lake Thun and a large part of Northern Switzerland. At Eismeer (10,345 feet) we find the largest of the rock stations. The stone has been excavated so as to build a refreshment and waiting room in which the passengers can warm themselves and get dinner, while outside is a balcony from which a wonderful panorama breaks into view. We gaze over a multitude of mountains and valleys, while at our feet lies the Eismeer Glacier, which looks as if no one could cross it, but some even scale the peaks of ice by means of ropes and picks. The rarity of the air at this altitude is felt by many, and it is also evident from the manner in which all the ink escapes from our fountain pens.

After a stay of an hour we begin the descent which is made on the other side of the mountain, after we pass the station of Scheidegg. Thus we get a view of the Wetterhorn and other gigantic peaks as well as the glaciers extending down their slopes. We reach Interlaken at six o'clock, having been gone ten hours, all of which were full of sights and scenes never to be forgotten.

One of the finest passes in Switzerland is that of St. Gothard. After the railroad leaves Lucerne it passes along the base of the Rigi, and skirts the lake as far as Fluelen where we follow the valley of the Reuss River which rushes down through a gorge hemmed in with lofty and precipitous sides. We

go through tunnels excavated in projecting cliffs and high mountains. In several places the ascent is made by means of loop tunnels, where the road turns back upon itself once and sometimes twice, within the solid rock. At Wasen we can look down upon two lines of railroad over which we have passed. The St. Gothard Tunnel, nine miles in length, is one of the longest that penetrates the Alps, and one of the oldest, having been built in 1872-80, at a cost of ten million dollars. We pass through it in seventeen minutes, and experience no difficulty from bad air or smoke.

On the Italian side we go down the Valley of the Ticino, making four loops in the descent, and seeing tracks above and below us, so complete are the windings of the road.

After a day's ride of over 256 miles we sleep well at Lugano, picturesquely situated at the foot of a mountain. The next morning we proceed to Chiasso where our baggage is examined, this being a frontier town.

Como has little to interest except the duomo with its statues of the elder and the younger Pliny, and the silk factories where they weave various kinds of silk on power loom, using Jacquard patterns.

Lake Como is the finest of the Italian lakes, and is very beautiful with high hills on both sides which are dotted with villas and villages. The Villa Carlotta is interesting, and contains some works by Canova and Thorwaldsen. Bellaggio, situated at the junction of three parts or arms of the lake, is one of the most attractive towns in this Italian district. Vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the mulberry trees have been stripped of their leaves, showing that the silk worms are raised in this locality.

Visitors in the northern part of Switzerland do not realize how beautiful the southeastern portion is till

they get into the Engadine country of which St. Moritz is the center. One of the prettiest passes from the west leading into this region is the Maloja Pass which follows the Bregaglia Valley.

In taking the trip over this pass we stop at Hotel Helvetia for lunch and are detained there for over three hours on account of a land-slide that has rendered the road impassable. We succeed in getting through or over the débris which has been largely removed, but the workmen hold on to our *voiture* to prevent it from overturning.

We follow the serpentine road up over the mountains and on past Lake Campfer to St. Moritz. This has become one of the most noted winter resorts in Switzerland in the last few years. The town is full of hotels to accommodate the thousands who come here, especially, to enjoy the winter sports. About a mile distant are mineral springs whose waters are used for drinking and bathing.

The village commands a fine view of the mountains, while its delightful winter climate has made it a most attractive place. As it is summer, according to the calendar, the winter sports are not in progress though we feel that it will be sometime before it is very warm here in this region. There is snow upon the ground and the nights are cold. One of the pleasures of St. Moritz is the delight and joy experienced in reaching or leaving the place. One cannot think of this snow-girt mountain town without associating it with the Albula railroad which descends through the valley in the Upper Engadine; its lofty position, high on the mountain sides, and its many windings render the views from it magnificent. We go through a spiral tunnel, where, by a corkscrew arrangement with one track going above the other, we ascend the mountain.

There is one place from which we can see three

tracks above, and one below that, over which we are riding. It is most interesting, as the train goes around in these mountain tunnels to have a little compass and see the needle make a complete revolution for each loop or circle that we make. At Solis we cross the Albula Gorge on a bridge with twelve arches which carry the track 275 feet above the torrent. Viaduct and tunnels follow each other so rapidly that in the next five miles we pass through fourteen of these great holes through the mountains. On we go down through this wild and picturesque valley where the fields are green and everything betokens the advent of summer.

The late afternoon finds us at Schaffhausen where we look upon the waters of the Rhine as they tumble and play in their wild freaks, producing the greatest waterfall in Europe. There are falls in Norway and elsewhere that are much higher, but none so wide, or containing so much water. For an hour in the evening they are illuminated consecutively with red, white and green lights, producing very pretty effects. We think that Americans are often disappointed in these falls, because they expect to find a Niagara here, but the Swiss do not pretend that they are equal to our falls, in being stupenduous and grand.

Another pretty waterfall in Switzerland is the Giesbach, which is composed of a series of seven cascades that pour down from a height of 1,000 feet into Lake Brienz, upon whose banks is situated the village of that name.

This town and that of Meiringen are both interesting because in them is done so much of the beautiful wood-carving that one finds in Switzerland.

At the latter place we take a coach for our ride over the Grimsel Pass which connects the valley of the Aare and that of the Rhone. The Swiss diligences which go over these passes have three dis-

ting parts, besides the driver's seat,—the coupé, immediately behind the driver, the landau in the middle and entirely shut in, the banquette in the rear and higher up than the landau. At Meiringen the waters of the Aare have worn a most fantastic gorge in the rocks nearly a mile long, and more than a hundred feet high. When we leave this place at one o'clock it is warm and comfortable and all vegetation is green and beautiful, but as we ascend the valley it grows cooler,—the chalets are less numerous, the orchards and patches of grain less frequent, while above us we see banks of snow which have not succumbed to the heat of summer.

But when we reach the Grimsel Hospice (6,116 feet) it is snowing and is very cold. Near here is the Lake of the Dead, so called because of the bloody battles which occurred there in 1799 between the French and the Austrians. The ascent now grows more precipitous, all vegetation ceases, not a tree is to be seen, and we are above the line of permanent snow. As we approach the summit the snow is deep and they have had to shovel it out of the road which fills so rapidly that men are now engaged in keeping the path open till our coach can get through. As we begin to descend on the south side we find ourselves fast leaving the impeded roads and within half an hour we are below the snow line. The roads are fine, the horses are hungry and cold and they go at a breakneck pace which seems to the nervous somewhat dangerous, as it is very dark, and the coach swings around the turns of the five zigzags which flank the mountains. At nine o'clock we reach Gletsch situated at the end of the Rhone Glacier, having crossed the Pass, twenty-three miles, in nine hours.

Here a log fire and a warm dinner await us, both of which are very acceptable. The next morning we

continue our journey to Brigue down the Furka Pass, through the Valley of the Rhone. This descent is made by another series of zigzags which are marvels of engineering skill.

This is a very fertile valley and the peasants, men and women, are busy cutting the rye and preparing the soil for another crop. The women, many of whom look old and aged even in their youth, are hoeing, mowing and carrying baskets on their backs full of hay, grain, fertilizers, and whatever else it is necessary to convey. We see few draught animals of any kind, the steep declivities of the mountain sides probably render them useless, and the women seem to be the burden-bearers.

After a rest at Brigue we start on our journey over the Simplon Pass. Some of the party prefer the shorter route to Italy, and so go through the tunnel which has been recently completed. This tunnel of twelve miles is the longest in the world and shortens the distance between Milan and Calais by about 100 miles. As we journey over the Simplon in a very unique vehicle for two persons drawn by a horse, we follow the road constructed by Napoleon I., after the famous battle of Marengo. The scenery becomes wilder and grander at every turn. Bridge after bridge is crossed, gallery after gallery, cut out of the overhanging rock so as to avert an avalanche, is gone through, and houses of refuge are passed, and then comes the stupendous panorama of the Alps we are leaving behind us, the real grandeur of which words cannot describe. After five hours we reach the hotel near the summit and here do we halt for the night. It is cold, since the Simplon Glacier is near us, but here, as at the Gletsch, copper, hot water bottles are furnished us and we sleep well till we are called to see the sun rise over the snow-capped peaks,

At eight o'clock we begin our descent into Italy. Only a half mile from the hotel is the Simplon hospice, where pious Augustine monks live and render assistance to travellers when the snows of winter have buried the road. Passing through long tunnels we enter the gorge of the Gondo through which the boiling waters of the Fressinore rush over the rocks down to the valley below. More cascades, more fearful ravines, more lofty crags and then Gondo, the last Swiss village is reached. On either side rise rocks more than 2,000 feet in height, the whole forming a picture of great sublimity. At Iselle we take a train which emerges from the mountain, and after two hours we find ourselves at Lake Maggiore where we spend the night. It hardly seems possible that a day's ride could have brought us to a place contrasting so greatly with the one where we were twelve hours ago.

The luxuriant vegetation, palms, flowers and fruits, and even the very air we breathe remind us of southern California, but strange voices in a foreign tongue awaken us, the delusion is gone, and we realize that it is Italy indeed.

CHAPTER XXIII

OBERAMMERGAU AFTER THIRTY YEARS

HOW much more the world knows about this little hamlet, far up in the Bavarian Mountains, and how differently it has come to regard the play, which has made this place so famous,—such are the thoughts that come to one who revisits the town after an absence of three decades.

When the question of our seeing the play, in 1880, was suggested, we hesitated about going, for we felt that it would be sacrilegious to even witness such a representation given on Sunday, but our friends assured us that the presentation of this play was a labor of love and an act of devotion to God, so we were persuaded.

At that time the village of Oberammergau was far removed from the noise and bustle of the great world, and required a long day's journey to reach it. Leaving Munich at six o'clock on the morning of the day before the play, the first sight which attracted our attention was a gang of women, working with pickaxe and shovel upon the railroad track. Probably this unsightly sight would have produced a deeper impression, had we not already seen women carrying hods of brick and mortar up dizzy heights to the scaffolds of buildings in the city we had just left behind us.

Our train was a long one, requiring two engines, and ran very slowly, only about ten miles an hour, which enabled us to see the beauties of the country through which we were passing, chief of which is



TONY LANG



NAERO FJORD

Lake Starnberg. "Schön Starnberg" does the German exclaim when he catches a glimpse of its bright waters, and "Schön Starnberg" does he again say when he bids it adieu for the glories of the beckoning snow-covered mountains.

At Murnau, the terminus of the railroad, we took carriages for our ride of fifteen miles up into the mountains.

Soon the long line of the Tyrolese Alps burst suddenly into view,—snow-capped peaks and glaciers, all glowing in the sunlight of that mid-summer afternoon. On and on we rode through well cultivated fields and in the midst of red-tiled villages, past wayside shrines before which many a weary traveler was pausing to lisp a prayer and pay his homage.

The road at this season was animated for one, or even two days before each presentation, by the number and variety of the vehicles and the peculiar costumes of the foot-travelers. There were fine carriages containing princes and others of royal blood, their postilions decked in silver, with cords thrown over their shoulders, from which were suspended horns; hay carts with boards attached to the sides for seats; and one-horse vehicles of every description, so overloaded that the feet of some of their occupants could be seen dangling behind. But the most interesting of all were the very poor people who had walked several days' journey. They came in families, or groups, two women to one man, and they brought only black bread with them to eat. They would sleep on the hay in some barn, or on the ground, or anywhere that they could find a rest for their heads, and after two days of this they would return to their homes, rejoicing and thankful for the rest of their lives.

As we approach our destination, rising majestical-

ly before us are peaks of mountains six thousand feet high. In going over the pass and up the ascents we walk at times, while a pair of horses drag up the empty carriage.

But the heights once gained we stand in full view of a scene of surprising grandeur. Through the valley flows the River Ammer, while, near by, rises Mt. Kofel, the recognized guardian of this hamlet. In 1873 when the villagers were asked to present their play in Vienna they said that they would come if they could take with them their village and the mighty Kofel. And now, as the last rays of the setting sun tinge the distant peaks, a Männerchor has climbed up there to sing chorals which can be heard in the valley below.

As we enter the village we ask the driver, beside whom we are sitting, "Wo ist das Theater?" and he replies, "Da, da, Fräulein," pointing to a barn-like structure. As we gaze upon this rough building we cannot imagine anything that can be given within of sufficient importance to attract the hundreds who are already filling the narrow streets and lanes of this little village.

There are only two small inns so the most of the people, the majority of whom are Germans,—find shelter in the homes of the natives. The place which we supposed had been secured for us, has been taken by others and, for awhile, we do not know where we will rest our heads. In the meantime, while lodgings are being found, we go to the home of Joseph Mayer, who is to take the part of the Christus, but find that a princess with her suite is occupying his home. As we gaze upon the low ceiling, bare walls, well worn floor and the general rudeness of the whole we conclude that her royal highness never before occupied such humble apartments. About eleven o'clock places have been

found for us, our party of four being divided. Soon after my friend and myself have entered the house where we are to stay, the good old Frau, with candle in hand, ascends a ladder, and motions for us to follow, which we do with considerable wonderment as to where we are going. We have wished to have a better knowledge of the peasant life of Germany than the average traveller obtains, and now we feel that our wishes are being gratified. The room which we occupied was very small and contained for furniture a porcelain stove, reaching nearly to the ceiling, one chair, and a bed whose clothing consisted of one sheet, and for covering there was the inevitable feather bed whose thickness exceeded anything in that line which we had hitherto seen.

It was long past midnight before the sound of the drivers' whips ceased beneath our window. But determined that no daybeam of our stay in this truly remarkable town should be squandered we hastened down at five o'clock and a peculiar sight presented itself; from every highway and by-way the peasantry were pouring into the village, all clad in their brightest robes and wearing ample bouquets of flowers. The mountaineers were conspicuous with their bunches of Edelweiss, which these sons of the forest had ascended high mountains to gather. Multitudes stood about the booths where sausages and holy pictures were sold indiscriminately.

A band led the way to the church whither so many were going to attend the early service. Children appeared upon the streets in the same costumes which they were to wear later at the church, and for a time the streets presented the appearance of a grand masquerade. No stranger sights and no more varied costumes could have been seen upon the streets of Jerusalem, two thousand years ago than

were to be seen in this little Jerusalem of the mountain. As Helen Hunt, writing of the play at that time, said: "Being on the village streets was like being on an opera stage a mile square and crowded from corner to corner."

Before seven o'clock every door of the theatre was besieged by the throng who had no reserved seats. As we were hurrying along we suddenly caught sight of a man, who, we all said, must be Joseph Mayer. While no physical type can correctly represent our Saviour still we all have in mind pictures of Him as painted by the Old Masters, and so correctly did this man's face resemble those pictures that there was no mistaking the likeness.

The Oberammergau Theatre of that day presented nothing so remarkable in its architecture as its simplicity. It consisted of a huge wooden shed large enough to cover the heads of four thousand people, with a few seats in the rear which were raised much higher than the rest and were reserved, as they were mostly occupied by foreigners. The spectator saw before him a stage with four distinct places for action. The proscenium, where most of the playing took place; the central, or covered portion, where the *tableaux vivants* were presented; the streets of Jerusalem where the processions appeared; the house of Annas; and the house of Caiaphas. The Passion Play had then a double prelude, one of prayer and one of nature. If the curtain of the central stage could have been removed, the heart of many an indifferent spectator would have been filled with surprise, for there were assembled the whole five hundred actors, who, with their village pastor, engaged in prayer. This was the unseen prelude; there was also the prelude of nature. So little did the theatre roof obstruct the view that the eye, wandering far beyond the confines of the stage, dwelt upon the

green, sun-bathed landscape of the valley, while from the distant hillside the tinkling of the cow bells came distinctly to our ears. When the birds flew over they cast the fluttering shadows of their wings on the fronts of Annas' and Caiaphas' houses as naturally as did the Judean sparrows two thousand years ago.

This closeness of nature, as seen then, was an accessory of inimitable effect, and we are sure there was more than one person who felt nearer to the unseen world while listening to the music of the Passion Play than at any other time of his life.

Thus the visitor to Oberammergau, thirty years ago came to the village, and found himself witnessing a play which in subject matter and method of presentation has changed but little during three decades, while the town is far different from what it was at that time.

We will now briefly tell of our visit in 1910, showing how much nearer the outside world the little hamlet has grown because of railroads and better highways, and how the village has become really a modern town.

In going to Oberammergau in 1910 we decide that the journey thither shall be taken through the heart of Southern Bavaria from Innsbruck, that quaint, old town which has figured so conspicuously in Austrian history. A ride of one day in diligence and auto brings us up through the Bavarian Tyrol to Partenkirchen, where we spend two days, enjoying the beauties of the surrounding mountains. Late in the afternoon of the Friday, before the play is given, we take an auto which carries us in an hour up to this mountain shrine, whither so many are already wending their way, although it has not been a month since the people of this hamlet gave the first representation of the Passion Play for 1910.

There have been indications all the way from Innsbruck that this was the year of the great play. Roads were in fine condition; houses were bright with fresh paint; flowers decked the window sills and everything betokened a general spring cleaning in anticipation of the crowds who would pass this way.

One railroad has been built to the town itself, and another was extended to Oberau, where autos and diligences connect with this village, so that now the visitor can come to Oberammergau in two hours from Munich, whereas thirty years ago, a whole day was required for the journey, showing how very accessible the village has become.

Ten years ago autos were prohibited in this town, but now a large garage on the outskirts exhibits a sign which informs people that two hundred autos can be accommodated within the spacious building.

The influx of visitors has produced a great change in the village itself. Its picturesqueness and mediaeval character have disappeared and to-day we find a modern town with paved streets, sidewalks, electric lights, sewerage system, houses fitted with bath rooms and every convenience needed.

Some new hotels and dwellings have been built, and additions have been made to the old houses where, formerly, there was simply a living room with its low wooden-framed ceiling, shelves gleaming with rows of mugs and plates, while underneath hung the copper pans and kettles that were made to shine as the setting sun. These are the Penates of the German *Hausfrau* and fortunate is that visitor who makes her acquaintance within these surroundings. On sunny days this Mutter has hung from the windows across the narrow balconies, the huge, square feather pillows that she will place on the beds of the summer visitors, whose heads will be

buried deep in the downy mass when they would find rest on a nearer approach to the level. Sunning near by are the puffy feather beds, (*Oberbetten*) which are destined to cover many a perspiring American; like the sausages too full to turn under and too short to cover feet which will be left to stick out in the cold, and touch the foot-board of a German bedstead whose economical dimensions are the continual wonder of the European traveler.

The frescoes on the houses have been brightened somewhat. The originals were painted there by the grandfather of Johann Zwink, the present Judas, who is also a painter. He is the father of Ottilie Zwink, who takes the part of Mary. During a conversation with them, we asked if they would be willing to be photographed; she had on her gingham apron, but they stepped out of doors and, after the camera had been snapped, we offered him some compensation, which he politely refused. We also found little "Tony" Lang, son of Anton Lang, who takes the part of the Christus this year, and the ass, or donkey, that the latter rides in the procession entering Jerusalem, and took their pictures.

Some have thought that this people would become imbued with a commercial spirit which would finally cause their play to degenerate.

Has the Passion Play come to be a mere money-making scheme? is a question which we have heard asked by those who have not seen it. But we think this query is easily answered by consulting the record of receipts for different years, and this shows that, until within one hundred years, there was a deficit to be met every ten years.

Sixty years ago each actor received thirty-four dollars. In 1900 the principal performers obtained \$375 each for the forty-seven performances of that season. This amount, coming only once in ten years, could not conduce to any great prosperity among the

ten or twelve who received this sum.

Each householder entertains visitors, but the amount charged is not exorbitant when we remember that little or no foodstuffs are raised in Oberammergau on account of the high altitude, so that everything must be shipped from a distance.

The people have tried to improve their village and furnish suitable accommodations for the thousands who visit the Passion Spiel, and to do this they have incurred liabilities amounting to two million marks for 1910. They have taken risks and assumed responsibilities that require close calculation to meet.

We believe that the play is given with the same spirit of reverence and devotion that characterized the first representation in 1720. But the Oberammergauer is human, and it is most natural that he should come to look upon the play not only as a religious performance, but as a means of revenue, whereby he can add to the material advantages that accrue to himself and his village.

The pleasure which this people take in their vocation as wood carvers was well shown by a conversation that a visitor had with one of them. This question was asked, "If you had all this world's goods that you could desire, and no material wants to supply, what of all things would you prefer to do?"

With the look of happiness upon his face he answered, "If I had everything the world could give I should still be a wood carver, and find my greatest happiness here at my bench. If I could not carve I should be most miserable, for of all the things I love to do, the first on the list is to sit here, before this window, where I can occasionally glance up, and look out upon Mt. Kofel, and this beautiful view, and work at my wood carving.

"The next thing I love best is to act in a play.

The third in my catalogue of joys is the long walks I am accustomed to take, especially in winter, when, in a big, warm coat, I can tramp through the valley, or with my snow shoes go skiing over these mountains, fairly drinking in the cold, crisp air till my whole body is tingling.

"After this the fourth thing I love most to do is to eat; finally the fifth is to sleep. As to traveling and seeing the world, that is unnecessary, for it is good enough here at home, besides—he laughed as he said it—all the world comes to us. As for our every day needs I can make enough with my carving for the little we eat and wear, and what else is there? The rest I can easily do without."

Perhaps this reasoning may not seem strictly philosophical and reasonable to every one, yet it brought perfect contentment to this man whose whole life was a living epitome of what he wished.

In the narrow winding streets, no two of which are parallel, there are hundreds of people pouring into the village every Saturday. So great are the crowds that the performance on the twenty-ninth of May was repeated the following Monday and Tuesday, the first time it has ever been given three days in succession, and the theatre was full every time, except at the last performance.

Dame Fashion has invaded these mountain fastnesses, and we find the peasants no longer wearing costumes similar to those which we saw thirty years ago; the native men are hardly distinguishable from the English-speaking visitors; the women are seldom seen in the quaint clothing of other days; and the maidens are no longer clad in stiff quilted scarlet skirts and black bodices ornamented with huge silver buttons, which had been the pride and glory of their great-grandmothers. There are several hotels in the town, but many of the visitors, as they

arrive, go to the homes of Peter, John or others in the play, as all actors are called by their stage names during the season of the Passion Spiel.

Every one in the village, except the married women, has something to do with the play. The children, boys and girls, are in the processions and tableaux. There are sixty-five speaking parts, as they are called, and these are given usually to those who have had some prominent part before.

As a preparation for the play, the bells in the old church tower call to morning prayer at five o'clock, just as they always have done.

An hour later we find the church crowded to the vestibule, while the worshipping actors, on bended knees are praying for the blessings of God upon themselves and the play about to begin, which is to fill the Sabbath day.

They kneel there, men, women and children with nothing to distinguish them from other inhabitants of Bavarian villages, except the long hair of the men and boys, and something solemn and dignified in their bearing, and the expression of their faces. There are carvers, potters, bakers, carpenters, shoemakers, woodsmen, day laborers, road cleaners and their sisters and daughters. The strains of the organ, and the rich voices of the choir add to the solemnity of the occasion.

Outside in the little churchyard sleeps Herr Daisenberger, who was the village pastor for many years, and to whom they owe the present admirable form of the play. We also see the grave of Rochus Daedler, the schoolmaster who, in 1820, composed the music for the play. He was a man of almost inspired nature, and wrote by night and with great rapidity. When about to begin writing the music for the play, he called his wife and children, and

bade them kneel in a circle around him, and pray that he might write suitable music, and it is indeed worthy of the play for which it is at once the expression and the setting. One grave in particular we wish to see, and that is the spot where sleeps Joseph Mayer, the Christus for 1870, 1880 and 1890. We call on his son, Hans Mayer, the Herod for this year, and we tell him that we saw his father as Christus thirty years ago, and he is pleased that we should remember him so pleasantly, and invites us to see his wife and two children.

They have built a large theatre with an iron frame, and closed sides, but open in front so that one can get a view of the green hills and blue skies. As we look over the audience to-day, there seem to be more foreigners than natives in the four thousand before us.

The great cannon, planted near Mt. Kofel, announces the moment of beginning the play, as it did thirty years ago. All is expectancy on the part of the audience, when the chorus, consisting of eighteen persons, appear, clad in beautiful garments, and by song and speech of the choragus, announce the scenes which are to follow.

Each scene is preceded by a tableau representing some Old Testament event, which is supposed to be typical of the scene which is to follow. It is impossible to describe the play, or the players. The whole is given in the light of day, with no footlights and no stage trickery for producing effects that are a part of the modern theatre. The actors are not gotten up with rouge and powder and are dressed in costumes made with their own hands.

It is the acting of these villagers that is the most remarkable. They seem, one and all to have been born to it, and each performs his part as though it were the most important in the play. In the scenes

where many of them are on the stage a wonderfully natural effect is produced by the way in which they move and talk to one another, and are never stagey or stiff.

Of the chief characters Anton Lang, who takes the part of the Christus this year, feels his part so deeply that he is beyond ordinary criticism, though the Germans acknowledge that he is not the equal of his predecessor, Joseph Mayer.

Johann Zwink, who represents the Judas for the third time, having had that of the Apostle John in his youth, makes his thankless part one of the most remarkable in the play. No one who has seen his suspicious aloofness, his traitor's kiss, his remorse and final despair can ever forget them.

The deep silence that falls upon the audience at different times, especially in the crucifixion, speak for its soul-stirring realism. As the rising curtain reveals the scene on Calvary, it becomes a representation too deep for word painting—its life-likeness and terrible solemnity have never been exaggerated; the scene of the "three crosses in the noon-day light uplifted" is one producing the most inexpressible feelings in the mind of the spectator,—it is a scene never to be forgotten. As the afternoon shadows are lengthening and the Christus ascends slowly from Olivet, rising above those who kneel below him, the chorus withdraws from the stage, and the audience are left to ponder in regard to what they have seen during the long performance of eight hours. Prince and peasant alike leave the theatre, overcome with their thoughts, and visibly affected by the scenes which they have witnessed.

But who has taught this people?

We believe it is the pure enthusiasm of believing minds and love of God that has inspired the villagers in all their rôles. Having once witnessed the

Passion Play the visitor no longer looks upon it as an interesting relic of the distant past, but as the most remarkable histrionic representation of our era, and the perfection of the religious drama.

The power of the play lies in its naturalness; it is real sunshine that gleams upon the armor; it is real wind that blows the wings of the angels; and the birds fly in and out as though nothing were happening. Those who take part speak in their own language, and act in their own way. Take the play out of its natural setting among the hills, and put it upon a modern stage, and it would degenerate at once into sacrilege, but given as it is, in all the strength and beauty of its surroundings, by those who do it as a labor of love, it becomes a religious ceremony, embodying the most powerful representation of the life of our Lord that the world has ever seen.

That night, as we sat late at our window pondering the import of what we had seen, a flush of the gloaming rested upon the snow of the distant mountains,—an afterglow of a day that could never return. It seemed to us, as we witnessed it the first time, more especially, as if it were a day spent nineteen hundred years ago, and we saw Christ descended to earth once more, preaching amid the sunny hills and vales of Judea, and living over those sad, yet glorious events among the people who misunderstood, persecuted, and pushed out of earthly existence that life in whose sacrifice is hidden the mystery of redemption and reconciliation. It lingers in our memory as something well nigh supernatural.

May the Passion Play pilgrim of future centuries, like those of the present, say, on leaving the Valley of the Ammer:

“Praise be to God who hath this vale created
To show to man the glory of His name,
And these high hills the Lord hath consecrated,
Where He His love eternal may proclaim.”

CHAPTER XXIV

ROTHENBURG, THE QUAINTEST TOWN IN GERMANY

IF there is anything which gives joy to the traveller it is to have his expectations completely fulfilled. This little wall-girt town of Rothenburg ob der Tauber, the most perfectly preserved relic of the German medieval town, has the rare gift of satisfying the exceedingly fastidious.

An old stone wall in perfect repair completely engirds the little city; while red-tiled, gabled roofs, dormer windows, secret passages, old arched gateways and projecting upper stories all do their share in deluding the outsider into thinking that he is looking at pictures of the days that are gone. After becoming thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place we awake with a start to remember that we belong to that cold-blooded, tourist class who are there to see for a few days only, and then must pass on to other scenes.

Rothenburg is unlike most medieval towns which preserved their freedom through the protection of a powerful prince dwelling in a castle high above the city. But by their own courage, wisdom, and strength have the inhabitants maintained their independence for one thousand years. The sturdy, and yet law-abiding atmosphere of the town, free from that oppressive rule of militarism seen in Prussia, stands as a witness that the people of Rothenburg of to-day have lost nothing of those qualities which made the city in olden days the Mecca of warriors, diplomats, artists, and tradesmen. We

seldom see policemen on the streets and never soldiers, who are usually so numerous in German towns.

In the ninth century Pharamond, king of the East Franks, founded the first stronghold, and in 1280 its walls were extended to the present limits. The great Burgermeister Toppler was living at this time, and under him the city reached its highest prosperity. This unfortunate Burgermeister was later accused of conspiring with the emperor, and was starved to death in one of the Rathaus dungeons.

The city became a powerful factor in all the political combinations of the time. The court yards were filled with serving-men who waited upon the high-born ladies living in the patrician houses, or upon the knights fighting their tournaments in the fair valley of the Tauber. During the fifteenth century, and again at the time of the Reformation, when the Rothenburgers championed the new faith, the town was in continual strife.

In 1661, during the Thirty Years War, the citizens were proud, capable, and well-trained in arms, so that Tilly felt he could not leave such a strong base of supplies for the Swedes in the vicinity. After thirty hours of hard fighting when each step was fiercely contested, the town was finally forced to capitulate. The Swedish soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus were allowed to withdraw from their garrison, but the town was not to escape so easily. Tilly, surrounded by his generals, sat in the Rathaus and sent for the senate which came, headed by Burgermeister Bezold, to hear its condemnation of death. The Burgermeister himself was sent to bring the executioner, while the daughter of the cellarer brought delicious wine for the enemy to drink in hopes of softening his harsh disposition. Suddenly Tilly, struck by the size of the glass, which held thir-



A LAPP FAMILY



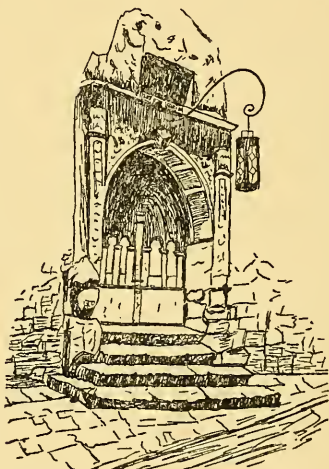
GANYMEDE AND THE EAGLE

teen Bavarian schoppen (about three quarts) exclaimed in a sort of grim humor, "I will show mercy, on this condition, that one of you empty the full cup at one draught." The senate was struck dumb at the proposition but presently Nusch, the son of a tavern-keeper, and probably accustomed to big drinks, came forward and offered to try. Slowly the liquid disappeared until the last drop was gone, and the fainting Burgermeister had only enough strength left to hand the glass to Tilly and stammer out, "Thy promise." "It shall be faithfully kept," replied the general. Later, when Nusch had partially recovered, he grimly remarked, "I could never save another town."

Each year at Whitsuntide this historical drama "Der Meister Trunk" is enacted in the council chamber of the Rathaus, and thousands come from all part of Europe to view the festival. The real cup is still kept and shown to the tourist on his visit to the Rathaus. Just opposite this building there is a clock-tower where, by some mechanical device, when the hour of noon is struck, a window opens and a figure representing Nusch slowly drinks from a glass before the general Tilly.

The Rathaus, the center of so many historical events, stands in the middle of the town. This building, of huge and dignified proportions, is a curious commingling of Gothic and Renaissance styles with a decided German stamp. Here are old paintings of long-forgotten battles, the iron coffers formerly containing the city's treasure, grim records of the dungeons, parchments brittle with age, and fastened with padlocks, documents containing the confessions of criminals made under torture, or of robber knights brought to judgment, all these and other things contribute to make the old city hall a store-house of unlimited wealth and interest. Be-

low are the damp dungeons, dripping with moisture, and among them the one in which Burgermeister Toppler was starved to death, though his friends tunnelled desperately through the walls to try to rescue their beloved leader, but only to find him dead. Above is the watch-tower from which an old white-haired watchman keeps ceaseless vigil. Eight times an hour during the night and four



Door of the Rathaus

times each hour in the day he scans the town in search of possible fire just as his predecessors have done for hundreds of years.

In front of the Rathaus is the splendid fountain of St. George and the dragon; to the south stands the famous tavern "The Bar," where a club of artists assembles and gives plays each winter, for Rothenburg is an artistic as well as a musical center. Nowhere in Germany is the architecture in better keep-

ing, and we discovered that this was so from design and not from mere chance, when someone told us that there was a city law which allowed only red-tiled roofs because all the old ones were made of that material, and no jarring sights such as newly-made patches of shingles were desired.

Jacob's Kirche (the church behind the fountain), belongs to the fourteenth century and is particularly interesting for its charming old stained glass. The Francis-bauer Kirche is the oldest and most attractive, dating back to the founding of the town. But to the traveller, with only a short time at his disposal, it is more profitable to pass the hours wandering about the streets where he can never go wrong, as everything is fascinating and full of interest, and leave the churches until he is in some other place where they are of greater beauty and more importance.

We revel in picturesque architecture, whichever street we traverse. The houses are usually of wood and from four to six stories in height with red-tiled, long gabled roofs, steeping the city in color, while the doorways and fronts are often elaborately and artistically carved and decorated in intricate designs. Behind these old patrician houses, and through some sagging, stone-arched gateways, we catch glimpses of shaded little gardens with ferns in one corner and a cozy tea-table set under an overhanging tree. Everything is made of stones and everything sags until there is not a straight line to be found, much to the delight of the artist's eye. The little shops are full of copper, wood, and leather utensils, and furnish a continual source of delight to the eager collector of curiosities.

We can easily follow along the wall, which encircles the little city of seventy-nine hundred inhabitants without a break, excepting a gateway, in three-

quarters of an hour. The wall is dotted with curiously shaped towers, and strongly bastioned gates lead to the drawbridges spanning the moat. We look down upon the charming little city nestled so snugly at our feet with its bristling turrets and watch-towers and cannot help wondering at the contrast of its warlike aspect with the peaceful green valley outside the wall, stretching into the distance where the clear waters of the Tauber slowly flow.

Until the last few years Rothenburg has been comparatively unknown to the ordinary tourist, but since it has been "discovered" it is becoming a fast increasing point of interest for the American traveler who enthusiastically claims that it "out-Nurembergs Nuremberg."

CHAPTER XXV

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

LEAVING Hamburg by boat early one morning we reach Stavanger the next afternoon, and soon begin to see something of the beauties of the Scandinavian Peninsula.

Norway is certainly the "land of fjord, field and foss," and thousands of people come here annually to view its bays, mountains and waterfalls. The greater fjords are long arms of the sea reaching a hundred miles into the very heart of Scandinavia, while the small fjords branch like fingers from the main waterways. Formerly these fjords were supposed to have been produced by the contraction and expansion of the earth's crust. Within the last ten years it has been definitely proven that these great fjords, as well as those in Alaska, were formed by glacial action. During the ages a glacier in each one gradually ground down and wore away the earth and rocks till a great valley was excavated, and into this rushed the waters of the ocean. The most picturesque fjords are usually the most remote from the sea, and are often not more than half a mile wide, and are enclosed within precipitous mountain walls, whose bases are green with fringes of fir and elder, while their tops are white with the never melting snow. At the head of each fjord are rich alluvial lands, watered by glacier streams, and rendered picturesque by the red-tiled farm houses, which stand out in bold relief against the sombre green of the forests. Many of the barns and small-

er dwellings are built of hewed logs, covered with boards on the outside, and thatched with birch bark and sod, in which grow tall grass and bright colored wild flowers.

It is harvest time, and men and women are busy in the hay field. The season is rainy and the grass must be hung on wire fences to dry. Handful by handful the grass is placed on the wires, only to be taken down in a day or two, shaken out and put back again; so that by the time it is stored in the barns the farmer has earned his crop. The grass is carefully cut from every nook and cranny; even from the high hilltops, where the bundles of hay must be slid down on taut wires, hundreds of feet, to the fjords below, and from little islands, inaccessible to wagons, the farmer conveys home his crop in barges. They will gather bundles of green leaves on the mountains which they slide down these wires, and the winter's supply of wood is often obtained in this manner. In the agricultural districts of Scandinavia one sees a curious combination in the use of utensils, some belonging to the last century, and others to modern times. In the same field they will be using a wheel-barrow, made by hand, for hauling the grass which has been cut by an American mowing-machine of the latest pattern, and raked by an automatic horse-rake; while just over the wall a neighbor is working with a scythe not much larger than a sickle.

The Hardanger Fjord is the largest and most southern, and has the greatest variety of scenery of any fjord on the coast. Its banks contain arable land, which is well cultivated. Its winding bays, high promontories, glistening glaciers, foaming fosses, and natives, attired in quaint costume, form a picture which one can never forget. Many of the houses are painted red, white and yellow, which ren-

der them conspicuous objects in the landscape. The dresses of the natives are gorgeous in color. The young women, on Sunday, are resplendent in red and green bodices, blue or black skirts, bordered with bright velvet.

At the waist she may wear a belt of beads, clasped with a silver buckle which has been the pride and glory of her maternal ancestor. The girls arrange their hair in two long braids down the back, and have a little cap, while the matrons have winged head-dresses of white cambric, which is rolled over a wooden frame, and made to fit the head very closely.

In order to see the country remote from the water ways, one should travel inland by carriage for a distance, or across the regions dividing the fjords. The favorite kind of vehicle is the *stolkjaerre*, or two-wheeled cart which has a seat for two persons in front, and one in the rear for the driver. A traveler can engage the owner to take him on a journey of several days, or he can hire one at each of the "skyds-stations," where he may stop, to take him to the next one. In every such tavern is this conspicuous sign: "Vaer god mod hasten," which means, "Be good to your horse," and the Norwegians certainly follow this precept. The man who took us from Gudvangen up to the mountain on which Stahlheim is situated, was named Ole Gudvangen. In Norway it is not uncommon for the people to take their last name from the hamlets in which they were born. He called his horse "Snowdig" from one in possession of the German Emperor, whom he had carried twice up through this valley.

One of our most delightful rides is from Visnaes, at the end of the Nord Fjord. Landing here from our boat we take a *stolkjaerre* for a ride of two days to Merok, on the Geiranger Fjord, a distance

of eighty-four miles. We secure Abraham Skaare as our driver on this occasion, and he lives in a small hamlet of that name, through which we pass. His English is quite good, because he has been in Minnesota five years. We ask him if he prefers the prairies of our great West to these snow-covered peaks, and he replies, "I likes this," pointing to the superb view of water-fall and mountain, glacier and gorge that one gets in the Viderdal.

On this trip we visit a saeter, or dairy farm, peculiar to Norway,—a sort of ranch, far up on the mountain whither a farmer and his family, or a part of it, have come with their herds, to find pasturage for the cattle. Years ago it was customary for the pilgrimage up to these summer homes to be made on St. John's day, June twenty-fourth, and the return would take place about the middle of September. While here they make butter and cheese which are carried down to the village and sold. Imagine our surprise at finding in this place a McCormick separator, used for dividing the milk from the cream.

As we wind back and forth up through this valley, the snow becomes more abundant, often being higher than our heads as we ride along. Wooden poles, resembling those used for telephone wires, are placed at regular distances to indicate the location of the road in the winter or spring when no teams pass, but the people go on skis, or long snow skates.

At Grotlid we spend the night in a real Alpine inn with wooden partitions. Among the rocks, in a field near by, a Finnlander and his family, so like the Lapps that we see no difference, have pitched a tent, while their herd of 500 reindeer find pasturage on the adjacent hillsides.

The only houses on this road are those occupied by the men who keep the highway in repair, and in the fall they move down to the villages.

On the way to Merok we pass a lake still frozen over, though it is the middle of July. The ride down the Geiranger valley is full of interest,—great water-falls come tumbling down the mountain side, and the water goes rushing through gorges, having frightful, abysmal depths.

The Geiranger Fjord is the most beautiful bit of scenery in Southern Norway, though it is only eleven miles long and 300 yards wide. Vertical walls rise on each side to the height of 5,000 feet, and their serrated summits are sharply reflected in the clear waters of the bay. From the tops of the high cliffs leap innumerable waterfalls, which seem to plunge from the very skies when the clouds hang low. The most beautiful is the "Seven Sisters," which falls like so many silken threads of white against the dark green moss. The snow which feeds the streams above has melted, so that only three of the "Seven Sisters" are discernible from the vessel, or, as a German passenger says: "Four of the 'Sisters' have married and moved away for the summer." The Brude Slur, or bridal veil, near the "Sisters," descends "like a veil from the sky line of the high cliff, and spreads its streamers over the face of the mountain wall." When the slanting sunbeams send a rainbow dancing in its spray, we think of its namesake in the Yosemite, and note a similarity between our own beautiful valley and this lovely Geiranger waterway. Perched on the precipitous mountain sides are little farms, which are approached by tortuous paths. The story is told of a fisherman—whose house could only be reached by a ladder—that, safe in his eyrie, he refused to pay his taxes, and when pursued by the sheriff he drew up his ladder, and successfully defied the law. When the storms of winter have made these trails slippery with ice and snow, the dead cannot be

brought down for burial in the cemeteries in the valleys, and in summer the children, as well as the animals, have to be tied to trees to keep them from falling over the cliffs.

The thirty miles of shores of the Sogne Fjord present a lonesome aspect, without farms or villages, almost devoid of vegetation, as the shaly nature of the rock, combined with the frequent landslides, prevents grass and trees from getting a foothold. Through the fjords of this district came many of the great Vikings, who overran England, and from these mountains, in medieval times, powerful nobles defied the king and the whole of his army.

In the hollow of the hills, at the end of the Nord Fjord, are three little lakes, fed by the great Jostedalbrae Glacier, the largest icefield in Europe, and every tourist visits one of its numerous branches. As we approach the glacier, the great masses of ice, which had appeared so smooth and white in the distance, prove to be of the deepest blue in the crevasses, while its face is covered with stones. Some of the fearless members of our party, despite the warnings of the guides, explore the depths of a great cove of ice at the end of the glacier, and report that it is a most beautiful sight. For our part, we prefer to view the rocks which cover the floor of the valley, and contemplate what our fate would be if a great boulder should come rolling down the mountain side in our direction. Four years ago an avalanche of stone and dirt fell into the Loenband, completely wrecking a steamer and killing sixty people.

The Molde Fjord is not considered as beautiful as some of its more southern neighbors, but the snow-capped mountains and the invigorating air make the town a favorite summer resort for the

Norwegians. This "City of Roses," though situated in the same latitude as St. Petersburg, is full of the flowers which have given it the name, while honeysuckle and poppies are very abundant.

In this old town we find a reproduction of a silver communion spoon commonly used several centuries ago by the inhabitants. It is about six inches long with a bowl three inches wide and having a hinge where it joins the handle. After using it the owner would fold it up and carry it away in his pocket. This was done so that, in case of a plague or epidemic, there would be no danger from having a common drinking cup. This device, used probably two hundred years ago, is an interesting precursor of the individual communion cup of the present day. This people may not have known much about bacteria in those days, but they certainly had some ideas about the danger of contracting disease.

Though we see only one shower in Norway, during our stay, yet this is a most uncommon summer and usually on the Romsdal Fjord the traveler enjoys true "westland weather," as the Scandinavians call it, that peculiar combination of sunshine, showers and rainbows, which is at the same time the joy and despair of every traveler. One moment the waters of the fjord sparkle in the sunlight, while white, fleecy clouds drift over the towering mountains; a moment later the rain descends, the sea grows dark and sullen, while over all the thick, black clouds have gathered, and veil the beauties of the landscape. They say that just as a person gets damp enough to be miserable, then the rain ceases, a gleam of sunshine comes slanting through the grayness, and a brilliant rainbow spans the eastern sky. One lady told us that she encountered seven showers in one afternoon, and saw nine distinct rainbows; she then concluded that the "bow of promise"

which Noah saw could not have been of the Norwegian type. It is customary when children are confirmed to present them umbrellas as a necessary equipment for their life's journey, but the young people must cherish them as treasures too precious for use, because people say that they never see a native carrying an umbrella, no matter how hard it may be raining.

The sun shines all day as we drive up the Romsdal Valley, through a narrow gorge, with the mountains towering hundreds of feet on either side. The snow still lies in the sheltered places on the hill-sides, though it is so warm we need no outside wraps. In one place the gorge is choked with the mass of dirt and rock, which, loosened by the sharp frosts of winter, has slid down the mountain side, carrying destruction in its pathway. Before us the Romsdalshorn thrusts its sharp point into the azure blue, and near it stretches the Troldtindern, where the wild elves are wont to gambol. On the other side the King, Queen, Bishops and Castles stand in brave array, though we look in vain for the humbler knights and pawns.

Another pleasant day we spend on the Sor Fjord, where thrifty homesteads remind us of New England farms, while the ranges of towering mountains, whitened with recent snows, recall the glory of the Swiss Alps. Our steamer stops at the prosperous little hamlets to take on board passengers and freight. At one place they lift a young colt from the wharf to the deck of the steamer, and again they raise a baby carriage, containing the little one, while the mother ascends the gang plank. Small children, with bouquets of wild flowers, come aboard at the landing places, but are too timid to raise their eyes from the floor, much less to offer their wares for sale. In a small cove, an old man in a rowboat tows

a few logs alongside our vessel and strong hands put them up on to the deck. Here is the same exhibition of primitive methods which we have noted in other parts of the country.

The Norwegian mind is sometimes slow to grasp the importance of the inventions which his brother from America has introduced, preferring to spend half an hour in hauling timber on board by hand, when the donkey engine would accomplish the work in ten minutes.

Although these fjords have many common characteristics, yet each possesses its own peculiar attraction.

Who can describe this beauty? What words can adequately convey any idea of their loveliness? Every traveler, from Bayard Taylor to the rhapsodist of last season, has gone into ecstasies over the glory of the mountain heights, but one must stand in their presence and view the mighty glaciers and gauze-like water-falls to feel the majesty and might of the power which created these wonders. As we stand for the last time between the towering cliffs, and see the sun sink behind the serrated rocks—its last golden glow caught by the snow-capped peaks, we verily think that we are in a land of enchantment.

In great contrast to the country of Norway are the cities, and one of the most attractive is Bergen, with its broad streets, and business-like air. If we were to select a city in this far North for a permanent abode we would choose this, the second city in this country in size and importance, and the first, until about the middle of the last century, when Christiania began to extend her commerce. Its harbor is full of vessels of all kinds, varying in size from a fishing smack to the merchant marine. Fish constitutes the chief article of trade in Bergen, and its exportation is something enormous; in cod alone

seven million dollars' worth is sold annually. The old fish market stands on the German quay, and here one finds innumerable tubs, containing the live article, for the customers do not like to buy their fish after they are dead. The dealer will scoop out the fish by means of a net attached to a handle, strike it on the head with something hard to kill it, and then will wrap it in paper, and give it to his purchaser. Bergen was the center of the fish industry as early as the thirteenth century, and exported this commodity to all parts of Europe, to supply the place of meat on the numerous fast days prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. This flourishing trade aroused the jealousy of the German merchants, and thither came the great Hanseatic League, which, at one time, controlled nearly all the commerce in Europe,—extending from Bergen on the North to Venice on the South, and from Novgorod to London. By methods, not unknown to the great American trusts of to-day, it sought to enrich its members at the expense of weaker concerns. The weights used by this League for purchasing fish were much lighter than those which they would put on their scales for selling commodities, but their righteous intentions were inscribed on the first page of each ledger, where were written the words, "In the name of Jesus." The power of the League increased till it controlled the industries as well as the commerce of the cities in which it did business. Indeed, it dictated to kings, and dethroned them when they would not accede to its demands.

During the sixteenth century a force of 3,000 Germans was employed in Bergen. All these Hanseatic employés lived along the wharf in a series of communal houses, called "gaards." In one of these original dwellings, still preserved as a museum, and fitted up with the old Hanseatic furniture, one may

get a good idea of the life of those times. On the ground floor are the counting rooms of the firm, and the little office where the head merchant would drink a glass of schnapps with his customer. The second story contained the sleeping rooms of the merchant and his clerks. The beds were built into the wall, and when the door was shut in front of them, they were enclosed in a box, into which not a particle of fresh air could enter. A large stone basin under a hanging brass kettle of water invited the inmates to their morning ablutions, while four wicks in the corners of trays holding oil and suspended from the ceiling, furnished light during the long winter evenings. In the park, near the Bergen museum, stand some Runic stones, inscribed with old Norse characters which are legible only to the archeologist. These inscriptions were chiselled by the hand of half civilized man before the use of iron was known, and at a time when all northern Europe was inhabited by savages, and before Cæsar had brought the first spark of Eastern culture to the British Isles. The old pagan churches which may still be seen in some parts of Scandinavia belong to a later age. In these dark-timbered structures, which resemble Chinese pagodas more than religious buildings, rams were offered as a sacrifice to Thor and Wodin.

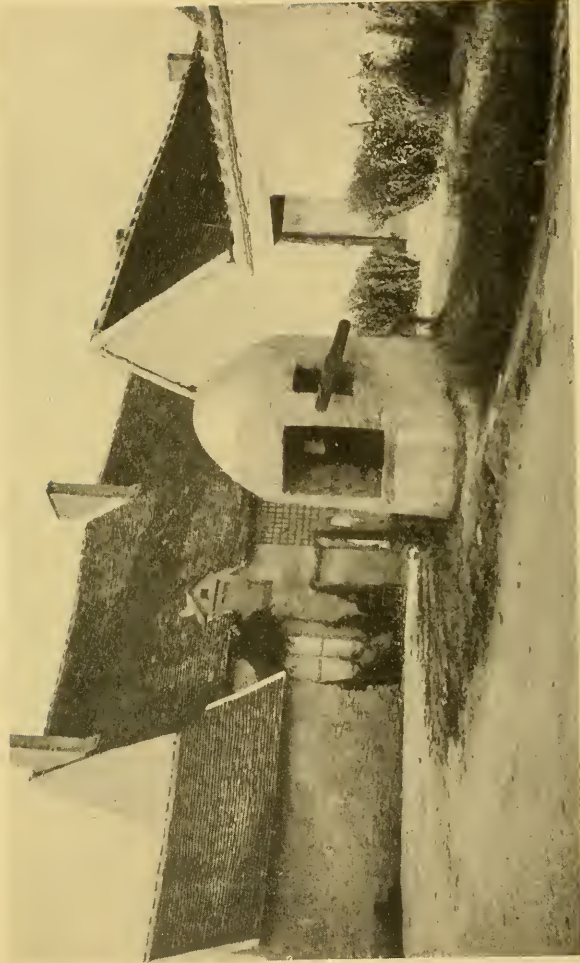
The Hanseatic merchants heard divine service in the old Maria Kirke, which still stands in all the massive beauty of the Romanesque style of the fifteenth century. The altar-piece is a statue of a Madonna, standing on a crescent moon, surrounded by the twelve apostles, carved with all the grotesque imagery of the medieval mind. Near this church is the old royal castle, with its strong walls and immense towers. Political prisoners were thrown into dungeons, located deep down under the Rosen-

krantz Tower, where the light of day never entered, and there they dragged out an existence worse than death itself, while in the banqueting hall, the king and his court danced on polished floors, and drank the night away under the eyes of grinning gargoyles.

Bergen is old, but in age it cannot compare with Trondhjem, which has had continuous existence for a thousand years. It was the home of the old Norwegian kings, and at the present time a king must come here to be crowned. The old fortress commands a fine view of the harbor, and the island fortress where Peter Suffenfeldt was confined for twenty years. The cathedral is built of blue slate, with finely carved decorations. One-half of the outside is covered with boards, as it is being restored, and this is often the case with these old temples. But this town has little interest for us, compared with our anticipations, as we here board the "Kong Harold" for our trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Generally the tourist does not go farther north than Trondhjem, being satisfied with the beauty and grandeur of what he has already seen of fjord and mountain, and being unwilling to take the long voyage, and then suffer the disappointment of having the midnight sun veiled in fog or mist as is very apt to be the case.

But should this happen the places of interest visited on shore, and the unsurpassed scenery of the coast, would well repay one for the trip. There are many who come here each summer, as is seen by the ten different nationalities represented among our passengers. Though the entire voyage requires about a week, yet it does not seem long, for we leave the boat each day and visit some place of interest. The course of the steamer is such that, much of the time, we are in an archipelago, so that



A PEASANT'S HOUSE NEAR BLOIS



THRESHING AND SIFTING BARLEY: SPAIN

the water is comparatively quiet. When we cross the Arctic Circle a cannon is fired, and now we really begin to feel that we are in the far North. Yet our remoteness from civilization is rendered less apparent by the fact that a wireless telegraph station has just been established in this Nordland, and the announcement of our steamer's arrival is the first message sent to the American press. Surely, "the world do move." The general aspect of the scenery in this locality is more rugged and impressive than in southern Norway, the snow-capped mountains are higher and the glaciers larger, and more numerous.

The Loffoden Islands form a chain 130 miles long, and produce, with the picturesque mountains and fjords, the finest scenery to be found on the Norway coast. These islands in winter are the scene of great activity, because that season is the harvest time for the Norwegian fishermen. Twenty-five thousand people are engaged in fishing in this locality every winter, and, as a result of their labors, they can show twenty millions of cod,—a respectable catch when we remember that it is all done by the light of the stars and the aurora borealis, since night in this region as completely rules the winter as day does the summer.

When we sail away to the northward, it grows colder, vegetation lessens and one wonders how anything can be raised on these bleak shores in such short summers, though people seem to be living wherever there is an available spot of ground. Potatoes, oats, and rye grow as far north as Tromsøe, but fishing forms the chief source of income for the inhabitants.

One morning we visit the Raftsund, where Emperor William goes each summer. Another day we enter the Troll Fjord, where there is just barely

room for the steamer to pass between the sheer faces of the rocks, which extend upward for hundreds of feet on both sides,—all covered with snow and capped with ice. The boat stops and allows us to land and see, close at hand, the Svartisen glacier, which is the largest one in Europe that extends to the sea.

At Tromsøe the Laplanders come down to our vessel, while in the Lyngen Fjord we go ashore and visit their encampment. Clad in their fur garments they are somewhat attractive, but a glance into their huts shows that they know nothing of sanitation, and how can they be expected to live hygienically when they never change their clothing till it is worn out?

They have winter and summer abodes, the former being made of sod, placed in layers upon a framework of branches, so that the whole resembles in form and color, a huge wasp's nest. The summer houses are simply skin tents, like the Indian tepees, and are much to be preferred to the sod houses, because the air circulates through them more freely. They possess a herd of reindeer, some white and some brown. The horns of these animals, at this season, are covered with fur, and their coats look very much moth eaten. We never realized before that the antlers are shed every year; they are so large and branching that it does not seem as if they could attain such size in that length of time.

We visit Hammerfest with much interest. It is the most northern town in Europe and is enveloped in darkness for three months in the year, yet it lies ensconced on the banks of a bay sheltered by the hills which protect it from the icy blasts of winter. The effect of the Gulf Stream is felt even here and its climate is milder than that of Christiania, the bay remaining free from ice all through the long

winter. The people of this locality are generally Lutherans and we attend that church service here in Hammerfest. On the seat with us sit two Lapps from a neighboring encampment.

In this city we find a meridian shaft or monument, erected by the Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian governments, to show the number of degrees between this spot and the mouth of the Danube.

Even before reaching this city of the North we



A Lapp's Tent

have experienced an indescribable feeling in having night turned into day, and in being able to read and write at night. In a certain sense it is somewhat trying because one never has any particular hour for retiring, and it seems perfectly in accord with the nature of things to sit up all night. This town is the headquarters of the fishermen, and in this vicinity many tons of fish are caught during the year. It seems strange that men will be willing to brave the perils of these Arctic waters for wages amounting to not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a year.

As we approach Nordcap all are wondering whether conditions will be favorable for seeing this remarkable phenomenon that is to be the final object of our long voyage. At this time of the year, the first week in July, there are five opportunities for seeing the midnight sun—two before you reach North Cape, one at that point, and twice on the re-

turn. North Cape is, itself, a rocky promontory, about 1,000 feet in height, and situated on an island which is the most northerly of all those that belong to Norway. From a distance can be seen the monument erected on its summit in commemoration of King Oscar's visit in 1873. When we reach the North Cape it is hardly possible to realize that nothing but water, snow and ice separate us from the Pole, which has been the goal of so many navigators.

Soon our ship comes to anchor and those who wish are taken in rowboats to the foot of this headland that they may get a view of the midnight sun from the very top. The climb requires about an hour and a half, and is somewhat difficult, as the path zigzags up the almost perpendicular sides of the cliff, but here and there ropes have been fastened to the rocks, and these prove of great assistance to the climber. It is quite warm and every one sheds coat and sweater and gives them to a small boy, who carries a pile as high as his head up to the top and down again for ten ore apiece,—about two and one-half cents. As the traveler reaches the summit he is filled with inexpressible feelings, for he is told that he is 200 miles farther north than Behring Strait, and in about the same latitude as that in which Sir John Franklin perished in the ice. The North Cape is in the same latitude as Point Barrow, the extreme northern point of Alaska, viz.: 70 degrees, 10 minutes, 40 seconds.

The flag of Norway floats from the summit, and the German Emperor erected a cairn there upon the occasion of his visit in 1891; so pleased was he with the view that he repeats his visit nearly every year, when he comes yachting in these northern waters. An officer brings up letters of the passengers, and stamps them here, so that they can be properly mail-

ed from "the top of the world."

In July quite a variety of wild flowers can be found upon this promontory,—daisies, buttercups, and the white saxifraga cotyledon that is the most hardy of all Norwegian plants; only mosses and lichens can rival it in the altitude which it attains.

Rockets thrown from our ship notify us to be on our guard, as it is five minutes before the time the sun will "come to a standstill." Now slowly sinking, the apparently molten, quavering orb rests for a moment upon the horizon, then rises majestically, while the heavens are glowing with the most intense yellows and reds, whose reflection can be seen on distant glaciers and ice fields. If one could imagine several beautiful sunsets combined he might possibly gain some adequate conception of the beauty of the midnight sun as we saw it.

Strange and weird does everything seem as the pink glow is thrown upon all the neighboring snow-capped peaks and rocky cliffs rising on every side. Loons and other water fowl fly overhead and add life to the scene, which is as bright as at the noon-tide hour.

It is interesting to see how the strangeness and glory of the scene affect different people. The Italians are the most emotional, and embrace each other, shouting and singing. An American exhibits his patriotism by waving his country's flag, while others sometimes sing their national songs and, amid the strangeness of the scene, the thoughts of all revert to their native land as they in turn, sing "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise," or the "Watch on the Rhine." As the Germans are in excess, the strains of their hymn are heard above all others.

We wend our way down the sides of the cliff, and reach our ship in safety. Soon the prow is turned

southward and we look once more upon "the last of countless sunsets which had that day been following each other round the globe, and the first of countless sunrises which, hour after hour, in so many continents, would wake to life again a sleeping world."

As we take our departure we feel like reiterating the thoughts of a famous traveler, who said, as he looked upon this midnight sun: "I have seen many impressive sights in many lands, but nothing, until time for me shall be no more, can equal in solemnity the hour when, standing on this threshold of a continent, and on the edge of this immeasurable sea, I watched, without one moment's interval of darkness, the Past transform itself into the Present, and Yesterday become To-day."

CHAPTER XXVI

ON TO STOCKHOLM

THE ride over the Bergenbahn, as the mountain railroad from Bergen across Norway to Christiania is called, is replete with interest. No other railroad in the world extends so great a distance above the tree line, yet its 178 snow-sheds and tunnels prevent us from seeing some of the glaciers and snow.

The first part of the route lies along the banks of the picturesque Sogne Fjord, but gradually ascends toward the high, central tableland, between snow-covered mountains and over rushing torrents. We plunge from one tunnel to another, with only a moment of daylight in which to catch glimpses of wild ravines and rocky mountains, till we finally emerge from the darkness of the Voss tunnel into a world of dazzling whiteness. At this height of nearly 4,000 feet, the ice never melts from the lakes, nor the snow from the ground, but lies many feet deep on all sides, so that it has been necessary to protect the railroad track with a snow shed for many miles. The ten minute stop at Finse affords opportunity for a short walk in the crisp mountain air, and enables us to clear our eyes and lungs of the suffocating smoke which filled the cars, as we were passing through the sheds. The three engines, which puff and pant after their steep mountain climb, are designated as "huge" in the local time table, but all of them put together would not make one good Baldwin locomotive. The clang of the station bell gives its warning note, but the conductor, in his long Prince Al-

bert coat, takes his time about closing and locking the door of the baggage car. He answers, in half a dozen languages, the questions of various travellers, and blows his little dog whistle as a signal that he is ready to go. The engineer clammers aboard his locomotive, sends forth a piercing shriek as his warning note and, after a few moments of waiting required by law, the grinding of the brakes and the creaking of the wheels announce that we are off once more, this time on our downward journey. This express train, like many other good things in Norway, takes its own time, and requires eleven hours to travel the three hundred miles from Bergen to Christiania. The Norwegian government has spent a tremendous amount of time and money on this road, and the most skilled engineers have been employed in its construction.

The water approach to the capital of Norway is more interesting than that by which the railroad enters the city. Green islands dot the harbor, while behind the city rise mountains thousands of feet high. This old town is clean and neat, but shows few buildings of architectural beauty. The royal palace is quite attractive, and there are three national museums.

Through the kindness of a friend, who is a teacher in the University here, we are taken down the harbor to see the old Viking ship, which is soon to be placed in one of the University buildings. This old relic was found in a mound near the sea fourteen years ago. It had probably lain there over ten centuries, preserved in the hard, blue clay soil. In it were discovered some plates and drinking cups used by the Vikings. This ship also contained some bones, probably those of its captain, for in those days vessels were often used for funeral barges and were buried with the prow toward the sea, so that

when Odin called the chief to life again he might be ready to start on another voyage. Strolling about the city we come to an excellent fruit and vegetable market with attractive flower stands. We find the lilacs in full bloom now, and the blossoms are more delicate in color and much heavier than we see in America. It is light here all night, so that one can easily read at midnight, but this continuous brightness is not conducive to sleep till one becomes accustomed to it. They say that most of the time it is foggy or rainy, so that nearly every one carries an umbrella, even in the sunshine, because the changes in the weather are very rapid. In fact, so common a sight in the cities is an umbrella, that it is said a horse will shy if he sees a person without one.

We visit the parliament, (*Storthing*) which is in session at present, and find it very interesting. They have only one House, and it has 125 members, but when discussing important questions they divide into two Houses of about fifty to seventy-five members respectively. Suffrage is universal, but the men approve of it more generally than the women, strange as it may seem. We have talked with several about it, and some consider it a good thing for the country, while others do not approve of it.*

The schools are excellent, and education is compulsory from the age of six to fifteen. English and German are both required, and must be well taught, for so many of the people can speak these languages. Our maid in the hotel is German, so we get along quite well. We are learning Norwegian, more or less, and try to speak it a little every day. The language *per se* is not very difficult to grasp, but the

*Since writing the above a woman has been elected to the *Storthing*, and has made her maiden speech before that body.

pronunciation is simply jaw-breaking. Our Norwegian friends endeavor to teach us the language, but their efforts seem rather futile when we astonish the people at the dinner-table by saying the word for sweet-heart when we mean fork. Imagine the surprise of a lady, when we informed her that we had used *sko crème* on our face for sun-burn,—we were trying to say cold-cream, but instead used the word for shoe-blackening.

In order to see something of the country life of the people in this part of Scandinavia, we spend ten days at Fredericksvaarn, a small fishing village on the Southern coast of Norway, 150 miles from Christiania, and reached by boat in eight hours. This town is much older than Christiania, and is an ideal place for rest and diversion. It is one of the most beautiful places we have ever seen, and if it were in America it would be overrun with tourists within a week. The country here is very picturesque. The harbor is dotted with rocks and islands, upon some of which are light-houses. Most of the natives are fishermen, and an occasional one has been to America and can speak good English, while others have shipped before the mast and have seen something of other countries. They spend their time catching salmon, mackerel and lobsters, which are served up for our repast at the little hotel, three times a day, and we enjoy this diet greatly. The fish are very cheap; mackerel cost only about one dollar per hundred. Rye bread, with cheese, is a favorite kind of food, and one that is relished by foreigners when they become used to it. The cheese is made of goat's milk, and is cut in thin slices and laid upon the bread in place of butter. A favorite kind of dessert is clabbered milk, which each person sprinkles with a layer of fine bread crumbs, followed by sugar. We manage to consume ours by eating off the top, and then

resprinkling it with crumbs and sugar, but this process has to be repeated several times. House-keeping here must be a very simple matter, for servants are only paid three to four dollars per month. We sail in the morning and ride in the afternoon. The people are amazed to see us drive by ourselves in preference to hiring a driver,—one way costs as much as the other. Only the very poor people drive themselves, and then seldom do the women handle the lines. Some things are very cheap, for instance, we pay only half a crown a day, thirteen and one-half cents, for the use of a rowboat.

They tell us that we are the first American women who have visited this place, and we can believe it from the way the inhabitants stare at us, but they are very kind and seem glad to have us here.

It is with feelings of bright anticipation that we alight from our sleeper, after a night's ride has brought us from Christiania to the city of Stockholm. As we note the many highways of water and the various lagoons, connecting the islands on which the city is built, we feel that it is rightly called the "Venice of the North." It is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, as well as one of the most modern and up-to-date. Its imposing public buildings, fine streets, and well laid out parks whose beauties are enhanced by an abundance of flowers and statuary, render the city most attractive.

The fact that this city has a telephone for every six inhabitants, or 50,000, is an indication of its commercial importance and prosperity. Some of the names of the streets seem as unpronounceable as did many of those in Russian cities. One which especially puzzled our brains was Yxsmedsgatan, and we never did learn its meaning, or how the natives did roll it off from their tongues. Of course there are far more streets than in Venice, but the canals are used

a great deal, as they often afford more direct communication between places than land routes do. The little boats used on them make regular trips, and the fare is about the same as on the street cars and, by this means, you can go within walking distance of almost any place in the old city for the small sum of two and one-half cents,—ten *ore*.

In the summer the royal family live at Drottningholm, some distance from the city, consequently visitors are admitted to the city palace. Its various rooms bespeak the taste and love of its occupants for home life. The study of the late King Oscar shows the room just as he left it, even to the arrangement of the articles on his writing-desk.

The Dowager Queen's rooms are more comfortable in appearance than are wont to be seen in royal abodes. She shows her domestic tastes in collections of pictures, books, and china. In her tea-room is a painting in oil of the little house in Nexjö where Christine Nilsson was born. A pearl and ebony cradle, presented to King Oscar by the Sultan of Turkey, and the one in which the royal children were rocked, is still carefully preserved.

Her collection of Sèvres china is undoubtedly the most complete in existence. The story is told of a visit of King Oscar to Sèvres some years ago when he looked over the best productions of that factory, and then inquired: "Is that all you can show in the kind of ware belonging to that period?"

"Yes," said the official, "and there is only one man who has any more than we have here."

"But I have over three hundred pieces of this variety," said the visitor. With a great deal of astonishment the exhibitor replied: "Excuse me, that cannot be possible, for no one can make such an assertion except the King of Sweden."

"Well, I am the King of Sweden," Oscar replied

very modestly.

The people revere the memory of "good King Oscar" and his casket, in the Riddarholm Church, is often decorated with flowers, the gift of loving subjects to a much loved ruler.

All the kings of Sweden for three hundred years have been buried in this old sanctuary which is most cold and uninviting in appearance, and here every Sunday morning all the nobility of the city attend service, and among the names of those interred in this church do we see those of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty Years War, Gustavus III. and IV, and all by the name of Charles who have been famous in Scandinavian history.

The present king, Gustavus, is not the forceful man that his father was, but his reign has not been of sufficient length to determine how beneficial it will be. The reigning Queen is the second cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the people seem to think that she is not adapting herself to Swedish customs, but is rather trying to introduce German ideas into their democratic court. She is a sculptor of some merit, as some of the works of her hand in the art gallery of Stockholm testify.

The Swedish government has placed great importance upon the education of the people, and has tried to make its system very general and far reaching. English is not spoken as commonly in this country as in Norway. The schoolhouses in Stockholm are equal to any in America, and one is equipped with baths, swimming-pool, gymnasium, and all modern appliances. Sweden has the smallest per cent, of illiteracy, and Norway and Denmark next in order of all European countries. The free public schools show an attendance of over ninety per cent. of the children of school age. In the country districts the salaries paid teachers are quite small, but Sweden has

a system of pensioning teachers for age or disability.

A public library in a town is said to be an index of the progress of the people, and if this is so, surely the people of Stockholm must be very progressive, for their library is most complete. It also contains some rare old manuscripts and priceless volumes, among which we find the Codex Aureus (600 A. D.), which was brought, together with the Codex Argenteus (4th century) to Sweden from Prague by Gustavus Adolphus in 1648. The last named is kept in the library of the National University at Upsala, and is very valuable because it is about the only original manuscript existing that was written in the Gothic language, though both of these are considered valuable acquisitions, because they are among the oldest versions of the Scriptures that have been brought to light. The Wittenberg Bible of 1586 is also in the library here, and another one of 1466, the Devil's Bible, as it is called, is very large and requires two men to lift it. This last is reckoned among the famous books of the world and was written by a German monk who was condemned to death, but was told that the sentence would not be executed if he would copy the entire Bible in one night. He performed the task and the people said the Evil One assisted him, or he could not have done it.

There is also a Swedish book of 1281, and Icelandic, Danish, and Norwegian manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Just outside, in the park in which the library stands, is a statue of Linnaeus, the great botanist.

The National Museum in Stockholm has a good exhibit of articles belonging to the prehistoric age; stone utensils, also implements made of bronze, gold, silver, and iron. There are fine tapestries, wood carvings, gold breast-plates, studded with precious stones, crowns, mitres, and vestments. The collec-

tion of paintings is fairly good; the Swedish and Netherland schools predominate, though there are some of the Old Masters represented. A portrait of Jenny Lind, playing on a piano, reminds us that this noted singer was a native of this country.

The Northern Museum, situated in the suburbs, is the finest building of the kind that we have ever seen, and its collections are of the highest merit as showing a great deal that pertained to Sweden and the life of its people, in short, it is an epitome of Swedish history.

At Skansen, near the great Northern Museum, we find a representation of rural Swedish life, in a park of forty acres, where all the natural beauties of rocks, hills and valleys have been retained. They have taken down in the country, houses of all kinds and had them set up here by the men who lived in them. Whole farmhouses, stables, storehouses, saeters, and other buildings reappear here with all their original furnishings. They are peopled by persons who dress and live as did their ancestors hundreds of years ago. The life of the people of Sweden is here seen, from that of the Lapp who comes from the frozen North with his tent and clothing of skin, his dogs and reindeer, to the peasant who brings all his animals and wooden implements of agriculture. The women spin and weave as they do in the country to-day, and as their foremothers have done for ages. All kinds of animals that are found in Sweden live here as they would in their natural haunts. Several times during the week the peasants gather at sunset and dance the old folk dances to music produced on old fashioned instruments. One never tires of the attractions of Skansen which is the most unique historical exhibition that this practical century has produced in any land.

Stockholm is a city where one longs to tarry yet

another day, so full of interest is it, and so delightful are its people. Even the little children are unusually courteous and pleasant mannered; in fact, everything is conducive to make the traveller's stay in this place one of continual joy and pleasure.

There is no better way of seeing southern Sweden than by travelling on the Gotha Canal which connects Stockholm and Gottenburg. This waterway is a series of short canals connecting rivers and lakes. It was twenty-two years in the building, being finished in 1822, and the whole is a marvellous example



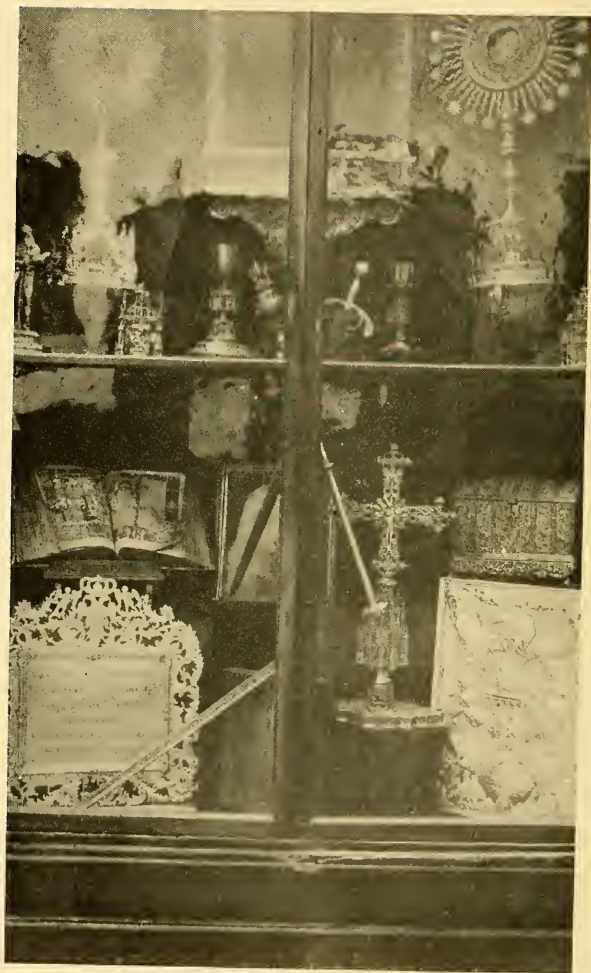
of engineering skill. John Ericsson, the inventor of the screw propellor, worked on it as a surveyor, and when twelve years old, had charge of 600 men.

When we reach Lake Vettern, our boat goes down to the city of Jönköping where we disembark after a trip of thirty-six hours, during which we have passed through thirty-seven locks and risen 291 feet in going a distance of 276 miles. The journey is a very pleasant one, the boat is comfortable, and the food of good quality. The country is most beautiful and full of historic interest. While the boat is going through the locks many times the passengers have an opportunity to visit the villages on the banks, and, if one has plenty of time no more ideal way of travelling can be imagined.

We leave these "twin countries of the North," impressed with their scenic beauties, and with the people themselves, whose industry, honesty, education, and progressiveness along all lines, have placed them in the fore rank of the nations of the world.



ALCAZAR; SEVILLE



TREASURY OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA: GRANADA

CHAPTER XXVI

COPENHAGEN, THORWALDSEN AND HIS ART

IT IS with pleasure that the traveller comes to Denmark, the smallest of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, and sees what a people, within such a limited area, have done to make their name loved at home and respected abroad.

This nation has played a very conspicuous part in connection with Norway and Sweden, and, in fact, we think of Denmark as having a hand in shaping indirectly the destinies of several world powers, because the aged King Christian is rightly called the father-in-law of Europe. His oldest son, Frederick, married the daughter of the late King Oscar of Sweden. George, his second son, and the King of Greece, married the sister of Alexander III. of Russia. Waldemar, the youngest son, married Marie, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France. Alexandra, the oldest daughter, is the Queen Dowager of England, while Dagmar, the second daughter, married Alexander III. of Russia, and is the Dowager Empress of that empire. The youngest daughter married the Duke of Cumberland. The grandson, Prince Charles became the husband of his cousin, the Princess Maud of England. Another grandson married the Princess Alexandrine of Germany, and the granddaughter Charlotte is the wife of Prince Carl of Sweden. Thus we can see that many of the European countries, through their rulers, are interested in the Danish kingdom.

At the castle of Fredensborg, the summer home

of the King of Denmark, and twenty-seven miles from Copenhagen, these various potentates have a reunion or home-coming every year, and in 1897, when the late Queen Louise celebrated her eightieth birthday, thirty-seven of the members of the reigning families of Europe assembled here. And the country people in that locality love to recount the strange deeds of these royal notables, when they say they "acted just like common folks," as they enjoyed a gala season of three weeks in playing golf, tennis, and riding horseback. One day the present King of England and the Czar of Russia, had a very cousinly wrestling match.

On another occasion the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the then Queen of England could be seen walking arm in arm under the old trees where they had played as children, and had been wooed and won in later years.

Not very far away is the Island of Elsinore on which stands the Castle of Kronborg, where the tragedy of Hamlet is said to have taken place. Probably the real Hamlet did live here, and Shakespeare took the plot of his play from a story written by a monk named Saxo-Grammaticus in 1204, and published in French in 1562. Ophelia does not appear in the story, but the imaginative guide will show you the place in the moat where she was drowned. Not far distant is a cairn of stones over the grave of Hamlet, while a rude shaft bears the inscription:

.....
:
: Hamlet's Grav :
:
:.....

The old Cathedral of Roskilde, twenty miles from Copenhagen, holds the dust of the Danish kings.

Each year the royal family come out here, and spend a day.

One of the pillars in the church shows marks, indicating the height of various crowned heads who have visited the spot, and among them are the names of King Edward of England, Peter the Great, Nicholas, and Alexander III.

The visitor is impressed with the well scrubbed streets of the Danish capital, the large squares, the fine buildings, and beautiful parks, shaded with trees whose size would indicate great age.

Flowers are blossoming everywhere, and in such bright, gorgeous colors that it seems as if here, as in Norway and Sweden, they were trying to make the most of the short season. Nearly every window is full, and most of the houses have their small garden plots in front where bright nasturtiums and scarlet geraniums appear to rival each other in their efforts to attract the attention of the passer-by.

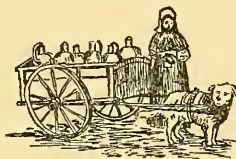
The Danes have just cause to be proud of their capital, and have done their best to make it attractive and beautiful by the erection of many fine, modern buildings of which the Rathaus and Exchange are typical examples, and by laying out pretty promenades on the water fronts which present a brilliant spectacle on warm summer evenings when all classes, from the poorest workman to the gaily attired officers, are out to take advantage of any cool breeze, or to get a drink in some café.

The city has done honor to its great men by erecting a large number of statues. Among these is that of Hans Christian Andersen, seen in one of the parks where he used to gather the children and tell them stories; perhaps the same tales that afterwards found their way out of his fertile brain into print, and delighted the children in thousands of homes in other lands. His last work was a poem entitled "Quiet-

ude," the last three lines of which are as follows, showing the love he had for this city.

"My home at home, where 'neath the alder tree,
My life found sunshine, and my song soared free.
I, grateful, happy, bring this lay to thee.

"A floating, gay, illuminated town,
But yet it is more beautiful within
This happy home of hospitality."



A Danish Milk-Cart

And the government has shown its appreciation of history and art by making reproductions of well known pieces of sculpture relative to these subjects and beautifying the city with them.

The Danes are trying in every way possible to glorify their past, and preserve the memory of all their great men, and this is being done in an orderly manner and with a due sense of historic values. This can be seen at Rosenberg Castle, built in 1610 by Christian IV. and used by him and his successors as a royal residence. This castle is situated in a park, which was at one time in the country, but the city has grown so that now this building stands about in the centre, and is used as a museum.

Each room is filled with portraits, costumes, jewelry, furniture, porcelain, etc., all belonging to one certain period, and arranged chronologically in regular historical order. Thus we find here representations of the time of Christian IV., Frederick III.,

Christian V. and other rulers, which is an excellent arrangement, as it plainly shows the development and growth from one century to the next. One of the most interesting exhibits is that of the jewelry. We see here that at the time of Christian IV. the precious stones are rough, uncut, and rudely set; during the reign of Frederick III. there is a great advance along artistic lines, especially concerning inlaid work; and in the reign of Frederick IV. the stones begin to be beautifully cut and set in artistic and prettily carved settings; during this period much Italian inlaid work is brought into the country together with Venetian glass and Florentine mosaic. The gradual improvement in portrait painting begins to be very pronounced. This castle has not been used as a residence since early in the nineteenth century.

The collection in the National Museum is of incalculable value, and is also arranged in chronological order, and in the most favorable manner for study. This collection is rich in Danish relics, and one cannot leave it all without being impressed with the long, long ages of men living before us, and about whom the most of us know and think so little. Grains of wheat, found petrified in a rock and dating from 4000 B. C., tell us these people were even then progressive farmers, though their implements were rough flint blades attached to wooden handles.

In warfare they used flint arrow heads and daggers much like those of the American Indian. They hollowed out great trunks of trees for coffins and, after the body was placed inside, the two halves of the tree trunk were put together again. A number of these time-blackened trunks have been found buried in the ground.

The Glyptothek is an art museum of which the Danes are justly proud. It is well lighted and with

a court in the centre full of palms and rare exotics, the effect of the whole is most pleasing. The sculpture here exhibited is greatly superior to the paintings, which are comparatively few in number. The modern Scandinavian sculptors are well represented, and there are some good examples, along this line of art, by the French, Italians, and Germans.

But the spot which to us is almost a shrine is the grave of Bertel Thorwaldsen situated in the courtyard of the great building which contains so many of the works of this sculptor.

It is claimed that the few who have become renowned in this world, have for the most part, some external circumstances working in their favor, without which they would apparently have been unknown. Washington might have cultivated his farm and measured the land of his neighbors without having his name handed down to posterity, had not the American Revolution called out his character, and exhibited his greatness to the nation. Though he sagaciously controlled the circumstances which surrounded him, yet we cannot but feel that it is to these circumstances that he, in a great part, owed his celebrity.

But when a mind comes forth from the deepest obscurity, with every circumstance against it, without a single thing to aid it in coming into notice, and yet, breaking through all this and, by its own innate talent and energy, and its own unaided power, rising up and compelling notice, and throwing off the difficulties which destroy most men, we cannot but bestow our undivided admiration. It was thus with Bertel Thorwaldsen. There was, humanly speaking, no one circumstance which indicated but that he must live and die in obscurity.

Son of a poor Iceland carpenter and carver of figureheads for the prows of vessels; born amidst

poverty in 1770, and reared for the first decade of his life in a very humble home, with no one about him who could understand or appreciate his talent; with no hand to lift him up, and no voice which could call attention to him, he struggled and battled till he achieved a victory such as seldom comes to many of the world's great artists. The scanty means of his parents did not permit them to do much for the boy, neither did their ambition run very high in that direction. At eleven years of age he showed considerable skill in drawing so that his father allowed him to attend the Art Academy in Copenhagen. In the second year, 1781, he was promoted to the second class for his proficiency in drawing. His father doubtless intended to educate the boy for the trade which he was following, because, when only thirteen years of age, he had to help his father carve figureheads for ships, and, it is said that the little boy's skill was so great that he often improved his father's carvings.

Later he was promoted to a class in modelling, and received a silver medal. His father now wanted him to stop studying, but the child was so imbued with the art that he could not cease, but continued to assist his father, outside of his hours at the Academy.

His evenings were spent in study, often with three brother artists, and while they were reading some scientific treatise, he would write poetry, or model in clay or bread.

Ten years after he had won the silver medal he thought he would try for a gold one, and met with his competitors, but his courage failed him and he tried to steal away down the back stairs, but one of the teachers met him and besought him to return. He finally yielded to the request of his instructor, and went back and resumed his work which he completed in four hours. We can imagine his surprise when he heard that it was his piece which had secured the

prize.

Two years later he won a large gold medal for the bas-relief of "Peter healing a lame Man." A stipend went with this, enabling him to study abroad for three years. He decided to go to Rome and when he left, his mother became almost insane, and cried for her Bertel.

After many experiences his vessel finally reached Naples and he proceeded to Rome, where he began to work earnestly from the ancient models.

As is the case with most artists, success did not come to him immediately. He modelled a statue of Jason, but could not afford to have a cast made of it, so he broke it up.

He was advised to remake the model, which he did, and was going to break it a second time when a wealthy lady gave him money to have it cast. Still he could not dispose of this statue, and, becoming greatly discouraged, he decided to go back to Denmark. All arrangements had been made for his return, even the carriage was at the door, when he was told that his passport was not duly made out, and he must wait till the morrow. On that very day a wealthy Englishman called and seeing the statue of Jason was so greatly pleased with it that he ordered it executed in marble, and for it he offered the sum of thirteen hundred dollars. This surprised and pleased Thorwaldsen so that he decided to remain in Rome, and from that time he never lacked patronage, and produced many of his best known works.

One of his most charming pieces, transmitted to us from antiquity, is that of "Cupid and Psyche," and the artist has caught the moment when Cupid is hastening to the assistance of Psyche.

About this time Napoleon planned a visit to Rome, and the French Academy there, being entrusted with

the decoration of the Quirinal for the conqueror's reception, committed to Thorwaldsen the execution of a frieze representing the "Entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon," and in this work he achieved great success.

The bas-relief of "Night" was thought out during a long restless vigil, and the next morning he got up and modelled it as we see it to-day, and in the afternoon he made the companion piece of "Day." Though the idea, as expressed in these two well known reliefs, is one that permeated the ancient Greek myths, yet he had a picture in his bed-chamber in Rome called "Veiled Night," and this may have furnished him the suggestion for the relief of "Night," which is represented under the image of a handsome woman, who, with drooped head and closed eyes, flies with gently moving wings out from the starry firmament over the earth. She has a sort of scarf tied around her head beneath a wreath of poppies. On her arm she holds the genii of Sleep and Death. It was completed by Thorwaldsen without the owl which is seen in the rear, but the man who made the cast suggested this addition. In contrast-distinction, Day, or Aurora, hovers on light wings, scattering morning roses over the Eastern skies. On her shoulders the gay Hesperus leans, lifting his torch, whose glittering light invites terrestrials to work and activity. The "Night" was the favorite one with Thorwaldsen himself, as it is with most connoisseurs of to-day. Both were executed in marble, first for Lord Lucan, and then for Prince Bretternick of Austria. In 1815 the "Day" was engraved for the reverse of a medal struck in honor of Prince Liegnitz of Germany. No bas-relief of modern times has been received with so much approbation and interest as these two that have a world-wide reputation. In the street of Condotti, and on the Corso

in Rome, every other art window will have copies of these famous reliefs cut in stone and shell, or cast in plaster.

One of the most popular of Thorwaldsen's groups is that of "Ganymede and the Eagle." In this we behold the beautiful, divine cup-bearer giving the eagle of Jupiter a drink of sweet nectar. So delicately is the whole modelled that it seems as if we can see the fluttering of the wings of the eagle as Ganymede raises the cup to his beak and begins to talk to him.

After twenty-five years this artist, now become truly great, visited his native land for the first time, and was overwhelmed with honors. The King asked him to make several statues for the State Church in Copenhagen. The gable of this edifice was decorated with a large group entitled, "St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Desert." The interior has statues of the apostles on each side of the nave or main part, while at the end there is a figure of Christ ten feet high.

It is said that, after making five models which he broke up, this form was revealed to him, and he exclaimed: "Now I have it, this it must be." The risen Saviour is represented as appearing to His disciples and saying: "Peace be with you." The hands show the print of the nails and the outstretched arms invite all who are heavy laden to come to Him and seek rest. Before it on the floor is the "Angel of Baptism." All these pieces he executed in Rome where he now had become so popular that he was elected president of the Academy of San Luca in 1825.

The monument of Pope Pius VII. in St. Peter's, Rome, was executed by Thorwaldsen in 1830, and is one of the groups that elicits words of praise from the visitor.

In the following years his hand was busy, and many were the bas-reliefs and statues which he produced. Different monuments of this artist in various parts of Europe show the wide-spread desire for his works.

We find in Cambridge an excellent statue of Lord Byron executed by Thorwaldsen. The "Lion of Lucerne" wrought out of the side of the cliff in that city, is a most wonderful work; the "Hope" for the tomb of the Humboldt family near Berlin is greatly admired by every German; while the "Copernicus" at Warsaw is no less revered by all Poland.

In 1838 the King of Denmark invited this artist to return to his native land, and the simple wood carver's son was conducted thither in a royal Danish frigate, which carried the most of his works. He was received by his countrymen like a conquering hero, and his entry into Copenhagen was a most triumphal one. Here, in the midst of admiring friends, he spent the closing years of his life.

With a heart full of love for his people he presented his works to his native town. They are nearly all here, four-fifths of the out-put of a life-time, the creations of his cunning chisel, preserved in a sombre building which was erected partly at his own cost, and partly by subscriptions from the King and the people. In addition to his own works the museum contains a quantity of rare and wonderful *objets d'art* which he collected,—many of them presents from his Italian contemporaries. As we look upon them we wonder how such a prodigious number could have been the work of one man. They are beautiful and ornate and, though they may not grip one to the very heart strings, yet they are born of the exuberance of a divine soul. They are the expression of an individual nature that was deeply religious, and of a mind that was pure and noble.

There is evidently in the artist a healthfulness and harmony which were not in accord with turbulence and tragedy. He looked upon his fellow-men with gentle and peace-loving eyes, though he was not devoid of humor when Cupid came into the play. He shunned the representation of suffering, but loved to depict the naturalness and simplicity of childhood, the enjoyments of life as seen in youth, and the vigor and majesty of old age.

His last work was a partially completed bust of Martin Luther which shows a lump of clay pressed against it, while the spatula is left sticking in the mass. At the evening meal of that day he was cheerful and gay, but before it was over he remarked: "Now I may just as well die to-night as at any time, for I hear that the architect has planned my grave at the Museum." His daughter, sitting at his side, said: "Why, father do you say such a thing?" "Yes," he replied, "my doom is sealed from above, I feel that the messenger of death is on his way." "Oh, no such thing, father," the daughter said, but soon the artist went to the theater where he had an engagement. Before he left he was stricken with apoplexy and died in a short time.

The next day at noon-tide a sad company of young artists moved across the courtyard of Charlottenburg, carrying the body of their revered master to the Academy of Arts where it rested on the very spot on which he stood fifty years before when he had received the golden medal. Around the bier young artists kept loving watch, night and day.

In the large capital there was mourning, from the monarch to the plainest laboring man.

In the morning of the day of the interment the streets through which his body was to be borne, were washed and strewn with flowers, while from the windows and balconies a rain of blossoms fell upon the

casket, on which was placed his chisel, and at his head was a garland of flowers twined by the Queen's own hand.

Thus was the body borne to its last resting place in the courtyard of the Museum, as the artists sang a song beginning with these lines:

"Our eyes suffused with a bitter tear,
We bear the pride of Europe on the bier."

No marble shaft marks the spot, only a simple mound covered with green ivy, symbolical of his memory, which will ever be undying in the hearts of his country-men. What need has he of bronze or marble for a memorial, while all around, in every direction, figures and groups bear mute witness to one of the richest artist lives that has ever been born.

Nowhere else in the world is there a museum which, in itself, constitutes a memorial to one man's personality, and one man's work.

He sleeps in the courtyard under the green ivy, and, though dead, the warm breath of his divine genius and unsurpassed talent still speak to us, for he has received the decision of the world's supreme art court that his name shall stand on the rolls of immortality.

If we could embody his life in a single emblem, it would be sort of a composite, fashioned from his own master-pieces. We would make it a young lion, quiet and beautiful to look upon, but with his eye full of fire and energy, with his paw, not upon the shield of the Bourbon lilies, as seen in the Lucerne monument, but it should rest upon the scroll of humanity; he should be decked with ivy and laurel, with children, and cupids playing about him, and this monarch of the forest should be led by the "Three Graces."

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE CHATEAU COUNTRY

ONE has only to ride three hours south from the great capital to reach the Chateau country in which much of French history, during the sixteenth century, centered. These old castles were constructed for defense as well as for architectural splendor, and for those times they served their purpose well. They were built when a laborer's hire was only six cents a day so that innumerable men were employed in their construction.

One of the most interesting is the chateau of Blois situated in the center of that old town which has many sculptured houses and whose narrow, winding streets climb erratically up the steep hillsides.

“Deserted Blois! thy vases of yore
Aloft the royal lilies bore;
Yet lurked thy gloomy towers beneath
Treason and murder, blood and death,
When Henry steeped his soul in crime,
And Catherine sought to master Time.”

The oldest part of the chateau dates from the thirteenth century, but the north wing was built by Francis I. and this portion displays all the architectural luxury of the Renaissance. However, that which we most admire is the great circular staircase on the courtyard side of the chateau. It is built of stone and projects beyond the façade in an open, octagonal tower with large rampant bays and finely sculptured decorations. Once within the walls we are reminded of the eventful episodes which have made this pile

historic. Here is the throne room in which Henry III. convened the states-general of 1576 and 1588. With the latter the most tragic event in the history of Blois is connected.

Henry III., afraid of the power and ever-growing popularity of the Duc de Guise, had him assassinated almost under his very eyes, Dec. 23, 1588. At the same time he put his brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine, into a dungeon where he was murdered the next day. Catherine de Medici, who was at that time very seriously ill in an upper story, died a few days later.



Salamander—Emblem of Francis I

These two murders remain a mournful memory of the chateau, which the kings of France henceforth abandoned. Louis XIII. had his mother, Marie de Medici imprisoned here but she succeeded in escaping by letting herself down from a window, after being in captivity for two years. Louis XVI. converted it into barracks in 1788 and the work of devastation was only stopped when, in 1841, it was decided to restore it, and preserve it as an historical monument which should be kept in repair out of the public funds.

Ten miles across the country is situated the chateau of Chambord in the middle of a vast wooded park of 1,400 acres, enclosed by a wall twenty-two

miles in circumference, the whole being in the very heart of the great forest of Boulogne. Francis I. had a hand in planning this chateau for he intended that, by erecting it, he would be considered one of the greatest builders of the world; accordingly he employed 1,800 men for fifteen years in its construction and then it was left for Louis XVI. to finish the immense pile. The chief exterior characteristic of this chateau is the striking simplicity of the lower parts in comparison with the profusion of domes, spires, and battlements adorning the upper portions.

Further down on the banks of the Loire,

“Through tufted heights and woodlands green
Fair Chaumont’s donjon lowers between.”

This chateau is the only one which seems to be really inhabitable, or to have anything of the home-like atmosphere.

The beautiful grounds and the site, commanding a superb view of the course of the river, render it especially attractive. In 1560 Catherine de Medici purchased this chateau, but soon compelled her old rival, Diane of Poitiers, to give her Chenonceau in exchange. The tastes of this queen can be seen in the tapestries, carved furniture and many other articles. Franklin was received here and within these walls Mme. de Staël found refuge when pursued by the hatred of Napoleon.

Not far distant is the Amboise chateau:

“Fortress and prison, pride and shame,
That makes, yet mars, a nation’s fame.”

The historical annals of this imposing pile were brought to a close when in 1560, fifteen hundred Huguenots were massacred under the very shadow of its walls. Charles VIII., who was born here, and

spent most of his life on these grounds, met his death by hitting his head against the lintel of a doorway through which he was passing while on his way to play a game of tennis.*

This well known monarch did much toward reconstructing the chateau, and the present chapel, which is a veritable gem of Gothic architecture, is due to his efforts. Under a flagstone in this chapel rest the bones of Leonardo da Vinci, whom Francis I. brought from Italy to Amboise to help decorate the walls of the chateau. In the town is the manor of Clos-Luce where this celebrated artist died on the second of May, 1519.

Eight miles south of Amboise is situated the chateau of Chenonceau, and the road thither lies in the midst of vineyards and waving grain. Men and women are busy in the fields for the wheat is already ripe for the sickle, and we meet loads of it piled high on the two-wheeled carts which are carrying it to the village home of the farmer. Our driver stops at a peasant's house and gives us an opportunity to see his dwelling. Built of brick or stone these abodes are very warm—in fact, too much so in summer when the tiny windows admit but little air. The low, timbered ceiling, the stone floor, the fireplace, the beds in the side walls and the lack of modern conveniences do not render this kind of home particularly attractive.

At another place we witness the process of making wine. There are some modern presses in the country, but most vineyard owners still adhere to the old-fashioned methods—treading the grapes in huge hogsheads—and pressing the pulp by means of a large

*The inhabitants claim that this noted game originated in this very locality.

wooden screw and hand bars. The barrels, containing the wine, are stored in natural caverns which are found in the limestone rocks of this region. Sometimes they are allowed to remain in these dark holes many years for the older the wine is, the more valuable it becomes.

The long avenue of plane trees, leading up to the chateau of Chenonceau, affords the visitor a pleasing impression of this royal abode. A draw-bridge gives access to the rectangular terrace which is surrounded by a wide moat of running water. On the right is the keep, or donjon, a fine round tower of the fifteenth century. Catherine de Medici loved this place, and left many relics of the days she spent within these walls. The richness of the decorations is particularly noticeable, while the frequent occurrence of the monogram containing the initials C. and H. shows how this ambitious woman was willing to recognize, at least, the name of Henry, her husband, though she aspired to hold the reins of power.

One of the oldest chateaux is that of Langeais, dating back to 990. Being absolutely perfect now, in its restored condition, this fortress has great interest because of its architecture, its furniture of a very early period and many artistic objects, all of which give the place its animated character of former times, and present a complete and harmonious *ensemble*. Just opposite the chateau is the house where Rabelais lived for many years.

The chateau which is especially interesting to the English is that of Chinon, because it came into the possession of Henry II. of England, and this monarch preferred it to all other continental towns. He died there in 1189, and was buried near by at Fontevreault. According to local tradition, his son Richard, Coeur de Lion, mortally wounded at the siege of Chalus, was conveyed to Chinon and died there

also. It is certain that he was likewise interred at Fontevreault where his statue and tomb are still to be seen, though it is claimed that his heart was placed in the cathedral of Rouen.

The chateau at Angers is one of the best preserved in all France. It is most formidable looking with its seventeen round towers, seventy feet high.

A deep and wide fosse completely surrounds this castle, except in one place where there is a large gateway and a perfect portcullis.

This tower was the birthplace of the artist David, who gave to the city nearly all the models of his works, and they can be seen in the library.

The annual fair of St. Mortri is being held here, and we never saw such quantities of flowers and fruit.

Large piles of chestnuts are heaped high beside the streets. The peasants use these in winter in the place of meats.

We see six large gray Percheron horses being led to this fair, and it reminds us of Rosa Bonheur's picture entitled, "The Horse Fair."

Many other chateaux can be found in this region, all of which possess more or less historical interest, while the majority are attractive because of their architectural splendors, beautiful carvings, fine furniture, rich tapestries, exquisite gold and silver vessels, rare jewels, old paintings, statuary and other works of art to be found within their walls. We look upon them with interest, yet feel withal that these builders were simply glorifiers of self, and, through self's handiwork, sought to produce that which each hoped and determined should be a world's architectural marvel.

There was no sacredness of purpose, no grandeur of conception for the betterment of the masses. Had their subjects not been taxed for these great expenditures, or had the money been spent for the general

education and welfare of the people there would have been no Reign of Terror, and the pages of French history would not have been dyed so deeply in the nation's life blood.

CHAPTER XXIX

SKETCHES IN SPAIN

THE Spanish coast is fast receding in the distance, and we begin to feel that we are really homeward bound.

This last look recalls the delightful experiences which have been ours since we entered Spain some weeks ago. We crossed the frontier at Irun, near the watering place of San Sebastian which nestles white upon the sea-coast, within the arms of the brown mountains that shut in the landscape on both sides, and trend away up to the general Pyrenean chain.

In this part of Spain there is much wood upon the hill-sides which are dotted with picturesque churches, and comfortable looking farm houses. The land has the appearance of being well cultivated, and everything betokens a degree of prosperity not to be found in all parts of the country. This may well be the case, for this section is occupied by a people called Basques who proudly claim that they are the oldest race in Europe, being of pre-Aryan descent. There are 500,000 of them, and, until 1876, they had always enjoyed immunity from taxation and military service. They are superior in every way to the ordinary Spanish peasant, while their land shows much better cultivation.

We soon discover that the railroads in this country are not of the best, and that first class compartments on a train here are about equal to second class in other lands. However, there is not the delay incident to travel that we had anticipated. All that is

necessary is an extra amount of patience, a little knowledge of the language, and a confidence in one's ability to travel in this land, unattended by couriers.

We had distrusted the climate, fearing that it might be hot in summer, but we find the nights cool, and the days not uncomfortably warm, if we keep on the shady side of the street. Our first night is spent on the train, and so cool is it that we feel the ill effects, and are glad when we alight at the Escorial the next morning, and can enjoy the sun's rays.

This place is visited chiefly because here is the Pantheon which is the burial place of nearly all the kings, and mothers of kings of Spain. Under the high altar in the church is this octagonal crypt, only thirty-five feet in diameter, and the same in height, lined with richly polished marbles. The whole wall is occupied by a series of niches, in which stand black sarcophagi, exactly alike. There are only a few vacant places, and these look as if they were grimly awaiting the living. The desolation of the town, and its barren appearance are in striking contrast with Madrid.

The brilliant, eager, modern life of this capital at once interests the traveler, though the luxury and the display may be well nigh oppressive in their ostentation. Apparently, the city never sleeps, nor stays its chatter, yet its ways are so very slow and prosaic that oxen are often used as burden bearers. Probably, of all European centres, Madrid has the fewest fine buildings, there being no cathedral, and no really beautiful structures to which the people can point with pride, and yet traces, traditions, and treasures of art abound on every side.

Some of the principal thoroughfares are badly kept, in fact, the English queen looks out of the front of her palace upon a street with ruts and mud puddles. It is claimed that in this city, as in no other

European metropolis, the life blood of the nation beats to its truest pulse, and the events of Spanish history would probably corroborate this statement.

There are beautiful parks, drives, streets, shops and crowds of people, in which one can find a vast amount to entertain and interest. But above and beyond all these we look upon the Prado picture gallery,—alone well worth a trip to Spain—the Armeria, containing the finest collection of armour in the world; the Biblioteca Nacional, including the archaeological and natural history collections, as well as the modern paintings. The early Christian and Moorish objects found here have a special historical significance, but the Oriental and Egyptian relics are none the less interesting. The fine detail painting in Velasquez's historical pictures is better understood after one has seen the contents of the Armeria. This collection shows the methods of warfare employed in olden times, with all the gruesomeness of reality. The kings and great men who have figured so conspicuously in Spanish history, confront us on all sides. Here is Charles V., panoplied in the very suit of mail that he wore at the battle of Muhlberg where he was so overcome by age and illness that he had to be placed upon his horse.

Near by is Elector John of Saxony, a prisoner of war in the same battle. Soon we come face to face with Columbus, Pizarro, Cortez, Ferdinand, Isabella and many others whose names are noted in the annals of Spain. They are all here, and their children, also clad in childish armour,—each bearing his sword, as if he could not be trained in the use of this weapon at too early an age.

There are good works of Spanish artists in many other countries, but in the Prado one is not obliged to walk miles before coming to the originals of pictures by Velasquez or Murillo with which he has

been familiar from childhood.

Here we see what a real Velasquez is,—how accurately and powerfully he represented the men and women among whom he lived. Yet, not simply are his portraits masterpieces, but in character and animal studies, in landscape, and in historical subjects, we find him doing all with most successful results. How keenly we regret that this many-sided artist led so busy a life—courtier as he was—that he had short hours left for work, and often failed to finish what he had begun.

Murillo has always pleased us, and his works are found in many galleries. We have seen his Madonnas at Rome and Florence, the Beggar Boys in Munich, the St. Anthony and the Christ child in Berlin, his religious pictures in St. Petersburg, the St. John in London, the Immaculate Conception in Paris, and the John the Baptist as a Child, in Vienna, but while these scattered paintings are most attractive, yet the artist can be best appreciated on the soil where his talent was indigenous.

The room devoted to his works in the Prado is replete with interest,—almost every picture being a treasure, but his composition, his mastery of color, and pretty conception of character is best exhibited in the Children of the Shell, where the Christ child is offering water to the youthful St. John. These, as well as the wanton cherubs in the clouds, show that the artist was no less successful with these little ones of a noble mould, than when he transferred the children of the gutter to canvas with such unexampled fidelity. This class of Murillo's pictures always touches the mother's heart.

It is sometimes asserted that it is only in Seville, his native city, that this painter can best be studied, and certainly there is a certain charm in looking at his works in a place where the people revere his

memory as that of a fellow-townsmen. One sees here, as in the Prado, how unfailingly honest he was in his devotional feeling. No uncertain praise can be uttered, when standing before such a masterpiece as the St. Anthony, in the cathedral of Seville, or the St. Francis in the museum of that city. It seems as if we were looking at the living Christ, and two real, living monks. There is no lack of divinity on the one side, or of humanity upon the other. Perhaps these are his best, most powerful pictures in Seville, not to say in the world. And it would be no unmerited encomium, if we should style the first, one of the world's great masterpieces. This picture is doubly interesting to us now, for in November, 1874, the figure of the St. Anthony was cut out by some one who had hidden in the cathedral over night and did the execrable deed. About two months afterwards the missing portion was offered to a young German artist in New York, who communicated with the Spanish consul in that city, and ultimately the guilty person was caught, brought to justice and is now working out a term of fourteen years in the Seville prison. Within seven months the stolen portion was inserted again—the work of restoration being so skillfully done that the damage is hardly noticeable. There is a long array of Murillo's works found here, ranging from the efforts of his early, struggling years to the great subjects over which he spent the best part of his life.

In the museum there are over twenty examples—the best being St. Francis, just mentioned, and among the others, the St. Thomas Distributing Alms to the Poor,—“my picture,” as he was wont to call it. Long do we linger before these wonderful canvases, which seem well nigh perfect in conception and composition, drawing and coloring, while the smallest accessories are painted with marvellous care. These

pictures alone should place Murillo in the front rank of painters, if they do not constitute him the foremost artist of the age. In fact, we believe that man never depicted both the divine and the human with the insight of such genius as is displayed in the works of this artist. Though he never quitted Spain, and painted only from what he found close at hand, still many of his pictures are in foreign lands. Some of them were ruthlessly cut from their frames by the French invaders, wrapped around their flagstaffs and, in this way, were borne out of the country, many of them afterwards being sold to various museums.

There are other artists in Spain, like Goya, Ribera, Zurbaran, and Leal, whose names have scarcely traversed beyond the Pyrenees, but whose works are a revelation to the traveler.

Seville has many attractions besides its art galleries. The Alcazar, which was the old Moorish palace, is the residence of the King of Spain where he and his family spend twenty days every spring.

A Spaniard assured us that nowhere in the country was Alfonso as safe as in Seville. The people of the city are fond of him, and he loves to dwell in their midst. He even goes out on the streets incognito. While walking around in that manner, on the occasion of his last visit, a friend recognized him and accosted him, saying:—"Hello, Alfonso?" The king appreciated the joke, and shook hands most courteously.

This Alcazar is decorated in true Moorish style, and with its beautiful gardens and fountains is sort of an Alhambra on a small scale.

The Sevillians are justly proud of their cathedral which they consider the third in the world. It stands upon a stone platform, which has Roman pillars, and in medieval times, if a criminal could get within them he would find a place of refuge under the jurisdic-

tion of the church. It is said by some that the first view of the interior of this cathedral is "one of the supreme moments of a life-time." Be this as it may, the glory and majesty of it all are most impressive. The vista of nave and aisles, with their towering and massive columns is singularly beautiful. This cathedral is particularly rich in old stained glass windows, silver altars, jewelled censers, chalices, crosses, golden keys, silver and bronze candelabra,—one of the latter being so large that twenty men are required to lift it. In one of the aisles of the cathedral is the casket of Columbus which was brought from Havana after the American war with Spain. It is raised at the corners on four figures, representing different provinces in Spain. The tower of the cathedral is as much to Seville as is Giotto's Campanile to Florence, or that of St. Mark's to Venice. It is one of the purest pieces of Moorish work in the country, and was erected as a minaret for a mosque in 1184, thereby being nearly 400 years older than the Alhambra.

With its business-like air, shaded plazas, pretty gardens, and interesting buildings it seems as if Seville might be a comfortable city in which to live.

In great contrast are Toledo and Cordova that appear more dead than alive; with whitewashed houses, wholly unattractive, except as one catches a glimpse through an open doorway of the patio, or inner court, around which the people live. Here we see plants, shrubs, flowers, and sometimes a fountain that will be sending up its silvery spray. At noon the shop-keepers put up their blinds, lock their doors, and enjoy a siesta for three hours, so that at this time the streets have a particularly deserted appearance. This noontide stillness is occasionally broken by the braying of a donkey, bearing a load nearly nine times its size, or by the shouts of children playing in the

filth and mud of the gutter, which is found only in the middle of these narrow passages, called streets. But Cordova has a mosque which is huge, wonderful in its perspective of avenues and columns, beautiful in detail and possessing an air of Orientalism that savors of Cairo and Damascus. Built to counteract the attractions of Mecca no labor was spared in its construction. Having over 1,400 columns, 1,800 suspended lamps, a pulpit inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl, decorations in wood and stone carvings that are most lace-like in their fineness, this great mosque must have been a marvel, but in its centre a Renaissance choir was thrust down so that its former beauty is greatly marred.

The prevalence of the Moorish style of architecture in these places prepares one for that of the Alhambra whose beauties have never been exaggerated.

In the halcyon days of Mohammedan rule—in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries—before the people had yielded to the seductions of wealth and power, the Moors endowed various cities of Spain with beautiful buildings, mosques, palaces, and universities. But by the middle of the thirteenth century all this had fallen into the possession of Ferdinand, and the small province of Granada was all that was left of the great Moorish kingdom. Here it defied all the powers of Spain, and outdid itself in luxurious living. In this period we find a remarkable development of Spanish art, of which the most characteristic outcome is the Alhambra palace.

As we ride into the town of Granada, through its dusty and squalid streets, we wonder how anything of beauty can be found on the high hill overlooking the valley of the Darro, in which the city is situated.

We wind our way through one of the avenues of the fine, old forest, and catch glimpses of gardens, resplendent with flowers and shaded with lem-

on, orange, fig, bananas, date palms, and other trees, and we begin to appreciate something of the beauties of the surroundings of the place which, with the fortress, and various dwellings were built on the plateau. The views from all sides of this hill, 450 feet above the city, are simply superb. We see the hanging gardens of the summer palace, the tree-clad declivity of the Darro, the old church towers, while in the distance the snow-capped Sierras raise their glittering heads.

An old wall, with its watch towers, surrounds the whole, and upon the top of the central tower of the fortress was first planted the standard of the last Christian Crusade. Passing through the old judicial gate in the wall we find ourselves entering the palace proper, by means of a small wicket gate which takes the place of the more magnificent, ancient portal. We are now within the great court, 180 feet long and 80 wide, in the centre of which is a lake bordered with myrtle hedges, orange and lemon trees, while around the whole runs a colonnade with fine pillars and lace-like fret work on the walls.

Beyond is the famous Court of Lions, surrounded by the Court of Ambassadors, council chamber, throne room and harem, while underneath are found the chapel, bath rooms, and other half-discovered chambers.

We people these courts and halls with the images of the past. Here is the sala in which Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus; there is the room where Boabdil's father slew his children; in another chamber was planned the treachery whereby the kingdom was handed over to the Spaniards; and thus each part has some tale to tell of bygone days. We leave it all and go down to the cathedral, in whose chapel Ferdinand and Isabella were buried, and see the crown and scimitar of this good queen, the sword of

her husband, and the silver box in which she sent her jewels to Columbus.

Not far away, at Pinos Puente, is the bridge on which the messenger from Isabella overtook Columbus, and asked him to return, when he, discouraged because he could not obtain assistance from the Spanish throne, had already set out to seek the help of France in his undertakings.

The country in this locality, as in all parts of southern Spain, is uninviting in appearance. Years ago the peasants cut down nearly all the trees, believing that they afforded shelter for the birds that pulled their corn and ate their grain, so that the occasional orchards of orange and olive trees are like real oases. The barley has been cut, and it is being threshed on circular pieces of ground, about three or four rods in diameter, and paved with irregular stones. Over the grain laid on these floors, oxen and mules drag heavy rollers, in which weights of iron have been placed, and thus the grains are pressed out, and the straw reduced to chaff. These threshing floors resemble those seen in Syria, while the primitive methods of raising water for irrigation purposes, employed by the Spaniards of to-day, resemble the sakkieh or pumps, found along the banks of the Nile.

One cannot approach Gibraltar by sea or land without being impressed with its great value as a stronghold and strategic point.

“Upon the bristling cannoned rock
Gibraltar sits so sullen, grand;
Its strong, broad breast rolls back the shock
Of war’s stern waves which lash its strand.
On Europe leans its massive arm;
On Afric’s shore it scowls and frowns.”

And this feeling is greatly enhanced as he traverses

its sides, and examines the fortifications. Six thousand soldiers are stationed here, and to all appearances the fortress is impregnable with its chambers full of guns and munitions of war, sufficient to withstand a siege of ten years.

A visit to Tangier, the seaport of Morocco, can be made in one day, and here we have scenes which are distinctively Oriental. The men wear the turban and loose cloak, fastened at the waist with a girdle, while the women cover the head with a veil or shawl, which they will quickly pull over the face if the camera is directed toward them. It is said that they are adverse to being photographed. They also respect the teachings of Mohammed, who said that listening to songs, or looking upon pictures, would cause hypocrisy to spring up in their hearts.

The sights in the market-place of Tangier are very curious, and remind us of Egypt. Especially patriarchal do two Moorish lawyers appear as they sit beside large, low, open windows of their diminutive office, while just outside, on the narrow sidewalk, is a wooden stool for their client to occupy when he comes to consult with them.

There is much to see in Tangier that is worthy of a visit, and the only disadvantage of going there is the landing in small boats and returning to the large vessel in the same manner. The water is apt to be rough in the harbor, because there is no break-water, and that is the case to-day, so that we are afraid of being swamped as the waves "mountain high" come into our craft, but the skill of these Arab boatmen steers us through in safety.

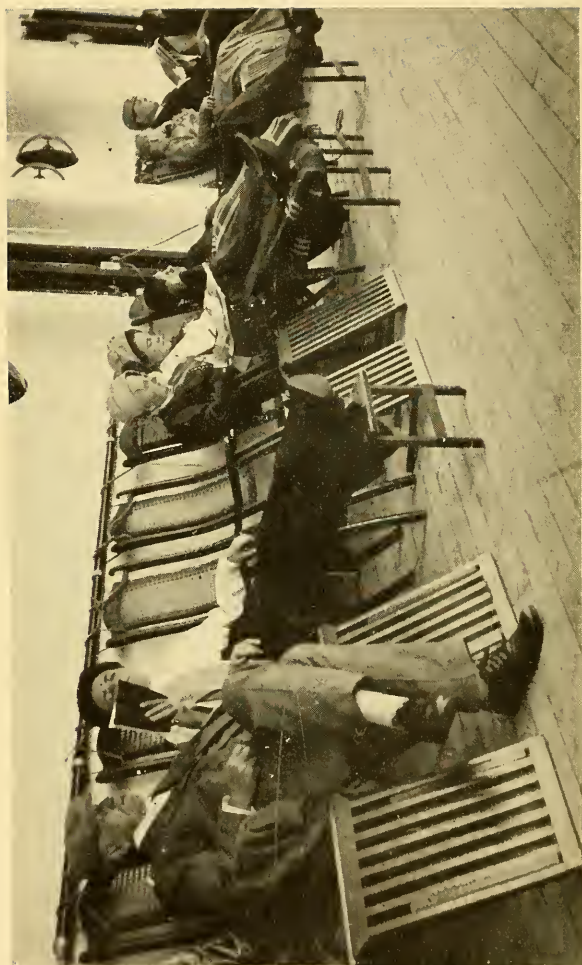
It seemed quite like an English town when we reached Gibraltar again that night, though it is really a very cosmopolitan place, partaking to a certain degree, of the character of its Spanish neighbors. This was especially seen by the eagerness with which the

inhabitants received a matador who was to be the hero in a bull fight. The bull ring is situated in Spain, beyond the neutral ground which is maintained between Gibraltar and Spain. When we reached this city, on the day before the fight, a Spaniard informed us of the prospective spectacle, and said: "You surely must go." "But we consider it brutal, and couldn't think of attending," was our reply. He seemed quite surprised at our views on the subject, but quickly retorted, "There is brutality in boxing, or prize fights." We appreciated the thrust at our native country, but did not attempt to gainsay the remark, yet we felt ashamed that America should allow anything, in the form of amusement or sport, which a Spaniard could mention on a par with bull fights. This same feeling came to us again the next day when we rushed from the dining-room in our hotel to the balcony to see what the commotion on the street could be.

The matador, accompanied by a picador, and two banderilleros, all clad in gilt and scarlet, were entering a carriage to go to the ring. This time we asked the proprietor and his wife, both very intelligent people, if they thought that this form of sport was declining in popular favor. Simultaneously, she said, "Yes," while he answered "No," and added, "The faster the trains go in Spain the more bull fights there will be." Then he proceeded to explain how it really required great skill to be a successful matador, and that there were three in Spain who never received less than 6,000 *pesetas* for a single fight, the matador who had just passed being one of these three, and this man had become a millionaire by this means, and still pursued his vocation, because it was so fascinating to him. And then came another blow at American sports, as he said, "You know there is brutality in football." The Spaniard certainly loves the bull fight



A LAWYER'S OFFICE: TANGIER



HOMeward BOUND

as the attending crowds testify, but we could not understand the feeling of the only party of Americans, whom we met in Spain, when the oldest of the four members, a lady, told me twice that they were very anxious to see the bull fight which was to take place in Madrid the next Sunday.

There are 245 bull rings in Spain capable of holding 1,500,000 spectators, while over one hundred other towns use the market places for such purposes. In central and southern Spain bull fights are held on every Sunday and holiday from Easter till November, and sometimes on Thursdays also.

People informed us in Madrid that the better class of Spanish women did not now attend these exhibitions, and that the English queen's influence in this respect, was being felt. But it will be a long time before bull fighting can be abolished. Neither monarchy nor republic, neither pope nor clergy, has been able to eradicate this passion of the Spanish people. We believe it has been these brutal spectacles which have kept alive their seeming love for bloodshed, and given them so little respect for life and property. And not till bull fighting has been relegated to the past will Spain take her place by the side of the other Latin nations. It is claimed that the Spaniard of to-day is honest above those in some European countries, yet traditions are such that you expect to be imposed upon at nearly every turn. He may be religious and patriotic, yet the notes heard in reference to the mistrustfulness of church and state, and the desirability of their separation, are no uncertain sounds. We are told that he is sober, and we see less of beer and wine-drinking in the cafés than in most countries, yet the only personal attack which we have received was at the hands of a half-drunken Spanish desperado. Nevertheless, we believe that the country is in a state of transition, and that gen-

eral education and popular representation will be potent factors in removing ignorance, corruption, and brutal passions. But the way to travel through this country is to forget the past, put away criticism, and give yourself up to the enjoyment of the moment. This have we done, and the memory of the days spent, in this, the last country visited, will ever be full of joy and interest. We have tried here, as elsewhere, to see the life of the people, rub shoulders with them, learn all possible concerning their arts and industries, civilization and government, and note their causes of progress. In short, we have striven to learn from all, following Emerson's advice when he said that "Every man he met was his master in some respect, and in that he learned of him."

Experiences of many kinds have fallen to our lot, for in hardly any European city have we ever employed a guide or courier, yet we have always sought to see what the city offered.

We have been favored with health and strength, and have not met with accident or detention on our journey,—for all of which we feel thankful, and which we consider quite remarkable when we remember that we have visited every European country, except Servia, Roumania and Portugal, besides seeing portions of Asia and Africa,—going nearly as far south as the tropic of Cancer and beyond the Arctic circle on the north, while the most eastern city visited was Damascus, and the most western, Galway, Ireland. We have spent one or more nights in ninety-one places, and, when we reach New York, we can look back upon fifty-four nights on steamers, not all of which were enjoyable, as we were occasionally afflicted with mal-de-mer. Thirty-seven times have we embarked and disembarked by means of small boats, which is a common way at Mediterranean ports.

As a rule, we have met with courtesy and consideration from officials and travellers, and have learned anew that the world is largely composed of men and women of kind thoughts and purposes, while the memories of the trip will be most delightful, and the retrospect will furnish food for a lifetime.

The longest part of the trip by far is that which remains after we sight the United States light-ship off Nantucket Island, and it is with feelings of gratitude and pleasure that we complete this part of the journey, and realize that there is no place like home.

Like most Americans we return to our native shores better citizens than when we left, yet, withal, having due respect for the civilization of other countries which has been our own inheritance, and without which America could never have attained the place that she now occupies among the nations of the earth.

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